Forty Years' Correſpondence

BETWEEN

GENIUSSES OV BOATH SEXES,

AND

JAMES ELPHINSTON;

IN SIX POCKET-VOLLUMES:

FOAR OV ORIDGINAL LETTERS, TWO OV POETRY.

Hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui. MART.

Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum. HOR.

Hail, happy Art! ov livving Life wonce more;
And ov enjoying Years, enjoy'd before.

Superior if dhy Store, impart benign:
If not, improov it; by partaking mine.

VOLLUME V.

LONDON:
Sold (for won Guinnea ſowed), by W. RITCHARDSON, Royall Exchainge; J. DRIGHTON, N. 274, Holboarn; W. CHARK, N. 38, Bond-ſtreet: by R. CHRYN, and P. HIL, Eddinburrough.
M. DCC. XCI.

11. 6.
579.

Errors ov dhe Pres.

Vol. V.

Page.	*Line.*		*For*
5	17	modher	moddher
14	12	rich	ritch
18	12	golden	goolden
21	1	rich	ritch
22	*pen.*	lay	lay,
24	*pen.*	on	no
25	*ant.*	woe.	woe;
33	11	ſeuverains	ſouverains
35	2	ſeno	ſenio
40	1	Firſt born	Firſt-born
41	*pen.*	238	139
52	2	impuniſy	impunity
	5	dhc	dhe
58	9	cclxxvii	cclxxvii, 278.
68	2	Six	Sevv'n
73	8	*health*	*helth*
74	11	wafted	wafted
130	24	affectation	affectacion
	25	brigth	bright

131	*laſt*	bdwls	bowls
186	*laſt*	atrono	patrono
189	3	medecinae	medicinae.
193	1. 5	Burgynſki	Burzynſki
201	21	through	thro'
213	17	repos	repas
215	11	recompence	reccompence
	12	authority	authorrity
	17	ſtil'd,	ſtil'd;
223	16. 18	*Iſraelites*	*Izraelites*
226	4	comforts	conſorts
228	*ant.*	abov	abov *
255	8	Tibers	Tiburs

CONTENTS
OV
VOLLUME V.

PART I.

MEMORIALS *and* ADDRESSES, collatteral to' dhe FORTY YEARS' CORRESPONDENCE.

		Page
I.	To' dhe memmory ov A. R. ov Strooan	1
II.	To' a yong Nobelman, going aguen abraud	3
III.	A monnody, in commemmoracion ov Sep. 10	4
IV.	To' dhe memmory ov Al. Findlater, A. M.	5
V.	A thrennody; to' dhe mem. ov *W. L. Blantyre*	6
VI.	On Loretto, near Muſcelburrough	10
VII.	To' dhe mem. ov Mr. *G. Lauder*, ſurgeon	11
VIII.	To' dhe mem. ov James Dundas, M. D.	12
IX.	To' dhe Sun reappearing at London	16
X.	On dhe recovvery ov *Jon Pearce*	17
XI.	To' Curnel *James Forreſter*	18
XII.	Hymn after Sore Eyes	

		Page
XIII.	To' *Theodore Edgar*, Eſquire	22
XIV.	To' a Clergiman	23
XV.	On dhe Erl ov *Bute*, prime minniſter	25
XVI.	To' Hope: an Ode	
XVII.	To' dhe yongueſt ov three broddhers	28
XVIII.	To' *G. A. Edwards*, Eſquire	30
XIX.	To' dhe King ov Denmark: trilingual	31
XX.	To' dhe R. O. *T. Harley:* an etthic Epiſtel	35
XXI.	To' dhe Onn. *Arch. Dugglas:* an Ode	39
XXII.	On dhe recovvery ov *C. Elphinſton*	42
XXIII.	On dhe acquittal ov *J. S.*	43
XXIV.	Inſcripcion for an Obbeliſk	44
XXV.	To' dhe mem. ov *Ja. Tomſon:* anOde	45
XXVI.	Deſcant, on ſeing dhe f. ov *J. Kirkman*	48
XXVII.	Deddicacion (intended) ov *Marſial*	53
XXVIII.	To' dhe R. O. Erl *Cornwallis*	54
XXIX.	On a late Crittic	55
XXX.	To' dhe mem. ov *Allex.* Lord Blantyre	56
XXXI.	To' dhe Right Onn. *William Pit*	58
XXXII.	To' *Allexander Addam*, LL. D.	62
XXXIII.	On dhe Toombſtone ov a Child	65
XXXIV.	To' *R. T.* Eſq. and hiz new-married Lady	66
XXXV.	To' R. R. Eſq. dhe reuniter	
XXXVI.	Dhe ſurname ov a Lady	67
XXXVII.	Dhe new monthly Callendar	68

PART

PART II.

POETTICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

		Page
I.	Widh the Rev. *A. de Martel*, and Pupils.	69
i.	*D. Elphinſtonio S.* Tranſlacion	73
ii.	*R. D. Adamo de Martel*, S. Tranſlacion	77 78
iii.	Prollogue to' Exhibiſcion	79
iv.	Eppilogue to' Exhibiſcion	80
v.	To' twelv yong Saluters: trilingual	81
vi.	To' oddhers	83
	Verſes by Pupils.	
i.	Hor. I. 22. *A. M. Drummond*	84
ii.	Hor. I. 12. *James Sayer*	86
iii.	A Horſe Virg. *W. Leigh*	90
	A Charriot-race Virg. *W. Leigh*	91
v.	Popii in Gaium *A. Tyt'ler*	92
vi.	Popii in Speluncam *A. Tyt'ler*	92
vii.	On April 29: *James Drummond*	93
viii.	Inſcripcion on a picture *CharlesSerl*	94
ix.	Ellegy on L. Lyttelton *CharlesSerl*	94
x.	To' Mrs. Compton, on her B. D. *M. Glovver*	98
xi.	On York-minſter; *James Mackenyie*	99
xii.	To' J. E. *Jon Belſon*; widh dhe Anſer	100

II. Widh *Jonnathan Odel*, A. M.
i. To' J. E. 101
ii. Anſer 105
iii. Reply 106
iv. On dhe anniverſary ov April 29 107
Dhe varriacion 108
v. On Popes Garden and Grotto 109
Dhe varriacion 112
vi. A Socrattic Epiſtel 115
vii. Anac. Ode 19 118
viii. 3
ix. Dhe Fly 121
x. In mem. ov dhe ſucces ov dhe Br. arms 125
xi. To' a Lady, encroaching on dres 128
xii. Mrs. Cox to' a Gentleman miſtaken 131
xiii. A lady, to' lady Hervey, on names 132
xiv. To' dhe R. R. Dr. Terrie, J. O. 134
xv. To' her Godmoddher: *M. Odel*, three months old 138
xvi. From dhe ſame, matured to' 5 years 141
III. To' *R. C. Dallas*, Eſq. 142
IV. Widh *James Sayer*, Eſq.
i. On a Lady's dropping a curl 144
ii. To' dhe Author ov dhe verſes 147
iii. Anſer 149
iv. Reply 150
v. To' James Sayer, Eſquire 153

V.

V. Widh Mrs. *Martha Way.*

i. To' Mrs. Hall 154
ii. To' Mrs. M. W. 155
iii. To' J. E.
iv. To' Mrs. M. W. 156
v. To' J. E. 157
vi. To' Mrs. M. W. 158
vii. To' J. E. 159
viii. To' Mrs. M. W. 160
ix. To' J. E. 161
x. To' Mrs. M. W. 162
xi. To' J. E. 163
xii. To' Mrs. M. W.

VI. Widh M. C. S. F. and her frends.

i. Contract ov Marridge 164
ii. On dhe marridge ov Mrs. E. R. C. 165
iii. On dhe birthday ov Mrs. E. J. S. 166
iv. To' *Jon Simpſon*, A. M. J. E. 167
v. To' dhe ſame 168
vi. To' Mrs. E. widh a bark-pocketbook 169
vii. To' Mis *Suſanna Mackintoſh* 171

PART III.

Porttic Versions.

I. *De Scriptura Sacra*, &c. 173
Tranſlacion 174
II. *De Redemptore* 175
On dhe Redeemer

		Page
III.	*Sonnet, par Monſieur Mureau*	176
	From dhe French, a Sonnet	
IV.	*Sous un Crucifix : ſonnet*	177
	Under a Crucifix : a ſonnet	178
V.	Dhe Chriſtian Creed : from dhe French	
VI.	*Par Monſieur* Mureau : *ſonge*	180
	From dhe French : a dream	
VII.	*In Nicolaum Violant : epitaphium*	181
	Eppitaph on Niccolas Violant	
VIII.	Sir R. Spotſwoods Eppit. on hiz Lady	182
	In Ingliſh	
IX.	*In obitum D. R. Spotſwood, J. N.*	183
	In Ingliſh	184
X.	On a groop at Room ; by Sir *A. Dic.* Bt.	186
	In Ingliſh	187
XI.	*Sub imagine Florae* Macdonald	
	In Ingliſh, by *W. Hammilton* ov B.	188
XII.	*In Lucam evangeliſtam*	189
	On Luke dhe evangeliſt	
XIII.	*Sub imagine Alberti de Haller*	
	Under dhe picture ov *A. de Haller*	190
XIV.	*Sous le frontiſpice des euvres de M. Franklin, par B. D.*	190
	Under dhe frontiſpice ov Dr. Franklins works : by *B. Dubourg*	
XV.	*De Benjamino Franklinio*	191
	On Dr. Benjamin Franklin	

		Page
XVI.	*Sur M. le D. B. F. par un inconnu*	
	In Ingliſh, variouſly	192
XVII.	*Ad eximium Comitem Burzynſki*	193
	Tranſlacion	
XVIII.	*In amicum obliviſcentem*	
	Tranſlacion	194
XIX.	*Diſtichon dactylicum*	
	Tranſlacion, various	
XX.	*Ex Horatio, diſtichon inſigne*	195
	In French and Ingliſh	
XXI.	An anacreontic ov Prudentius	
	Tranſlacion	196
XXII.	A Greek Eppigram, varied	
XXIII.	Anac 51. by Gacon and J. E.	197
XXIV.	Gays *Go Roſe*, varied	198
	and turn'd into' French by J. E.	199
XXV.	A Glee, by W. H.	200
	Tranſlated into' Phaleucian by J. E.	
XXVI.	Dhe Adew and Recall to' Lov:	
	communicated by W. H.	
XXVII.	Dhe Relapſe: by dhe ſame	202
XXVIII.	*Anac.* I. by dhe ſame	
XXIX.	*Les ſept Péchés mortels*	203
	Dhe ſevven mortal ſins	205
XXX.	*A Madame Dubocage*: Voltaire	207
	Tranſlacion	208

		Page
XXXI.	*Sur le maréchal-comte de Saxe*	208
	Tranſlated by an unknown hand	209
XXXII.	*Au bas du portrait du M. C. de Saxe* Tranſlacion	
XXXIII.	*Sur le Comte de Giſors*	210
	Tranſlacion	
XXXIV.	*Sur la retraite du Duc de Choiſeuil*	211
	Tranſlacion	212
XXXV.	*Le délaſſement de la guerre* Dhe recreacion ov war	215
XXXVI.	*Les Iſraélites à la montagne d'Oreb*	218
	Dhe Izraelites on mount Horeb	223
XXXVII.	Dhe Pallace ov Sleep: from Ovvid	229
XXXVIII.	*Hor.* II. 3. by a frend	230

Six fabels, from *Le Fontaine.*

I.	Dhe lion and dhe man	232
II.	Dhe dog in dhe wauter	233
III.	Dhe raven and dhe fox	
IV.	Dhe citty-rat, and dhe contry-rat	234
V.	Dhe old-man and hiz ſons	236
VI.	Dhe vizir and dhe hermit	237

In Genium: imagunculam. 239

Turned into' evvery Ingliſh mezzure.

Twenty-

Twenty-five Eppigrams ov Marſial, variouſly rendered.

Eight diſtics or cupplets.

		Page
I.	*De ſutore et fullone*	244
	On dhe cobbler and fooller, exhibbitors	
II.	*De Diodoro, litigante*	245
	On Diodore, dhe gouty littigant.	
III.	*De Ollo, aedificante*	
	On Ollus, dhe cel-bilder.	
IV.	*Ad Severum: munuſculum*	246
	To' Severus: egs and appels.	
V.	*De Philone, non domi coenante*	247
	On Philo, no ſupper at home.	
VI.	*In Sextum: dilemma*	
	To' Sextus: a puzzel.	248
VII.	*De Cinna, gulaſo*	
	On Cinna, dhe eppicure.	
VIII.	*In invitatorem, inhoſpitum*	249
	To' an inviter, inhoſpitabel.	

Six tetraſtics or quattrains.

I.	*Ad Catonem, Floralem*	250
	To' Cato, dhe Floralian.	
II.	*Ad Fidentinum, furem*	251
	To' Fiddentine, a wit-thief.	

Page

III. *Ad Albium Maximum, ſapientem* 252
To' Albius Maximus, wize.

IV. *Ad lectorem avarum* 253
To' dhe covvetous reader.

V. *In Fabium et Chreſtillam, efferentes* 254
On Fabius and Chreſtilla, berriers.

VI. *De Lycoride, non albeſcente* 255
On Lycoris, no fairer.

Ten larger, widh dubbel, and won * widh foarfold Verſion.

I. *Ad Caeſarem Domitianum* 256
To' Domiſcian, dhe regaler.

II. *In epulas Domitiani* 257
On Domiſcians banket.

III. *Ad Flaccum, de Baiis amoenis* 258
To' Flaccus: on dhe blis ov Baiae.

IV. *In delicatum lectorem* 259
To' a ſqueamiſh reader.

V. *In Afrum, ardelionem* 260
To' Afer, dhe gad-about.

VI. *In Romam, delaſſantem* 262
To' Room, tireſom.

VII. *In praetorem, vappam* 264
To' a pretor, a man ov onnor.

VIII. *In Tongilium, hemitritaeum* 265
On Tonguillius, ſemitercian.

		Page
IX.	*In Amoenum, coruſcantem*	267
	To' Palacian, dhe pitteous.	
X.*	*In Caecilianum, philoſophantem*	268
	To' Cecillian, dhe morraliſt.	
XI.	*In Phyllida deſpoliantem*	271
	To' Phyllis, dhe ſpoiler.	
	Portrait du Charlataniſme	273
	Dhe Univerſal Favorite	276
	Le Temple de l'Harmonie	279
	Dhe Tempel ov Harmony	282
	To' dhe Author ov	
	Propriety aſcertained in her Picture	286

CON-

CONTENTS

ov

VOLLUME VI.

POEMS prommiſed in dhe Correſpondence, or connected widh it.

		Page
I.	*Edducacion*	1
II.	*Relidgion*	7
III.	Dhe *Goolden Verſes* ov Pythaggoras	18
IV.	*Know Dhyſelf:* by Dr. Arbuthnot	18
V.	*Philemon*: or, dhe Conqueſt ov dhe Paſſions; an Ode	19
VI.	Dhe Power ov Innocence: a Tale	19
VII.	On dhe Birthday ov *Catterine Wilſon:* by her Fahdher	19
VIII.	Introduccion to' Grays Fatal Sifters: by Henry Mackenyie, Eſq.	19
IX.	Guide to' *Ben-Lomond:* T. Ruſſel	20
X.	Epiſtel, by a yong Scotch Lady ov Quallity	20
XI.	To' Dr. B. Franklin, widh a pair ov workt ruffles: by *M. Stevenſon*	20
XII.	Verſes on *William Hewſon*, Eſq.	
XIII.	On dhe deth ov dhe rev. *G. Bizzet*	21
XIV.	To' dhe Subſcribers ov *Marſial*	21

Dh

Dhe aincient Conſtellacion, in 34 Rays.

. *In Palladem Caeſareanam* 215
To' Cezarean Pallas.

I. *Ad Domitianum: et hederae corona civica*
To' Domiſcian; alſo dhe Ivy-crown 216

II. *Ad librum: de Apollinari* 216
To' Thalia, for Apollinaris. 217

V. *Ad Scazonta, in eundem*
To' dhe Iambic Muze, for dhe ſame. 218

. *Ad libellum, in Fauſtinum*
To' hiz Vollume, for Fauſtinus. 219

VI. *Ad latorem; non ſine ſpongia* 220
To' dhe Bairer; widh a ſpunge.

VII. *Ad Severum, cum Secundo* 221
To' Severus, widh Secundus.

VIII. *Ad Priſcum, Maecenatem* 222
To' Priſcus, a Mecenas.

X. *Ad Muſam, in Parthenium* 223
To' dhe Muze, for Parthenius.

X. *Ad librum (imaginem indelebilem) in C. Secundum* 224
To' hiz book *(hiz beſt likenes)* for C. Secundus

XI. *Ad Thaliam, in Plinium cauſidicum* 225
To' Thalia, for Plinny dhe pleader.

		Page
XII.	*Ad Julium Martialem : Vive hodie.*	227
	To' Julius Marſial : *Liv to'-day.*	228
XIII.	*Ad eundem : Vita beatior.*	
	To' dhe ſame : *Human happines.*	229
XIV.	*De litore Formiano*	230
	Dhe villa ov Apollinaris	231
XV.	*De Fauſtini villa : ad Baſſum*	233
	Fauſtinus' villa : to' Baſſus	235
XVI.	*De villa Julii Martialis*	238
	Dhe villa ov Julius Marſial	239
XVII.	*Ad Apollinem, pro Stella*	241
	To' Apollo, for Stella.	242
XVIII.	*De Stella et Ianthide*	243
	On Stella and Ianthis	
XIX.	*De Sulpicia*	244
	On Sulpiſcia.	245
XX.	*In Pudentem et Claudiam*, Epith.	246
	On Pudens and Claudia.	247
XXI.	*De Claudia Rufina*	
	On Claudia Rufina.	248
XXII.	*De Canio : ad Muſam*	
	On Canius : to' dhe Muze.	249
XXIII.	*De eodem, ad Caſſianum*	250
	On dhe ſame : to Caſſian	251
XXIV.	*De Theophila : ad Canium.* Epith.	
	On Theopphila : to' Canius.	252

		Page
XV.	*De Arrio*	
	On Arrius, dhe Aſpirer.	253
XVI.	*Ad Decianum*	254
	To' Decian, no duelliſt.	
XVII.	*Decianus, quis?*	
	Decian, hoo?	255
XVIII.	*De Stella, ad Severum*	
	On Stella's rings: to' Severus.	256
XIX.	*Ad Valerium Flaccum: de Epig.*	
	On Eppigram: to' Val. Flaccus.	
XX.	*Ad Licinianum antecedentem*	257
	To' Licinnian, going home to' Spain.	259
XXI.	*Ad eundem: ſcriptores unde*	262
	To' dhe ſame: dhe Writers, hwence.	
XXII.	*Ad Manium, condiſcipulum*	263
	To' Manius, a ſcoolſellow.	
XXIII.	*Ad Marcellam (novam nuptam)*	264
	To' Marcella, hiz Bride.	
XXIV.	*De hortis Marcellae*	265
	On Marcella's gardens.	266

MEMORIALS AND ADDRESSES,

COLLATTERAL TO' DHE

FORTY YEARS' CORRESPONDENCE.

PART I.

I. *To' dhe memmory ov* ALLEXANDER ROBBERTSON, *ov* STROOAN, *Eſquire.*

SHAL *Strooan* fall widhout dhe Warriors bays?
And ſhal no poet ſing dhe Poets praiz?
Hwat, dho barbarians ſhood deny dhe buſt?
He nehr can mingʒel widh dhe common duſt;
Nor in Oblivvions flud o'rhwelm'd can ly
Dhe Heroe, hoom dhe Muze forbids to' dy.
Let us not moarn him widh ungratefool ſong,
A bleſſing ſnatcht, dhat waz vouchſaf't ſo long:
Let's point no morral, at plain Rezons coſt,
Nor in dhe flatt'rer let dhe frend be loſt.
Grait wer hiz vertues, ſay hwat Envy can;
He had hiz failings: for he waz a man.

Fool threeſcore years he ſerv'd hiz fav'rite cauz;
And won dhe Warriors, and dhe Wits, applauz.
He ſteddily purſu'd, hwat ſeem'd dhe right;
And ſuch a Genius waz a *Jaccobite*.
Hiz marſial worth, dhe trump ov Fame ſhal blow:
For candid Fame knows nedher frend nor foe.
Hiz Muzes merrit, beſt herſelf can tel;
Hwich few can equal, fewer can excel.
Oh! for her inſpiracion to' deſcribe,
How dhe brave Chieftain led hiz *tartan tribe!*
To' paint hiz laurels, in dhe proſp'rous field;
To' ſing hiz glory, e'n hwen foarc't to' yield!
To' ſpeak him ſmiling, at dhe rage ov pow'r;
Mid vengefool vultures, gahping to' devour!
And, mid dhe genral cruſh, in calm repoze;
Entuning, to' dhe laſt, hiz Contry's woes!
Hwen lo! hiz hevven-born ſoll, at large, took flight,
To' dhe bleſt regions ov unclouded light:
And now he meets hiz deeds, hware battels ceſe;
Now tunes hiz lyre, in chaingeles relms ov pece.
Let Nature drop ſom tears, at Rezons joy;
Hwile ſtrains, like dheze, our orphan'd wit employ.
May *Strooans* vertues widh hiz Muze return!
May *Scottiſh* harts widh *Scottiſh* ardors burn!
Oh! may hiz genius, hiz celeſtial rage,
Revive a *Strooan* in a barb'rous age!

Eddinburrough, 1749.

II. *To' a yong Nobelman * going aguen abraud.*

HWEN Envy grinn'd, and Folly ſtar'd, to' ſee
A Lords demeanor in a Lords degree;
Iware Art widh Nature ſhon, dhey diſapproov'd;
ound affectacion, hware dhe Graces moov'd.
corn, for dhemſelvs; and, for dhe Fair, reſpect;
elf-lov dhey conſtru'd, and ingrate neglect.
dhus dhey ſneer'd, at B——s form refin'd;
low had dhey cavvil'd, had dhey ſeen hiz mind!
hat mind replete widh vertue, ſcience, ſenſe;
z free from meannes, az from inſolence!
Procede, yong Peer; and dheze dhy foes diſdain:
or *Scotlands* onnor, vizzit *France* again.
et *Europe* ſee dhee, and complete dhy plan:
hen ſoon bring home, dhe fool-accompliſht man;
ir'd widh hiz Contry's lov, to' ern her praiz;
nd rize dhe *Cheſterfield* ov better days.

Eddinburgh, Aug. 27, 1750.

* Walter, Lord Blantyre, lampooned by an Ingliſh Officer, at an ſembly.

III. *A* MONNODY, *in commemoracion ov September* 10 = 21 *, 1750.

HAIL, happy Saint! from mortal woe ſet free
Accept dhe lay, dhat lonely warbels dhee.
Accept dhe tear, hwich Nature bids to' flow:
Accept dhe joy, hwich Rezon guivs to' glow;
Dhat, in dhy ſpan ov threeſcore years and ten,
Dhy light, unclouded, chear'd dhe ſons ov men!
Dhat, in dhe conflicts ov dhy long decay,
Dhy Pacience bore dhe ſting ov Deth away!
Dhat, to' dhe laſt, dhy Vertue faithfool found,
Dhy perfet life widh perfet pece waz crown'd?
And now, widh Serraphs, dhat dhy hevvenly voice
Exalts dhy God, dhe glory ov her choice!
How ſhal I moarn a los, ſo much dhy gain?
How not find plezzure, hwen dhou feel'ſt no pain?
How not exalt Him, hoo exalted dhee?
Hoo ſo long lent ſo high a blis to' me!
Nor to' me onely: for my infant-days
Confeſt but half a dubbel Parents praiz:
Dhe pious Gardian, hoo inſpir'd our yooth
Widh lov' to' God, to' man; ov pece, ov truith!
Dhe deareſt Frend, dhat bleſt our riper age!
Dhe trueſt Frend: ſincere, and ſweet, and ſage!
An equal paſſion, dho in diſtant parts;
Flows, undivided, from two' fillial harts.

Be it our equal, and our onely ſtrife,
To' vy in lov, to' emmulate in life;
To' lern from her to' be a parent, frend;
Hwat good men onnor, and dhe bad commend!
To' lern hwat conſcious piety avails,
Hwen human aid, hwen all external fails.
Dhe union broken, hwich we now lament;
E'n dhis our pious memm'ries may prevent.
Our dear Inſtructres we ſhal ſtil prezerv,
If from her precepts we ſhal nevver ſwerv;
Til, ſoon or late, our moments trial o'r,
We meet in joy, to' know no parting more.

Eddinburrough. J. E.

* On hwich died Mrs. *(Rachel) Elphinſton* (L. vi. vii. viii. xi); her daughter being at *London*, her ſon at *Eddinburrough*; hware their Fahdher had left dhem infants, in 1723. To' hiz maſter, next to' hiz modher, J. E. ows dhe following juſtice.

IV. *To' dhe memmory ov* ALLEXANDER FINDLATER, * A. M.

SOON did a *Rachels* † unremitted care
Her ‖ ſon, for *Allexanders* art, prepare.
O *Findlater*, my all I ow to' dhee;
Ov taſte, ov tallent, ov humannity.
To won ſmall judge dhy merrit foolly known,
My firſt years onnor'd, and my laſt ſhal own.

Dhe world ſcarce ſaw dhee, hwen dhe duteous tear
Ting'd, from an orphan'd eye, dhine erly bier.
Dhe tung dhou tunedſt, wel ſuch tunes employ,
Til we ſublime dhem, in dhe relms ov joy.

J. E.

* L. lxxxvii. and foll.

† L. ii. iii. vi. vii. and *Monnody* preceding.

‖ Hoom (in 1728) ſom months before hiz ſevventh year had elap ſed, ſhe committed, az a Lattin ſcollar to' Mr. Findlater. Widh dha admirabel Inſtructor J. E. havving completed hiz foar-years coarſe paſt happily on to' dhe Clas ov dhe reſpectabel Rector Mr. *George Ar buthnot*, in hoos no les ſuccesfool year (1733) J. E. feelingly attende dhe funeral ov Mr. *Findlater*.

V. *A* THRENNODY. *To' dhe memmory ov a No belman*, * *hoo died at Parris, on dhe* 10 = 21 *ov May*, 1751, *in dhe* 25*th ov hiz age*; *dhis umbe Eſſay iz conſecrated, by* Philalethes.

DROP, dolefool Pen! diſtil dhe ſwelling woe,
And into' melting ellegiacs † flow:
Firſt, let dhem feel dhe juſtnes ov diſtres;
Dhen let dhem hope to' make dhe ſorrow les.
Accept, my BLANTYRE, all a frend can guiv;
Widh hoom not Deth can make dhee ceſe to' liv;
Hoo'd fear no cenſure, and demand no praiz,
If yet hiz BLANTYRE cood approov hiz lays.
Say, Muſe, hoo moaſt ſhal moarn, hwat moarn dhe moaſt,
In BLANTYRE, ov dhy Peers dhe nobleſt boaſt?

Hoo

Hoo moarn dhe moaſt! Hoo moaſt hav known dhe man: [dhat can.
Hwat moarn dhe moaſt! Let dhoze make known,
Dhou, TENDER PARENT, claim'ſt dhe foremoaſt tear;
Dhen all dhy OFSPRING, next to' BLANTYRE dear.
Each FREND, each PATRIOT, to' dhe pall ſuccedes;
And evv'ry STUARTS aking buzzom bleeds.
Moarn him, ye PEERS, hoo dignifi'd yoor ſtate!
Moarn yoors, ye BRITTONS; not yoor BLANTYRES fate!
Nor ſhal domeſtic tears alone deplore
A los, dhat rings o'r weeping *Gallia's* ſhore:
Hware BLANTYRES name wil nevver be forgot;
Hware peers and princes moarn dheir darling SCOT.
Moarn him, ye Muzes, hoom ye ſtil approov'd;
Moarn him, ye Graces, by hoos aid he moov'd!
Moarn him, ye Wize, hoo to' hiz praiz aſpire;
Moarn him, ye Fools; nor now too late admire!
Moarn him, ye Yong; improov hwat ye hav ſeen:
Moarn him, ye Aged; think hwat he'd hav been!
Yes: all muſt moarn; dho no won may repine,
A Sun dhat ſet, hwen juſt begun to' ſhine.
Nor ar we yet involv'd in hopeles night:
Hiz bright effulgence yet reflects its light!
Dhe ceſeles ardor ov hiz tender years,
For hwat ennobels, and for hwat endears:

Dhe vaſt improovment ov hiz ſhorten'd ſpan;
D'improovment dhat ſo faſt matur'd dhe man,
In vertue dhat few ages can record;
In lerning, rarer luſter ov a lord!
In evv'ry duty, dhat adorn'd hiz ſtate;
In evv'ry quallity, dhat renders grait.
Nor count we ſhort, a ſpan improov'd ſo high;
Aldho ſo ſoon dhe dethles Peer cood dy:
If *Wizdom iz gray hairs*, az tun'd dhe ſage;
He di'd not yong, if *ſpotles life iz Age*.
But ſtop, my Muze; nor let condolence cloy:
Let grattulacion pure dhy pen employ.
O'r ſelfiſh Woe let genrous Joy prevail:
Farwel, grait Mortal! grait Immortal, hail!
In relms refin'd dhy ſoll expaciates, free
From grocenes ov a world unwordhy dhee.
Dhy ravviſht Soll no longuer ſees in part;
But, pittying, ſees dhe glimm'ring ſons ov art.
Contemplating dhe butifool, dhe fit;
She ſmiles at dhe conceits ov human wit;
And now, progreſſive in dhe padhs ſhe trod,
Her pow'rs intuitive adore her GOD!
Hail, happy BAXTER! ‖ in dhy pupils haſte,
Widh dhee dhy immaterial joys to' taſte!
Hwat wonce ye thaught ov dreams, dhat now ye know;
Dhat all material things ar truly ſo.
Hail, happy Matron! in dhy happier Son,
Hoo to' dhy praiz ſo bleſt a race haz run;
Widh glory ended, az widh grace begun.

Ye partner-objects ov a pious care,
Dhe juſteſt joy widh juſteſt ſorrow ſhare;
Nor deem yoor evver-deareſt Broddher loſt.
For genral good, good Hevven yoor wiſhes croſt:
To' teach mankind, hwat oft iz taught in vain;
Dhat human hopes hav but a moments reign;
Dhat bloom and buty, parts, and pomp and pow'r,
Ar but dhe flaſhes ov a fleeting our:
To' teach mankind dh' improovment ov dhe ſpan;
Dhe onely praiz, dhe onely pride ov man:
T'enfoarce a leſſon, littel underſtood;
That, to' be grait, iz onely to' be good.
Hail, NOBEL § YOOTH, to' BLANTYRE next in birth!
But nobler, if to' BLANTYRE next in worth!
Yoor firſt ſucceſſion iz a fahdhers care:
Yoor fammily ſhal own a BLANTYRE dhare.
Hwat glory, ſuch a pattern to' purſue!
So evv'ry ſorrow ſhal be ſunk in yoo:
In yoo a cherriſher ov dhe diſtreſt!
In yoo dhe balmer ov a moddhers breſt!
Dhe genrous rival ov a Broddhers fame!
Dhe bleſt ſuppoarter ov a ſuff'ring name!
So ſhal yoo liv like him, by all dezir'd!
So dy like him, bewail'd, belovv'd, admir'd!

* *Walter*, Lord *Blantyre*, hoo had ſucceded hiz fahdher *Robbert*, in 1743.

† Ellegiacs may be edher continnuous or alternate; in diſtic, or in ſtanza.

‖ *Andrew Baxter*, author ov dhe cellebrated work on dhe *Immateriallity ov dhe Soll*; hware he exhibbits an ingenious theory ov dreams.

§ *William*, dhe ſeccond ſon, becom Lord *Blantyre*.

VI. *On* LORETTO, * *dhe ſeat ov* † HUGH FORBES, *Eſquire, near Muſcelburrough.*

ON *Scotia's* beach, hware hwit'ning ſurges rize,
To' ſea and land a poart *Loretto* † lies.
Dhis, not enricht widh all dhe ſpoils around,
Can, like its parent, boaſt a hallow'd ground.
Dhe Lady here rejoices to' receiv
Dhe ſtrainger: not to' rob, but to' reliev.
Here buteous Nature ſhines, improov'd by Taſte;
Here ſprightly Vertue haz her manſion plac't.
Here reigns an emblem ov dhe bleſt abov:
For here reign Order, Unity, and Lov!

Oct. 27, 1751.

* So named from dhe Itallian *Loretto*, hwich (iz ſaid to' hav) had wonce a dependency here.

† Since ſold to' —— *Fiſher* Eſquire.

VII. *To'*

VII. *To' dhe memmory ov Mr.* GEORGE LAUDER, *Surgeon, hoo died by a fall from hiz horſe, near Eddinburrough.*

HWILE LAUDER loſt iz moarn'd by each degree,
Ov men and minds ; ſay, Muze, hwy not by Dhee?
No Muze iz wanting, to' foolfil hiz fame:
Hiz dethles worth ſhal eternize hiz name.
Hiz end waz for himſelf mature, we know:
But waz it, for hiz frends and contry, ſo?
Dhis Hevv'n decides: nor iz it ours to' ſcan,
Its deſtinacion ov its creture, Man.
In Deth a kinder conkeror he found,
Dhan hwen, arehwile, he travverſt marſial ground;
Nor felt, az wonce in † ward, now in dhe grave,
Dhe pangs ov dhoze he waz deni'd to' ſave.
Hwat had hiz torture been, if, ſenſes left,
He'd been aguen ov healing arms bereft?
Hwat, had he ſeen Pandora's box uncloz'd;
Each peſt and pain wide-waſting, unoppoz'd?
Hwat, had he herd dhe woe, hware nawing lies,
Fenc't in hiz cel, dhe worm dhat nevver dies?
Hwat, did he ſee dhe lappidated ſand
Dilappidate ſecure dhe tortur'd land?
Hwat, had he ſent, hwile languiſhing he lay,
Dhe lame uncur'd, dhe blind uncoucht, away?

Or worſe: cood he hav known dhe lab'ring fair
Invoke a *Lauder*, and no *Lauder* dhare!
Or ah! had he beheld, in ebbing life,
An orphan'd ofspring, and a widdow'd wife!
To' dheze he leggaci'd, are rapt abov,
Dhe rich endowment ov dheir Contry's lov.
Dhat no dire Hydra might erect her hed,
And no *Lucina* moarn a *Lauder* ded;
Hiz arms he yielded not on *Lugton*-field ‖,
But dhare conſign'd to' hooſo beſt can wield.
Hiz pow'rs he left to' partners ov hiz art:
Happy to' hoom hiz hands, to' hoom hiz hart!
Hoo, arm'd like him, attend dhe quickeſt call;
Unfe'd to' fight, or unſurpriz'd to' fall!

PHILO-MACHAON.

Eddinburrough, July 8 = 19, 1752.

† Havving been preſſed into' profeſſional ſervice at Eddinburrough in 1745, and made prizzoner at Culloden in 1746; he waz ſpoiled ov dhe onely arms he pretended to' carry; and ſo denied dhe power, ov ſerving edher ſide.

‖ Hware he fel,

VIII. *To' dhe memmory ov* JAMES DUNDAS, *M. D.*

AMID dhoze tears not Faſcion bids employ,
Amid dhoze ſabels, dhat conceal no joy;
Widh tone maternal, and dhe hart-ſprung ſigh,
Edina falters: "Can dhe Doctor dy?

"A fairer

" A fairer queſtion forrain climes ſhal guiv,
" And cry widh wonder, 'Cood dhe Doctor liv!
" To' ſolv dhe dout, my Son, attune dhy plan;
" And moarn dhe glory, in dhe frend ov man.
" Expreſſion yields our ſorrow ſom relief;
" Nor ſinks dhe private in dhe pubblic grief."
'Tiz mine, thrice-onnor'd Parent, to' obey;
And grattitude'z a det, we all can pay.
Gratefool indeed, dho arduous, dhe command,
Hwich bids my hart employ my febel hand.
O! may hiz name immortalize my lays!
A name ideal, in dheze dregs ov days.
O! may I moarn, enrapt widh fillial fire,
Dhe widdows huzband, and dhe orphans ſire!
Hoo to' dhe poor widh dubbel ardor flew:
Dhey gaz'd, dhey bleſt; he heal'd, he paid dhem too.
Unlike dhe leeches, dhat o'rſpred dhe land,
Widh ſollemn vizzage, and widh venal hand;
Hoo call'd by Indigence, dhat ſtil wood liv,
Widhdraw dhe means to' take dh' advice dhey guiv:
Or, if ſhe medcines muſt affoard, and fees;
To' hunguer leve dhe reffuſe ov diſeze.
'Twaz hiz to' banniſh, not to' bring diſtres;
And nehr to' make dhe languids littel les.
Each ailment fled hiz countenance ſerene;
Nor pacients onely bleſt hiz aid unſeen.
Diſeze unſtrings dhe arm, he ponder'd kind:
Hoo cannot food, far les can phyzzic find.

How

How oft, ye orphan'd Indigent, atteſt,
Hoo all dhe bounty ov hiz care confeſt;
How oft haz he yoor evv'ry ail beguil'd;
And, hwile he raiz'd dhe parent, fed dhe child!
Reviv'd dhe fondling to' dhe frantic dame!
How oft rekindled Hymens hallow'd flame!
Say hwat ſagacious eye each il explor'd;
And ſtil protected, hwen it had reſtor'd!
Nor did he tend alone dhe needy's helth:
Pale Povverty waz envi'd ſoon by Welth.
For genral good, hiz tallent he employ'd;
And, hwat dhe rich beſtow'd, dhe poor enjoy'd.
Hwatevver flow'd, he nevver vallu'd more,
Dhan hwen hiz board waz crouded, az hiz dore.
Ezy and open, in dhe ſocial our;
Dhen bleſt be Provvidence, dhat lent dhe pow'r.
Dhe Fair he woo'd, widhout a moments ceſe,
Hoos ways ar plezzure, and hoos padhs ar pece:
Til dhat fel fiend, hwich unrelenting burns,
And ſoundeſt rezon into' raving turns;
Now recollected all her fury paſt;
And him, hoo oft had foil'd her, foil'd at laſt.
Yet here beguil'd, ye patriot-moarners know,
She rapt him reddy, from dhe ils below;
To' taſte ſuch joys, az muſt ſuch Vertue crown;
Dho ſtil perhaps a gardian ov dhe town.
Nor, hwile dhe matchles los our harts deplore,
Let us imadgine him, on erth no more.

Oddhers ſhal glory in hiz padhs to' run:
E'n now we ſee him rizing in hiz Son.
Hard taſk indeed, dhe ſteep aſcent to' gain!
Propoarcion'd glory, and propoarcion'd pain!
No middel merrit wil ſuffice mankind;
Nor need we fear: hiz Parent form'd hiz mind;
Dhat, hwen won Phenix ſaught hiz native ſkies,
Anoddher Phenix from hiz toomb might rize.
If old *Edina* aught afar can ſee,
he bids dhe Muze dhus hail Poſterrity:
Behold hwat proffit from privacion ſprings,
Behold hwat wizdom rules dhe chain ov things!
Dhat lent dhe Wordhy, we regret dhis day;
To' be ſucceded, not himſelf to' ſtay.
From ſire to' ſon dhe plezing name ſhal pas,
And each new age ſhal bles a new DUNDAS!'
Accept, dear Yooth, auguſt *Edina's* woe:
Accept dhe tribbute ov dhe verſe I ow:
Accept dhe tear a feeling Muze haz ſhed,
Hoo lovs dhe livving, and reveres dhe ded.

Sept. 22, 1754 PHILALETHES.

IX. *To'*

IX. *To' dhe Sun reappearing at London, after a fortnights abſence, Jan.* 3, 1755.

HAIL, glorious Lamp! hware haſt dhou been,
Dhis dreary night ov nights foarteen?
Haſt dhou ſom wordhier worlds explor'd,
Hware dhou art *onely not ador'd?*
Waz't dhat dhou woodſt no longuer vew
A Godles, Chriſtles, Chriſtmas-crew?
Gorg'd, for dhe *bred ov life*, widh chine!
And wanton, widh unhallow'd wine?
Waz it, dhat dhare cood be no day,
Dhe *Sun ov Righteouſnes* away?
Hoo frely beam'd arehwile on all;
But fled a *ſelf-enlighten'd* ball.
Hail, radiant type ov hiz return!
We own, we own, by hoom we burn!
Benign, wonce more diſpel our dark;
Rekindel Rezons hevvenly ſpark.
Be dhou, O Sun, dhyſelf dhe Star,
Dhat harbingers HIM from afar;
HIM, ov hiz SIRE dhe immage bright!
Return widh HIM, and all iz LIGHT!

X. *On*

X. *On dhe recovvery ov* JON PEARCE: *a pupil.*

TO' Dhee, O GOD, aſpires our praiz,
Reſtorer ov our joy;
Hoo from dhe deep ov Deth didſt raiz
Our blooming hope, our Boy!

Such, az a ſhooting flow'r he bow'd,
Dhat ſickens on dhe plain;
Hwen Helth, dhy handmaid, call'd aloud:
Behold my face again!

Yet to' dhy wil, hwatehr it be,
Stil let us be rezign'd;
Nor ehr dhe les depend on Dhee,
Dhe more dhat Dhou art kind.

Let notthing drive from mind away,
Dhe moment ov our tears;
But let us, if Dhou lend, repay
Dhe grattitude ov years!

Dhe yoothfool Theme hiz thanks widh ours,
Iz ardent to' combine;
Rezolv'd, dhat hiz recruited pow'rs
Shal onely, Lord, be Dhine.

Brompton, July 6, 1755.

XI. *To' Curnel* JAMES FORRESTER, * *London.*

'TIZ true remembrance ſhood remembrance bring,
And beſt oblivvion'z, by oblivvion, paid;
But deeper I muſt drink ov Lethe's ſpring,
Or yoo ſeek, to' be loſt, a darker ſhade.

Here Nature, in her prime, dhe day delights;
Here Phillomel enchants dhe midnight our;
Here infant Wit my foſt'ring hand invites;
Here Lov and Frendſhip vy to' bles my bow'r.

Poets, az Players, quit unmoarn'd dhe ſtage;
Archers, az arrows, fly unmark'd dheir round;
Hwile unſown Curnels crown dhis golden age,
Not in each ſoil a FORRESTER iz found.

JAMES ELPHINSTON.

Brompton, June 23, 1756.

* Author ov *Dhe Polite Philoſſopher*, and ov L. xxxvii.

XII. HYMN, *after Sore-Eyes: written on Eaſter-day*, 1757.

TO' Dhee, exhauſtles Soarce ov light!
My umbleſt, higheſt, praiz be paid;
For dhis dhy guift, reguivv'n ov ſight,
Hwen ſtruggling Art confeſt dhine aid.

Mine eyes, unvail'd, adore dhy reign
Benignant to' dhe ſons ov men!
May but my carrol not profane
Dhe marvels, dhat amaze my ken!

By

By pride, hwen rebbel-aingels fel;
Dhe vacant hevvenly thrones to' fil,
Dhy goodnes dain'd (let Rapture tel!)
Ours, mid dhe wanting worlds, to' wil.

Dhine eldeſt word, from Natures woomb,
Erths dormant embryon underſtood;
Be light: and Light, from out dhe gloom,
Diſplay'd her ellements wer good.

I ſee dhe vaſt Expanſe extend,
Hware finer fluids lightly ride;
See human hopes, unhop't depend,
Exalted from dhe vulgar tide.

Dhe fluds, diſparting, own dhy pow'r;
Yong Erth erects her brow ſerene:
Adorn'd widh erb and fruit and flow'r,
She glads my eyes widh evv'ry green.

Ov light and heat hail center'd Sire,
Hoo ſeem'ſt to' cirkel cirkling ſpheres!
Hail, ſilver-Queen, and evv'ry Fire,
Dhat reckon days and months and years.

All fair-attemper'd to' produce,
Each ſpecies ov each livving kind;
Behold ov evv'ry rank and uſe,
Dhat wanton in dhe wave or wind!

And now I climb dhe arduous ſcale,
Ov rizing inſtinct round dhe ball;
From attoms, hware my optics fail,
To' man, by rezon, lord ov all:

Rezon, dhat bleſt precarious boon,
Hwich man juſt not to' aingel raiz'd;
But hwich abuz'd muſt ſink him ſoon,
Far more below dhe brutes amaz'd.

Yet naught dhe buty, naught dhe blis,
Dhy lov haz o'r creacion pour'd;
Naught iz creacions ſelf to' dhis,
Dhat to' dhy verry Self haz tow'r'd!

Hwat ar dhe vizzual vails widhdrawn,
Or hwat dhe ſcenes ov night and day,
To' Him, hoo chas't dhis bleſſed dawn,
To' beam our mental miſt away?

Dhat wondrous Child, from Virgin ſprung,
Hoo fill'd dhe aged ears widh aw!
Dhat maſterly, untutor'd tung,
Hwich maz'd dhe lerned in dhe law!

A ſeccond birth! how ſtrainge a ſtrain!
A ſeccond lov hoo dare pretend?
Can ſons ov plezzure covvet pain?
Can Spirrit ehr widh Fleſh contend?

How

How high dhe lowly, rich dhe poor!
Hwat rapture 'tiz, to' kis dhe rod!
To' Senſe, 'tiz contradiccion ſure;
To' Rezon, 'tiz dhe word ov God.

Won partikel aſſembels all
Dhe blis below, and blis abov;
Dhat charming partikel we call
Unbounded, yet adapted, Lov.

Hail, new Creacion! theme ſublime,
For hoo conceiv but hwat dhey ſee;
Hoo place Eternity in Time,
And bound in Space Immenſity!

All Nature hears dhe Voice divine,
Be ſtil; and ſtil dhe tempeſts ly:
Dhe loavs enlarge, dhe wauter'z wine;
Diſeze, and Deth, and Demons fly.

Hail Lov, dhat Deity braught down,
Dhe onely frend ov creture-foes;
Hoo ſtoopt to' man, faln man to' crown:
For man he livv'd, he di'd, he roze!

Hail, mighty Advocate ov ours,
Hoo ſent'ſt ſuch ſollace to' our pain!
To' ſhed dhy graces, and dhy pow'rs;
To' hallow and mature dhy reign!

Widh Aingels dhen ov each degree,
Let each degree ov humans raiz
Glad voice to' hymn dhe Madjeſty,
Hoos glories hevven and erth emblaze!

Dhen to' dhe Sire and Son and Dov,
Won Holy, Holy, Holy Three;
Dhe ſpring ov light and life and lov,
All kingdom, pow'r, and glory be!

XIII. *To'* THEODORE EDGAR, *Eſquire, widh a coppy ov dhe Hymn after ſore-eyes.*

ACCEPT, dear Occuliſt, dhy fee:
Dhe ſong I ow to' God and dhee:
To' him, hoo gave dhe needfool ſkil;
Hoo gave dhe beſt ov pow'rs, dhe wil;
To' dhee, hoo haſt no pow'r in vain;
Hoo nehr art wel, if won complain;
Hoo know'ſt each bitter cup to' blend,
Widh evv'ry cordial ov dhe frend;
Nor, but to' purge dhe vizzual ray:
To' ſoodh my evv'ry woe away.
Yet, in dhy moaſt endearing mood,
Think not to' beggar grattitude:
For, hwile dhe Muze can lend a lay
Her Vot'ry nehr wil want to' pay.

Nay,

Nay, doo dhy beſt; dhou canſt not more:
Dhou canſt but be my THEODORE *.

J. E. *Brompton*, 1757.

* *Guiſt ov God.*

XIV. *To' a* CLERGIMAN.

PROCEDE, *Amandus*, az dhy genius fires;
Nor quench dhe ſpirrit, hwich dhy God inſpires.
Let hedhen orrators dheir thunder wield:
Soar dhou ſuperior in a nobler field.
Hail, elloquence, commanding joint applauz!
Az nevver parting conſequence and cauz;
Painting dhe human duty won grait hoal,
Hoos boddy ar dhe works, and faith dhe ſoll.
To' each extreme dhou perſever'ſt a foe,
Hwile for dhe goolden mean dhy fervors flow.
Nor ar dhe paſtors funccions here at ſtrife:
Much charms hiz ellocucion, more hiz life.
He doz not merely preach, dhat he may dine;
But, dhat hiz floc may feed on milk divine:
Convinc't, dhat not dhemſelvs alone, but he,
Accountabel for each ſhal won day be.
Nor iz hiz aim, poor perioddic praiz;
Or, on vain admiracion, fame to' raiz.

Each

Each day he eddifies, hwatehr it coſt;
If not, he deems it (like a *Titus* *) loſt.
But hiz dhe maxim ſingular, yet ſure;
Dhat to' be grave, iz not to' be demure.
Sublimely ſerious, or ſerenely gay,
Hiz prezzence ſomtimes ſanctifies dhe play.
Nor ehr doz he diſdain fair Fredoms call:
For evver uſefool, he iz all to' all.
Hware folly rages, he (alas!) muſt be;
Hware wizdom wantons, dhare by choice iz he.
Hwen merrit ſculks, he draws her into' day;
And, hwen ſhe moarns, he wipes her tears away.
He proovs dhe widdows ſpouz, dhe orphans fire:
Dhe umbel bles him, and dhe proud admire.
He chears, chaſtizes, delicate and kind;
Polite hiz manners, az hiz ſoll refin'd!
Combining ſtil, ſuch dignity and eze;
To' aw dhe froward, yet dhe aw'd to' pleze;
To' make dhe voice unannimous, if od;
Dhat dhe ſweet ſpeaker iz dhe man ov GOD!

Auguſt 18, 1761. AMICULUS

* Dhe emperor *Titus Veſpaſian*, hoo, won evening reccollectin (according to' hiz cuſtom, and dhe precepts ov *Pythaggoras*) dhe employment ov dhe day, and perceiving on particcular good he had do in it; uttered widh a ſigh: *My frends, I hav loſt a day!*

XV. *On dhe Erl ov* BUTE, *becom Prime-minniſter.*

FROM conqueſts toil hwen Brittain ſigh'd for reſt,
yoothfool Soyv'rain glow'd to' ſee her bleſt;
oo, *Numa*-like, bade Pece erect her throne,
nd form'd hiz ſubjects vertues by hiz own;
om prince to' peer dhe new contagion ran,
nd each bold Britton waz wonce more a man.
elidgion, modiſh, hail'd dhe wond'rous day;
nd vice, uncoartly, ſneakt abaſht away.
ch Art and Science own'd a Fahdhers hand;
nd ignorance widh vice forſook dhe land.
o' ſuch a glory's hight hwat cood remain?
t dhat a *Brunſwic* bade a *Stewart* reign!

May 31, 1762.

XVI. *To'* HOPE: *An Ode.*

IRST-BORN ov hevven! propiſcious pow'r,
Hoo bidſt fel Fear confes her foe;
Hoo antedat'ſt enjoyments our,
And inſtant ſmil'ſt away each woe.
Fair faith and lov,
Com from abov;

Unite yoor zeal
For human weal,
Celeſtial ſiſters three!
Enlight, inſpire, exalt dhe mind:
But dhou thrice hail, dho ſeccond in degree;
Hoo ſay'ſt to' faith, believ; to' charrity, be kind.

Hoo paints, like dhee, dhe joccund ſpring,
Hoos charms each raptur'd bard employ?
Hoo can, like dhee, fruiſcion fling
On natures harbinger ov joy?
Hoo bids to' blow
Dhe yoothfool glow?
Hoo guivs to' dance
Dhe piercing glance,
Dhat luſters in dhe eye?
Hoo ſheds freſh ardor o'r dhe prime?
Hoo lends to' Autumn, hwat welth cannot by?
And hails eternity, from out dhe deth ov time?

Unconker'd, hail, imperial *Room!*
On *Carthages* illuſtrious day;
Dhou moarn'ſt immortal *Paulus'* doom,
Hoo knew to' dy, not diſobey.
Yet, at ſuch coſt,
Dhou art not loſt:
By ſiren eze
And ſoft diſeze,

Dh

Dhe matchles foe'z undon.
Security ſecluded care:
Grait *Room* receiv'd her late-repentant ſon,
O'r more dhan *Hannibal*, a victor o'r deſpair.

For, oh! hwatevver foil or fail,
Dhou beam'ſt, *Apollo*-like, on all,
Hwat tempeſt can dhe mind aſſail,
Dhat hears dhy ſtil-benignant call?
Haſte, haſte, arize;
Ye fools, be wize:
'Tiz nehr too late
To' conker fate,
Dho' palpabel dhe gloom.
Know, all iz blis, dhat looks annoy:
Let confidence divine dhe ſoll illume,
Dhat he hoo ſows in tears, ſhal bind hiz ſheavs
widh joy.

O blisfool ſound! enchanting voice!
Avant vile dout, and daſtard fear!
Hware ſorrow muſt herſelf rejoice,
To' ſee dhe cloud or pillar near.
Hail, hevvenly guide,
Our prop and pride!
In weal and woe
Before us go,

And lead us thro' dhe wild.
We feel, we feel dhy ſovv'rain ray!
Hoo evver follow'd dhee, and waz beguil'd?
Bleſt chearer ov dhe night, and charmer ov dhe day!

But ſee a meteor moc dhy guize,
Deluding widh fictiſcious fire;
By folly blown to' cheat our eyes,
And for dezert, to' ſhow dezire.
Prezumpcions flame
Conceals her ſhame,
Before dhe ray
Dhat lights dhy way,
Perennial ſpring ov blis!
Uncarkt by care, unvext widh ſtrife,
Hoo bidſt dhe future age commence in dhis;
Conk'res ov terrors king, ſweet pledge ov endles life!

XVII. *To' dhe *yongueſt ov three † Broddhers.*

HWEN envy, folly, falſehood rage,
To' blaſt dhe bard, and brand dhe ſage;
Hwen men hate ſon, and ſire, and broddher;
And eat, untiguerlike, each oddher:
Hwen W———s proze regales dhe town,
And C———s verſe goes glibly down:

Fair

Fair *Edducacion* ſhows her face,
To' ſave at leaſt dhe future race;
And dares to' caſt a tender ſmile
On hers, and fredoms fav'rite ile.
Yet, leſt dhe rizing age ſhood be
No ſiſter-age in infamy;
Leſt prezzent folly be detected,
Unles dhe guiltles be neglected;
Pedia'z welcomm'd, Sir, by few,
Hoo own her plaſtic hand like yoo;
And hoo, dhe les dhey need her lore,
Stil joy to' cultivate her more.
But lo! three broddhers bold combine
Dheir lov ov all dhat'z fair and fine;
To' charm, to' cherriſh, and ſuppoart
Dhe ſoll, dhe boddy; contry, coart:
Hoo feel, dho broddhers, broddhers lov;
And taſte below, dhe blis abov;
By lov extended, unconfin'd,
To' evv'ry member ov mankind:
Hoo, ſpurning mole-ey'd prepozeſcion,
Untwiſt dhe gripe ov proud oppreſſion;
And, vying in each vertuous deed,
Stil bid dhe ſons dhe ſires excede.
Amid dhe bizzy, grave, and gay;
Dhey liften to' *Pedia's* lay:
And, ſcorning ſcoffers, nehr affraid
To' aſk, or to' affoard, an aid;

Widh onneſt zeal promote her vews,
To' ſave dhe nacion, and dhe muze.

Kenzington, March 23, 1764.

* L. xliii. and fol.

† Dhe revverend Dr. *James Fordyce*; dhe meddical, progreſſively Mr. Dr. and Sir *William*; and *Allexander*, dhe Banker, here addreſt; dhe amiabel phyziſcian Jon (L. xxx), havving died ſom time before; az had ſevveral years ſtil erlier, dhe cellebrated profeſſor, ov Abberdeen.

XVIII. *To'* GERRARD-ANNE EDWARDS, *Eſquire; on hiz enclozing dhe Acaddemy at Kenzington* *.

HWEN *Cyrus* ſaid, let Salems fane aſcend!
And *Artaxerxes* bade her wall extend;
Sagacious Ezra own'd celeſtial aid,
And umbel Nehemiah glad obey'd.
Wonce more kind hevven on ſcience dain'd to' ſmile,
And raiz'd an *Edwards*, to' adorn our ile.
To' fair *Pedia* firſt he rear'd a fane,
Dhen bid a wall around her children reign.
By hevven and Edwards fenc't, no fear ſhe knows,
Dho new Sanballats or Tobiahs roze.
Dho ignorance and envy rage around,
No balefool eye ſhal taint dhe hallow'd ground;
Hware virgin-tungs dheir joccund Peans ſing,
Hwile rezon ripens in perpettual ſpring;

Hware

Hware art and ſcience take dheir fav'rite ſtand,
To' ſhed ſucceſſive glories o'r dhe land.
Mecenas, hail! hoo Cyrus haſt outdon,
Hoo dhus enſur'ſt dhyſelf a wordhier ſon;
Nor terminat'ſt dhy contry's hopes in dhee,
Az zellous hwat poſterrity ſhal be:
And, ſince dhou bild'ſt ſuch boolwarks for dhe lay,
Accept dhe laurel dhat dhe muzes pay;
Born to' combine dhe nobleſt types ov yore,
And be hwatehr boath monnarks wer before!

Kenzington, Auguſt 16, 1764.

* Hware dhe Poem ov *Edducacion* waz written.

XIX. *To' hiz moaſt excellent Madjeſty, dhe King ov* DENMARK *and* NORWAY.

WELCOM, yong Monnark, to' Britannia's ſhore,
Hoo roam'ſt each region, Wizdom to' explore!
Az Cyrus Egypt overran, and Grece;
Az Jaſon voyag'd for dhe goolden flece;
So be dhy proggres crown'd: ſo may'ſt dhou gain
Dhe arduous knollege, dhat empow'rs to' reign;
So may'ſt dhou ſcan dhe manners, cuſtoms, laws,
Dhat challenge cenſure, or command applauz!
See! hware ſweet libberty delights to' dwel,
Fel licence envious bids dhe bleſt rebel!

See, hware oppreſſion joys to' ſpred dhe groan;
And lern, from poiz'd extremes, to' bles dhy own.
Nor onely dhine: ſuch parts and pow'r combin'd,
Muſt guiv Gods minniſter to' bles mankind;
Muſt guiv dhyſelf dhe glory ov dhe crown'd,
Dhy relm dhe envy ov dhe nacions round:
Hware pece and plenty glad dhe cultur'd plains,
Hware polliſht order in each citty reigns;
Hware awfool juſtice rears her radiant ſoard,
Hware lenient mercy iz dhe pow'r ador'd;
Hware foſter'd ſcience takes her fav'rite ſtand,
And onnor'd vertue hallows all dhe land:
Dhare ſhalt dhou, Cyrus-like, mature dhy plan;
And dhine age finniſh, hwat dhy yooth began!

Dheze verſes ar umbly inſcribed * by

Oct. 11, 1768. JAMES ELPHINSTON.

* And wer dhat day prezented at St. Jameſes.

A ſa Majeſté Séréniſſime le Roi de DANEMARC *et de* NORVEGE.

DE tous les vrais Brétons ſincere eſt l'alégreſſe
D'embraſſer un héros, qui cherche la ſageſſe!
Comme Cyrus jadis parcourut l'univers,
Comme le pie Enée a paſſé aux enfers;

Que

Que tes progrès, Grand Roi, trouvent de tels auſpices !
Que toutes les neuf ſeurs te ſoient auſſi propices !
Qu'elles t'enſeignent l'art de requeuillir le fruit,
Qui rend parmi les rois le plus ſublime eſprit ;
De balancer partout les loix et les manieres,
Que la fineſſe admire, avecque les groſſieres !
Ici la liberté a fixé ſon ſéjour,
Et la licence émule y établit ſa cour.
Là, ſous l'oppreſſion, les malheureux gémiſſent.
Garde le beau milieu : que les tiens te beniſſent !
Non ſeulement les tiens : les ſages ſeuverains
Se trouvent nés auſſi les peres des humains,
Se doivent tôt montrer dignes de la couronne :
Leur regne fait envie à ce qui l'environne.
La paix et l'abondance y rient dans les champs :
La ville policée a d'heureux habitants.
La juſtice y brandit l'épée flamboyante,
Et la clémence encore en victoires augmente ;
Le ſavoir honoré éclaire tous les lieux,
Et la vertu chérie en fait l'état des dieux.
De ce plan le héros ſe ſent jouïr d'avance ;
Et l'homme achevera ce que l'enfant commence.

Ces vers ſe préſentent, avec le plus profond reſpect,

Par JAQUES ELPHINSTON.

Le 11*me Oct.* 1768.

Regi Danorum et Norvecorum praeſtantiſſimo,
CHRISTIANO SEPTIMO.

TE ſalvere jubet, juvenis rex, Albion hoſpes,
Quo te cunque vocat ſapientia, blande viator!
Ut varias Cyrus terras luſtravit et urbes,
Colchida ut acceſſit captator velleris aurei;
Proſpera ſic tibi ſint luſtramina! ſic capiaſque
Fructum, qui magnam regnandi perdocet artem!
Tu mores hominum, nec non ſcrutabere leges;
Multorum et regum fugienda ſequendaque diſces.
En! ubi libertas ſedes ſibi cara locavit,
In dominos effrena furit violentia blandos!
Eccubi durities gemitum diſpandere gaudet!
Inter utrumque tene: ſic teque tuoſque beabis.
Cumque ſuis, lapſo poterit ſuccurrere ſeclo
Numinis armipotens ſummi ſapienſque miniſter.
Illum inter reges totus mirabitur orbis,
Regnaque rivales extollent hoſpita gentes;
Pax ubi tam cultos hilarant et copia campos,
Urbs ubi quaeque nitet certâ ratione modoque.
Hìc enſem dirum Rhamnuſia virgo coruſcat,
Altiùs hìc gratam clementia ſuſtulit aram.
Almos uſque locos radians doctrina fovebit,
Virtuſque in ſanctâ reddet ſua munera terrâ.

Talibus

Talibus in terris, rex Cyro carior orbi,
Quae puer antetulit, ſeno peragenda relinquit.

Hoſce qualeſcunque verſiculos

D. D. C. Q.

JACOBUS ELPHINSTON.

5 *Idus Octobres, A. D.* 1768.

XX. *To' dhe Right Onnorabel* TOMMAS HARLEY, *Lord-Mayor ov London : an Etthic Epiſtel.*

IN goolden times, conſenting poets vi'd
To' ſing a HARLEY, bleſt Britannia's pride!
In dheze dark days, hwat genius ſhal appear
To' hail dhe heroe ov a wond'rous year?
Up to' hiz glory's hight hiz name to' lift,
Wonce more a *Horrace* ſhood revive in *Swift*; *
Or to' attune dhe ellegiac lyre,
Dhe moddern Guiſcards muſt awake a *Prior*: †
But be dhe man, or madgiſtrate, dhe ſcope;
Hoo can addres, or hoo can paint, like *Pope* ‡?
Dheze now no more, accept a ſtrainger-muze,
Ov umbler vein, yet az ingennuous vews;
Hoom candid fame compels her trump to' ſound;
Nedher by int'reſt call'd, nor frendſhip crown'd.
Thrice hail, grait *Harley!* hail thrice onnor'd flame,
Dhat warms from age to' age dhy patriot-name!

Dhat glows in ſennate, and in coart prezides;
Commands widh dignity, widh wizdom guides;
Dhat pollity diſ[reds, enfoarces law;
Beams round dhe good, and keeps dhe bad in aw;
Guivs plenty on fair induſtry to' ſmile,
And ſweeps fel mendicants from out dhe ile,
Az *Edgar* ‖ woolvs; and hwich, in *Alfreds* § lore,
Slain in dhe birth, bids robb'ry be no more.
Frend to' dhy foes, and immage ov dhy God,
Dhou foil'ſt and feed'ſt dhem, boath dhe ſtaf and rod.
Dhy foes muſt be dhe foes ov human-kind;
Unjuſt az barb'rous, and ingrate az blind.
Dhe dantles gardian ov Auguſta's rights,
Sees libberty and licence oppozites;
To' loyalty adheres, rebellion hates,
Holds dhat dhe baſis, dhis dhe bane ov ſtates.
Nor, to' dhe ſennate, did he by hiz way:
Hiz contry call'd him, and he muſt obey.
Hiz king and contry ſtrove: thrice glorious ſtrife!
To' dignify and gard dhe patriots life.
Wize ſtil iz grattitude; and fair dhe plan,
To' win dhe legiſlator in dhe man.
O! wood ſuch ſennators and conſuls rize,
A Roman ſennate wood deſcend dhe ſkies:
Dhe *Fabii*, *Manlii*, *Decii*, *Scauri* here;
Camillus, *Curius*, *Quintius* wood appear.
Venallity no more wood ope her hand;
Corrupcion, quite abaſht, wood fly dhe land;

Poiz'd

oiz'd libberty and law wood fix dhe fates,
nd mobs no more command imperial ſtates.
rezon and blaſphemy no more wood bair
n outlaw to' a legiſlators chair:
uthorrity wood aw, and juſtice rein
he ſland'rer, dhe ſediſcious and profane.
aitifs dhat can nor think, nor read, nor write,
o longuer, on dhe lern'd, durſt ſpit dheir ſpite.
uperiors wood no more monoppolize;
or dignity o'rcram, hwile duty dies.
church, or ſtate, or army, notthing baught;
he man, not dhe promocion, wood be ſaught.
yzzic and law no more wood ſuff'rers ſqueze,
r proov worſe woes dhan inj'ry and diſeze.
y wer ordainers, hware dhey laid dheir hands;
o' hoom dhey truſted ſolls, or boddies, lands:
ut, abov all, dhe hallow'd wood be nice,
ow ignorance dhey clok't, or veſtur'd vice.
nd, dhat ſuch halcyon-days might ſtil endure,
ch genneracion wood dhe next enſure.
on wood inſtruct dhe old, or train dhe new;
t hoo dhemſelvs had lernt, or ſomthing knew.
ath ſexes form'd beneadh relidgions yoke,
bellions ſinnews wood betimes be broke:
ch duty wood arize, each pow'r refine;
d all wood anſer natures grait deſign.
e hands no more wood graſp to' be dhe hed,
e feet contented ſtil dhe ground wood tred;

Dhe

Dhe ears wood hear, and onely eyes wood ſee:
Dh' immortal mind alone wood empres be.
Hwen comments cloggu'd no more dhe ſacred page,
And vipers on dhe file had ſpent dheir rage;
Emerging right wood preſcedent explode,
And Brittain in her turn digeſt a code.
Hwen balefool war no more mankind annoys,
Nor victors widh dhe vanquiſhed deſtroys;
Hwen pubblic faith widh pubblic pece returns,
And widh won patriot-flame each buzzom burns;
Hwen onnor bids no more domain extend,
So ſhielded ſtil her lawfool to' defend;
Hwen, hevven inſpir'd, ſhe coms at length to' know,
Dhat to' forguiv iz to' annul a foe;
Dhat graiter 'tiz dhe lab'rers hire to' pay,
Dhan to' diſcharge dhe ſacred dets ov play:
Dhen Albions dets, widhout unchriſtian aid,
Private and pubblic, ſhal at laſt be paid.
Beneadh new impoaſts ſhe no more ſhal groan;
Kings ſhal ſuppoart dheir ſubjects, dhey dhe throne:
Reviving commerce ſhal her right regain,
Protected by dhe miſtres ov dhe main;
Enabled to' enritch dhe globe combin'd,
Widh all dhe ſtores ov matter and ov mind.
Art ſafe ſhal ſteer, hware ſcience points dhe way;
Wizdom ſhal guide, and vertue ſhal obey.
Rezon ſublim'd ſhal to' relidgion ſoar,
And folly ſhal debaſe dhe land no more.

Such ſeems dhe plan a HARLEY wood beſtow,
If we may calculate from hwat we know.
Such only cares a HARLEY can employ;
Such dhe ſole ſoarces ov a HARLEYS joy!
Each nacion, ſmit widh bland *Aſtrea's* ſmiles,
Wood envy and obey dhe queen ov iles:
Domeſtic pece wood ſwel to' genral lov,
And here commence dhe happines abov.

Nov. 24, 1768.

* Hoo (after *Horrace* III. 2.) addreſſed dhe Erl ov Oxford in dhe ower ov London, 1716.

† Hoo addreſt Mr. Harley, wounded by Guiſcard, 1711.

‡ Hoo deddicated *Parnels* poems to' dhe Erl ov Oxford and Erl ortimer.

‖ Hoo, in dhe tenth century, exterminated woolvs; and waz alaſt az formidabel to' vagrants ov evvery kind, az

§ Hiz preddeceſſor *Alfred* dhe grait; hoo in dhe latter part ov dhe th century, victorious by ſea and land, cleared boath ov robbers, re- London, reſtored Oxford, founded pollity, promoted lerning, and bbliſhed juſtice.

XXI. *To' dhe onnorabel* ARCHIBALD DUGGLAS.

Sir,

Enjoyed, almoaſt az much az yoo cood, dhe glories ov Monday ſennight; and can hardly guiv myſelf for letting a week pas, howevver fool interrupcion, widhout dhus confeſſing myſelf,

Sir,

yoor moaſt ardent ſervant,

JAMES ELPHINSTON.

Kenzington, March 8, 1769. First-

Firſt born ov hevven, împerial maid,
Dhy vot'ries own dhy prezzent aid,
Dhat made dhe DUGGLAS dhine!
Aſtrea, *Themis*, ſtil be near,
O dhou, hwatevver name endear;
So ſtil on Brittain ſhine!

Dhy ſiſter *Pallas* ſtood confeſt,
Refulgent in a ducal * veſt,
And evv'ry guiſt combin'd:
Apollo beam'd from out dhe ſky,
And bade dne balefool *Python* fly;
Illuming evv'ry mind.

But firſt, to' Dhee, grait Sire ov all!
Hoo, by dhine ofspring, rul'ſt dhe ball;
Hoom men and gods obey;
Hoo nedher ſeccond know'ſt, nor like,
Hoo will'ſt alone to' ſave or ſtrike,
Widh unreziſted ſway!

To' Dhee dhy gratefool cretures bow,
And evverlaſting incenſe vow;
Firſt, *higheſt*, *holieſt*, *beſt!*
Becauz dhou didſt command dhy own,
To' quit dhe radiance ov dhy throne,
And quel Britannia's peſt.

'o' pour upon *Newcaſtels* grace,
dawn diverging o'r dhe caſe;
And to' awake wonce more,
emoſthenes in *Camdens* guize,
'idh *Tully*, hoo waz proud to' rize
In *Mansfields* attic lore.

o wonder all wer fain to' yield,
nd leve ſuch maſters ov dhe field,
By truiths prime parent fir'd;
r if fel oppoziſcion foil'd,
y her infernal armor ſpoil'd,
Widh ſpeechles ſhame retir'd.

en DUGGLAS hail! to' right reſtor'd:
Albions caſe no more deplor'd,
Dhat Juſtice groans in chains;
ven hevvens high pow'r haz burſt her bands,
d bid her ſing, hware non withſtands,
'Dhe grait JEHOVAH reigns.'

l ſtrong in hiz proteccion go,
yſelf dhe verry DUGGLAS † ſhow;
In vertue, az in line:
y contry's prop, ov all dhe frend,
e aid to' equal merrit lend,
And proov dhy right divine!

March 7, 1769.

Alluding to' dhe Dutches ov *Dugglas*, peculiarly annimated in dhe

L. 238.

Created a Britiſh Peer in 1790. XXII.

XXII. *On dhe Recovvery ov* CLEMENTINA PHINSTON.

FAHDHER ov blis! Phyziſcian ov mankind!
Hoo bidſt diſtres in Dhee her reffuge find;
Accept dhe incenſe ov a rapt'rous lay!
Dhe hart Dhou gav'ſt, iz all I hav to' pay.
Nor les my dearer doz dhy hand adore:
Dhy mercy, vaſt to' her, to' me iz more.
Thrice ſix ſhort years my evv'ry joy ſhe crown'd;
Thrice ſix ſhort years each grief a ſollace found;
Hwen fierce aſſail'd dhe fammily ov pain,
And hurri'd her in ſight ov deths domain.
Widh growing dainger, native currage grew;
Calmer, az cloſer to' hiz gates ſhe drew.
Deth ſtood agaſt; and lo! a voice divine:
'Dhy ſhafts relinquiſh, and dhy pow'r rezign.
'Dhou know'ſt, dhat innocence knows not to' d
'Dho thro' dhy ebon gates ſomtimes ſhe fly.
'Not hevven, but erth, requires her ſweet retu
'Dhat dhare, az here, her lambent flame may bu
Dh' obeiſant king confeſt ſupernal aw;
And barr'd hiz gates, againſt dhe gueſt he ſaw.
Helth herd dhe mandate; nor remote cood ſtray
From innocence can helth liv long away?

e blew dhe trump: her fav'rite * aingels flew,
eles't dhe ravviſht, and each foe o'rthrew;
lm'd evv'ry wound, bade *Clementina* rize;
nd own, widh *James*, dhe ruler ov dhe ſkies.

Kenzington, Feb. 27, 1770.

Doctors *Hunter, Elliot, Huc,* Sir *Jon Pringuel* and Sir *William* *can,* Barronets.

XIII. *On dhe acquittal ov J. S. at dhe Old Baily, Sept.* 19, 1771.

REJOICE, rejoice, for mercy reigns:
My bardlings, tune yoor ſweeteſt ſtrains;
d cellebrate widh lofty lay,
w pennitence wept woe away.
Mid clanking chains, and piercing yels;
vare blaſphemy widh horror dwels;
vixt keen remorſe, and fel deſpair;
e proddigal preferr'd a pray'r:
'ahdher ov ſollace, ſend a ray;
Jpon my darknes pour dhy day.
'orguiv, forguiv my errors paſt;
nd dhis, oh! dhis ſhal be my laſt.'
Dhe ſuppliant voice waz herd on high;
aingel ſmil'd: 'Dhou ſhalt not dy.'

Dhe

Dhe judge below, like Him abov,
Bade juſtice kis her ſiſter lov.
Dhe chains drop of: dhe ſoll returns.
Widh rapture unexpreſt ſhe burns,
To' hail in holy jubilee,
Dhe Sire ov life and libberty;
Devoting to' dhe Güivvers praiz,
Dhe ſweet remainder ov her days;
Rezolv'd no more to' roam aſtray,
From plezzures and from peces way;
But ſteer her ſteddy coarſe below,
To' climes, hwich fear nor ſorrow know.
Widh gratefool voice, my ſongſters, ſtrive:
Yoor* broddher, ded, iz now alive!
Let hevven and erth yoor notes refound:
Yoor broddher, loſt, aguen iz found!

* Hoo had been a pupil at *Brompton* fifteen years before.

XXIV. *Inſcripcion for an Obbeliſk, to' be erected dhe boundary (hyphen-like) dividing and joining Tw dale* and *Clydſdale*.

O *Tweed!* hwen I behold dhe flece,
Dhat gambols o'r dhy dale,
Nor Ittaly I hail, nor Grece;
Nor prouder Anglia's vale.

, hwen I ſee on t'oddher ſide,
Dhe lerning, commerce, arms,
at dance along majeſtic *Clyde*,
feel my Tweeds alarms.

iſt, ye Markizates, to' ſhare
o ritch reſpective blis;
d may contending kingdoms wair
unity like dhis!

Spotſwood, Aug. 29, 1779.

V. *Ode, to' dhe Memmory ov* JAMES TOMPSON:

be performed at dhe (intended) Obbeliſk † ov
dnam (dhe Poets Birthplace) on hiz Anni-
erſary.

I.

VIDH new-born ardor let dhe muze
Ov *Calledonia* tune dhe lyre;
hail dhe pious patriot-vews;
hat bid dhe fillial ſtone aſpire:
evver fail dhe hallow'd lay,
cellebrates a TOMPSONS day!

II.

II.

Stil green widh bays, let *Ednam* ſing;
Her gratefool incenſe ſtil aſcend,
To' him, hoo bade dhe bredhing SPRING
Her ſweetnes and her buty blend.
Stil freſh and fragrant rize dhe lay,
Dhat grattulates a TOMPSONS day!

III.

To' him, hoo bade dhe SUMMER glow,
Widh all a parents plaſtic pow'r;
Gave wit, and warmth, and welth to flow,
Subliming ſtil dhe genial our;
Sublime and genial be dhe lay,
Dhat ſollemnizes TOMPSONS day!

IV.

Hoo crown'd dhe mellow maidens care,
To' ſhed her fruit, and ſwel her ſheavs;
To' glean her goold, widh buzzom bare;
To' win her wine, and looz her leavs.
May corn and wine enritch dhe lay,
Dhat crowns dhe genn'rous poets day!

V.

o revv'renc't, in dhe final ſtage,
Dhe hoary dame, dhat ſtil enjoys
r yooth, and ſtrength, and ſtore, and age;
Nor, in dhe combinacion, cloys.
loftieſt numbers lift dhe lay,
t graſps dh' expanſive poets day!

VI.

o herd dhe ſweet ſucceſſive ſoar,
Dheir ſolls to' hevv'n ſymphonious raiz;
l bade mankind dheir Lord adore,
Or, widh *expreſſive ſilence*, praiz.
aternion, mix dhe hallow'd lay,
' ſymphonize yoor ſongſters day.

VII.

r *Fredom*, com; and hail dhy frend!
age *Pollity*, widh dhee along:
lpommene, dhy feelings lend,
To' ſing dhe maſter ov dhe ſong.
lt, ye NINE, dhe melting lay,
t moddulates a TOMPSONS day!

XXVI. *Deſcant: on ſeing dhe Funeral ov* Jo KIRKMAN, *Eſq. at London, Sept.* 24, 1780.

BRITANNIA, wanton, bade her ſons rebel;
And tumults raiz'd, no pow'r arrouz'd coo quel.
Long did ſhe ſhake dhe rod, widh parents brow;
Nay, parent ſtil, ſhe ſent dhe ollive-bough.
Hwen lo! vindictive ov a fahdhers woes,
Widh rebbels legu'd, a Chriſtian king aroze.
Hiz nimbel *Nereus* ſwept dh' Atlantic main,
And independance hugg'd dhe Gallic chain;
Til him our genius: 'Gaul, no fardher go;
'Here fall dhy pride, nor by a forrain foe!
'An upſtart fortres, and a child ov France,
'Shal ſtem dhe torrent ov a Bourbons dance.
'A *Scevvola* aguen ſhal brave dhe fire,
'Hwen, ah! no Porſena commands, retire'.
Dhe Gallic god bids fair Savannah hail:
Her Brittiſh heroes turn dhe trembling ſcale.
Dhe Gaul diſmantled, and juſt not undon,
Crawls home, to' boaſt dhe laurels he haz won.
Meantime diſſenſion fritter'd fredoms land,
Her horrors hoarſening each Britannic ſtrand.
Albion, againſt dhe legue, diverg'd her ſons:
Dheze, mutual foes, but pointed mutual guns.

ruf Neptune, her incenſt az firm ally,
Vip't pittying indignacion from hiz eye.
aſte, call my ſon (he cri'd) from hoſtile ſhore,
oo knows to' bid around dhy thunders roar:
or looz an exile, hoo can ſpred appalls;
nd wil, *Camillus*-like, diſpel dhe Gauls.
RODNEY flew, and fir'd dh' aſtonniſht main;
ave France to' ſhudder, hwile he ſhatter'd Spain.
hence to' *Columbus'* climes hiz caſtels roll'd,
o' aid new regions, az dhey aw'd dhe old;
o' ſevver Brittons from dhe ſtrainge ally,
nd into' Brittons arms to' bid dhem fly.
, nobel *Clinton*, gaddher all dhy bays;
d foil dhe *Fabius* ov degenrate days.
But ah! from Albions ſelf iz fredom flown:
l annarky, foul licence, all dhine own!
nouncing mobs Britannia's ſennate aw;
d, punctual, bring dheir legiſlators law;
' prop relidgion, ſet her ſeats on fire;
r law, make juſtice won continnu'd pyre.
ree days dhe baccanals, on frantic wing,
us hail dhe natal ov a Brittiſh king.
dhe foarth morn; nor dhen (thank hevven!) too late
rts ſlumb'ring pollity, to' ſave dhe ſtate:
w libberty ſubmits to' rezons rein,
l law reluctant lends dhe needfool chain.

See orders eldeſt-born, a KIRKMAN rize!
To' him a yoothfool band ov heroes flies;
Hoo, like dhe Spartans, ſtand a wall ov bras;
And gard a more dhan Thermopyllian pas.
Spartans or Fabians febel emblem guiv:
Each burns to' dy, dhat pubblic onnor liv.
Yet dheze ſurvive, for our *Auguſta's* praiz;
To' bild new boolwarks, and inſpire new lays.
So *Joaſh'* ſon, widh hiz ſelecter few,
Dhe mighty hoaſt ov Madian overthrew.
Cornelius ſo dh'Itallian cohort train'd,
Hware inſtant order and obedience reign'd:
Til ſummon'd dhence, to' lead a nobler band,
He, like hiz teacher, own'd ſupreme command.
Stil dhe heroic hart bids envy flow,
Dhat KIRKMAN ſingly muſt a *Codrus* go.
Kirkman had livv'd enuf: had old, dho yong,
Warm'd evv'ry ſoll, and waken'd evv'ry tung;
Had variouſly enritcht a gratefool land,
But bleſt her hoally by dhe *ſocial band*;
Had ern'd hiz contry's lov, hiz citty's choice;
Hwen hail'd a *member* by Serapphic voice.

NOTES.

Line 5. *A fahdhers:* a grandfahdhers.

—— 11. *A child ov France:* Genneral Prévôt, obviouſly ov Fre
orrigin.

—— 13.

— 13. *A Scevvola*; dhe truly onnorabel Curnel *Maitland*, hoo ad before loſt a hand in dhe ſervice ov hiz contry, and diſcomfiture ov er aſſailants.

— 25. *Haſte, call my ſon*: hoo, years unemployed, and accidenlly in France, had occazzional hints, dhat he might find employment. ennetracion, impennetrabel, waz rouzed won morning by a French rince ov dhe Blud: 'Sir, yoor ſpirrit cannot ly dormant. Yoo hav ſehware no call. Name yoor command.' Dhe Brittiſh heroe ſpoke, wen he cood, hiz ſenſibillity and indignacion. Dhe Duke cried Dhou art dhe man! Happy dhy contry! Go home and proſper! We ay meet on dhe ocean; hware, I truſt our mutual conduct wil ſerv t to' exalt our frendſhip.' Neptune herd dhe conference ov hiz fa-rite ſons, gave Brittain dhe hint; and ſhe gave dhe call, hwich inntly waz obeyed.

— 28. *Camillus* iz, to' evvery reader ov Roman ſtory, az wel own az *Scevvola*. But Camillus nevver cloys. After a ten years ge, he ſapt Veii. Accuzed ov triumphing widh hwite horſes, and ov iſdividing dhe ſpoil, he iz, by Tribuniſcian envy, rellegated to' dea, a town ov *Latium*. Dhe Senonian Gauls, dhen az midabel to' *Room*, az dhe Lyoneze may now be to' London, ſeized e juncture, ſact dhe citty, beſieged dhe Cappitol, and wer weighing ranſom; hwen dhe exile, named Dictator, rallied dhe Romans, prized dhe Gauls, and reſtored dhe libberty ov hiz contry. Dhe uls aguen invading, wer by Camillus, a fifth time dictator, routed dhe Anio or Anien (now *Teverone*) dhe rivver ov Tibur w *Tivoli*), a ſtage from Room, and ſtil diſtinguiſhed at leaſt by dhe ade. Havving oft ſaved dhe Romans from forrain foes, and oft n dheir worſt ennemies, dhemſelvs; Camillus, wel deemed Rooms ond founder, at foarſcore died ov dhe plague.

— 31. *Columbus (Chriſtopher)* dhe Gennoeze, ſent by Ferdinand Iſabella, ov Spain, did indeed diſcovver dhe foarth continent. But, aſter, *Amerricus Veſpucius*, a Florrentine, firſt employed by n, dhen by Poartugal, made ſo manny more (if not graiter) diſeries in dhoze parts, az entitelled him to' name dhe new world *merrica*).

— 36. *Fabius*: Genneral *Waſhington!*

—— 41. *To' prop Religion!* at Eddinburrough and Glaſcow, (with impunity) in 1779; dhence next year at London and Bath, in hwich citties ſom exampels wer made.

—— 42. *Won continued fyre*; dhe prizzons ov Newgate, dhe Fleet, and dhe Kings-bench; dhe manſion ov its Lord-Chief-Juſtice, az wel az ov won obnoxious alike and emminent member ov dhe lower Houſe; with all dhe premmiſes and propperty ov numberles Roman-catholics.

—— 43. *Three days:* Monday, Tueſday, Weddenſday; dhe 5th, 6th, 7th ov June, 1780: days dhat wil evver be (to' uze dhe Roman term) **blac** in dhe Brittiſh annals. On dhe ſoarth morn devaſtacion proceding, exaccions advancing, and blue ribbons flying, a troop ov light horſe marched up dhe Fleet-market. A hacney-coachman, inſolently refuzing to' pool of hiz blue coccade, waz inſtantly ſhot; evvery enſign ov rebellion vaniſht, and riot waz herd no more.

—— 51. *Spartans:* ſoar hundred, hoo, led by Leonnidas, defended againſt dhe myrriads ov Xerxes, dhe ſtrait ov *Thermopylae*, ſometimes named ſimply *Pylae*; or dhe pas ov mount Eta, from dh Phthian (Akilles' contry) into' Theſſaly: ſaccrificing, after manny thouzands ov dhe Perſians, at laſt dheir own lives; dhat dheir contry mig gain a littel time, to' make a more effectual ſtand.

—— 53. *Fabians:* dhe nobleſt clan ov Room, conſiſting ov th hundred; evvery won, ſays Livvy, fit to' command an army: yet tretcherouſly ſurprized and cut of in won day at *Cremera* (now *Var* an Etrurian or Tuſcan rivver, by dhe Veiencians; hoo dhus erned chaſtizment, dhat Camillus gave dhem. From a remnant ov glorious fammily deſcended *Q. Fabius*, wel ſurnamed *Maximus* graiteſt) hoo ſaved hiz contry, even from Hannibal, by guivving ennemy play, and avoiding battel.

—— 57. *Joaſh' ſon:* Judges vii.

—— 59. *Cornelius:* Acts x.

—— 64. *Codrus:* dhe laſt king ov dhe Athenians, hard preſſed dhe Lacedemonians, conſulted dhe Pytthian Orrakel; hoo pronoun

dhat dhe pepel, hoos king wer slain by dhe ennemy, shood becom su-perior. Codrus, throwing of dhe king, poot on dhe pezzant, en-tered dhe hostile camp, picked ezily a quarrel; and thaught he dhus died for hiz contry.

—— 69. *Hiz citty's choice:* just elected unannimously member ov dhe new Parlement, hwen by a cold, contracted in leading dhe *Asso-ciacion*, dhat saved hiz cappital and contry; at dhe age ov 39 he waz braught to' a happy concluzion ov erthly duty, and ripened for dhe relm ov eternal order.

XXVII. *Deddicacion ov Inglish* Marsial: *designed first for dhe King ov Brittain, but disappointed by a Nobelman entrusted with it; and dhen for dhe Emperor ov Germany, hoos Ambassador politely declined dhe transference.*

HWAT strains benignant pow'r cood wonce in-
spire;
And taste imperial bade dhe world admire:
In a new tung, dhoze strains new charms confes;
Sprung from dhe smile, dhat rival nacions bles:
Dhat lends to' Science life, guivs soll to' Art;
Bids hed and hand commutual pow'rs impart;
Kindels mankind to' practise, to' peruze;
And catch dhe lightning ov a Monnarks Muze.
AUGUSTUS, hail! new glory ov dhe Nine!
Stil be dhy tallent, like dhy task, divine!
To' chear desponding Worth, her foes to' aw;
By lenient lov, to' wing resistles law:

So to' relume on erth Ceſarean grace,
And beam dhe eſſence ov dhe Flavian race.

JAMES ELPHINSTON, 178[illegible].

XXVIII. *To' dhe Right Onnorabel Erl* * CORNWALLIS.

CORNWALLIS! welcom to' dhy natal ſhore,
Hoo wipes her tears; az Laciums land, ov yore,
Hail'd him, hoo oft had laid dhe Punic low;
Him linkt, and looſen'd, by dh' inſiddious foe.
No *Baggrada* roll'd bac at ſuch a ſnake,
Az dhou purſu'dſt thro' forreſt, flud, and lake:
Rebellion dire! No *Python* ov dhe Nile,
Cood an *Apollo's* ardors ſo beguile,
Az fierce Revolt, on fam'd *Columbus'* plain,
Gave Albions *Reggulus* to' moarn dhe ſlain;
To' moarn *Caledons* glories, dhare dhat ſhon:
A *Stuart* † ravviſht, and a *Webſter* gon!
Hwat heroes from afar had ſaught alarms!
Hwat yonglings ſevver'd from maternal arms!
Hwat Brittons blaz'd! and kiſt dhe ſavvage ground
Hwich inſtantaneous dethles laurels crown'd!
But dhou ſurviv'ſt, to' glad ſuperior days;
Britannia's boolwark, and her peerles praiz!

More

More grait, dhan ehr dhou ſwept'ſt dh'enſanguin'd field ;
Hwen dhou, to' ſave, more godlike, knew'ſt to' yield !

* L. cxlv.

† Dhe onnorabel Curnel *Stuart*, broddher to' Lord *Blantyre* ; and Curnel *Webſter*, hoos fahdher waz ſo tenderly conſoled by dhe feeling Erl. L. cclviii.

Morning-Poaſt, April 23, 1782.

On dhe new Tranſlacion ov MARSIAL.

DHE *Ides ov March*, az Roman annals ſhow,
Gave *Marſial* birth ſom hundred years ago.
At dhe ſame ſezon E——N thaught fit
To' mar hiz *fire*, hiz *point*, hiz *ſenſe*, hiz *wit*.
Ah, fatal Ides ! and hatefool ſtil to' name :
Fatal to' Ceſars life, and Marſials fame !

C——.

Morning-Poaſt, April 27, 1782.

XXIX. *On a late* CRITTIC.

IN Claſſic lore, himſelf *Cecillian* prides ;
Transferring *Marſials* * birth to' Marches Ides.
Widh equal ſkil dhe arch Obzerver hit,
Dhat moddern *Marſial* marr'd primeval wit !

So be *Cecillian* hail'd by Age and Yooth,
Dhe judge ov Genius, and dhe torch ov Truith!

M——.

* *M. V. Martialis* waz born (az all know, hoo hav converſed wi
him) on dhe *Callends*, or firſt day, ov March; not dhe Ides, or fi
teenth.

XXX. *To' dhe memmory ov* ALLEXANDER, * *Lor*
BLANTYRE; *hoo died at* Briſtow-*Hot-wels*, *No*
vember 5, 1783, *in hiz* 54*th year*; *and waz ſuc*
ceded by hiz Son, but eight years old, dhe now Righ
Onnorabel ROBBERT *Lord* BLANTYRE: *To' hoo*
dheze Verſes ar inſcribed by hiz Lordſhips devot
ſervant,

JAMES ELPHINSTON.

London, Nov. 22, 1783.

DHE melting Muze, dhat weeps dhy nobel Sire,
Wept, widh due pang, three preddeceſſor
Lords:
Foar times ten years hav rapt a foarth † BLANTYR
Such az a *Clio's* page but rare records.

Yet impious wer afreſh to' moarn dhe dhree,
Hoo in ſo ſwift ſucceſſion ſoar'd abov;
Nor impious les it wel might conſtru'd be,
If won more tear diſtill'd not from my lov.

Dh

Dhat lov, hwich hwilom bredh'd yong ‖ WALTER'S praiz,
To' WILLIAM § no vain hints presum'd to' guiv;
Nor bids, les tutcht for ſtil more tender days,
In a new ROBBERT, ALLEXANDER liv!

On kings devolv'd authorrity divine,
To' rule dhe ſubject tribes widh lenient hand;
Ov princely peers to' inſtitute dhe line,
Hwence radiant Vertue ſhood exalt dhe land.

Lern dhen, ſweet Peer! hwat dhou art born to' pay;
Alike to' natal ſoil, and native race:
Not, juſt to' gleam dhe meteor ov a day;
Or, in dhy turn, to' fil a lofty place.

Not ſuch dhine anceſtors; not ſuch waz He!
Dhy yonguer ‡, hwen I form'd hiz virgin-mind.
Mark dhe ritch erritage he leves to' dhee:
A ſpotles pattern to' bereft mankind!

Dhe duteous child, like dhee! dho ſoon depriv'd
Ov a fond fahdhers eye, and foſt'ring care;
A huzband to' dhe widdows hart reviv'd,
And crown'd a dubbel parents pious pray'r.

Nor more dhe fillial, dhan fraternal part;
Nor conſort, -fahdher, more dhan frend he play'd.
From nature flow'd each duty, not from art:
Hware he ſuſpected need, he flew to' aid.

Such inſtinct be dhy glory, genrous Boy!
Dhe parent, ſiſter, broddher, frend, to' balm.
Such plezzures unallay'd may'ſt dhou enjoy;
To' pour each ſollace, and each woe to' calm!

Be mine at leaſt, if in an umbler ſphere,
By Truiths own dignity, dhe Man to' paint:
To' paint dhe Man, hoo dignifi'd dhe Peer!
Stil emmulate we, til we join dhe Saint!

* L. ccxli, 252, ccliii, cclxvii, 269, 276, cclxxvii.

† Az *Cantyre* and evvery oddher name ſubjoining *tyre*, dhe Gaulic equivvalent ov dhe prezzent French *terre* (abbreviating dhe Latin *terra*,) dhis component drew dhe prefferabel ſtres; hwich, ſince dhe union ov dhe kingdoms, az wel az crowns, haz transferred itſelf, in dhe Ingliſh manner, to' dhe prior componeut, or beguinning ov dhe compound.

‖ Dhe eldeſt broddher, moarned in dhe *Threnody*, 1751. (N. V.) and prezented to' *William* §, dhe ſucceſſor; to' hoom, dying alſo unmarried, ſucceded *Allexander*, dhe wordhy ſubject ov dhis hart-felt ſong.

‡ Or much about dhe ſame age.

XXXI. *To' dhe Right Onnorabel* WILLIAM PIT.

YONG *Sammuel* roze, to' ſave dhe Hebrew ſtate;
Yong *Scippio's* vertue made dhe Romans grait:
A glorious Henry bleſt a *Sully's* name;
Dhy ſire enſur'd a ſeccond Georges fame.
Hwatehr dhe patriot wraught, ſtil more he plann'd.
He rear'd two' boolwarks for a ſinking land:

Hi

Hiz wel-ern'd onnors *dhis*, widh grace to' wair;
But *dhat* an *Atlas!* Brittiſh hevvens to' bair.
Nor yet had edher tow'r'd dhe deſtin'd hight:
Stupendous piles aſcend not in a night.
Now ſea and land promiſcuous *Mars* appalls;
Widh *Rodneys* thunder, and widh *Elliots* balls!
Hwen mutual horrors bid *Bellona* ceſe;
Hints *Pallas:* 'WILLIAM, hail returning Pece.'
For *Pece, O Vertue! Pece iz all dhy own;*
Dho lawles *Libberty* aſſail dhe throne;
Dho to' *Bellona's* fiercer ils ſuccede,
And Faccions Furies make *Britannia* bleed.
Britannia's woes tranſpierce her ſovv'rains breſt;
Hware Vertue ſtil her dear domain pozeſt.
Hoom dherfore ſhe: 'Leſt tort'ring tempeſts hwelm,
'Bid my belovved PIT aſſume dhe helm.
'He wil in ſteddy trim dhe veſſel ſteer;
'Foreſee dhe diſtant ſtorm, and foil dhe near.
'Him hav I dain'd widh evv'ry pow'r to' bles,
'Dhat can deter my foes, my frends cares;
'Dhat can recall eſtraing'd Relidgions eye,
'And lend mad Licence dhe diſpenſeles ty;
'Dhat can bid Juſtice rule, and Commerce reign;
'Bid cunning Culture fertilize dhe plain;
'Teach niceſt Art on nobleſt wings to' ſoar;
'And hwiſper Genius: *Droop dhy hed no more.*
'Nor hav I dain'd him pow'r, widhout dhe wil,
'My moaſt exalted mandates to' foolfil.

'He'z born and bred my own, my own wil liv;
'New life to' Truith, to' Senſe and Science guiv.
'Widh Annarky each pubblic foe ſhal fly,
'Hwile POLLITY precludes dhe private ſigh.'
Hoo HIM revere, to' hoom our all we ow;
Muſt onnor next, hiz dellegate below.
'Twaz Hevven ordain'd, dhe braveſt, wizeſt, beſt,
Shood be anointed to' command dhe reſt:
To' raiz Humillity, to' umbel Pride;
To' lead dhe armies, and dhe councils guide;
To' mold dhe members ov ingennuous ſway;
Hoo find moaſt fredom, hwen dhey beſt obey:
To' ſcan dhe parts, amalgamate dhe hoal,
And be dhe wond'rous boddy's genn'ral ſoll.
Dhis ſoll, devolving in dhe ſovv'rain line,
Proovs right heredditary, right divine.
Hwat glories brighteſt beam'd in arduous ſpheres,
Dhe monnark haſtens to' exalt hiz peers.
To' fix dhe throne, hwile *Truith widh Mercy vies*;
He ſcatters evil, widh hiz Argus' *eyes.*
Strong by dheir ſtrength, and zellous widh dheir zeal;
He ſnaps dhe ſpear, and braiks dhe bow ov ſteel!
By dhem he circulates ſupreme command,
And ſheds hiz graces o'r dhe ſmiling land.
Nor PRINCE and PEERS dhe total weal conſpire:
Dhe genrous COMMONS catch contagious fire.
Not hands, or feet; dhe hed, dhey all wil be:
Each wil be all things, but *dhe third degree.*

nvaded ſpheres widh indignacion burn,
Til each invader ſpeeds dhe juſt return;
ts propper moovment til each part enjoys,
And dhe hoal frame regains harmonious poiz.
Widh ſuch a ſyſtem! vulgar ſyſtems weigh'd;
Light in dhe ſcale, each in its turn ſurvey'd;
Admiring nacions envious eyes ſhal caſt,
And own won iland, QUEEN OV ILES, at laſt!
t.l, az for war prepar'd, ov pece aſſur'd;
n Vertues addamantine mail immur'd;
By dhe ſtrong hand, ov her unvanquiſht *ſon*;
Hoo, like *Alcides*, infant laurels won:
Advanc't, in human aid, from feat to' feat;
Mid more dhan mortals, til he gain'd a ſeat;
And left an evver-blooming name behind,
To' chear dhe efforts ov improov'd mankind!
So ſhal BRITANNIA tune her HEROES praiz,
n far more goolden dhan hiz fahdhers days!

London, April 29, 1784.

To' dhe Edditor ov dhe LONDON-CHRONNIKEL.

SIR,

Az, contrary to' dhe candor, hwich diſtinguiſhes yoor paper; yoo inadvertently admitted, on dhe ſeccond inſtant, ſom verſes, hwich gave a picture ſcarce human; far les, dhat ov dhe reſpectabel car-

racter

racter dhey ment to' aſperſe: if yoo wiſh, not t
proppagate dhe foul aſperſion; but, to' mainta
dhe repputacion we hav hiddherto' believed yoo t
dezerv; yoo wil, widhout a moments unneſceſſa
delay, inſert dhe following indignant emman
cions ov

TRUITH and FRENDSHIP.

London, Oct. 1784.

XXXII. *Dr.* ALLEXANDER ADDAM, *Eddinburrough.*

AZ late a Roiſter waz ballooning by,
Dhe gariſh globe allur'd *Thalia's* eye.
She ſcann'd (dhe Muze, dhou know'ſt, can ſcan afa
Dhe pigmy-heroe in dhe pendant car;
Imploring *Eolus'* and *Vulcans* aid,
For dhe inflating and enflaming trade.
* Long are dhe day on human anvils dawn'd,
Dheir bowels yerning, pregnant mountains yawn'
For lo! a God waz near: dhe God ov fire;
Hoo, but *Aſbeſtus'* ſelf, bids all retire:
Dhus *Etna*, *Veſvius*, *Lemnos*, and dhe reſt,
Gahpt horribel, to' graſp dheir hevv'nly gueſt.
Az broddher, yet on erth, ſomtimes meets broddhe
So Gods met Gods, embracing won anoddher.
But, how dhe hoſpitabel King ov air
Receiv'd dhe Lord ov fire, ſhal man declare?

Ho

How livvid *Lipara*, duſk *Strongyle*,
Burn'd, hoo ſhood *Aphrodite's* rival be,
Prezumptuous wer to' tel; how ſmiles caught ſmiles,
And how *Eolian* proov'd *Vulcanian* iles.
Dhen *Gallia*, let *Montgolfier* boaſt no more
Hwat Gods begot, and yeaning ilands bore.
Wel might *Thalia* laf, nay *Phebus* ſtare,
At dhe balloon inſcrib'd; and *Delos* dhare!
Dhe balefool bellows now began to' blow
A film on each fair name, from fire below.
Dheir fondeſt fav'rites quic defy dheir ken;
An *Allexander* † *murders* embryo-*men*.
An *Addam*, ov hiz race arehwile dhe prime,
Sinks dhe dul dreggling ov dhe dregs ov time!
And, ſinning worſe dhan ehr he ſinn'd before,
Collects dhe crimes ov all hiz ſons wonce more.
Hwile *won*, by hiz *Lucrecius* grudg'd hiz clod,
Az hail'd, az erſt *Empeddocles*, a God!
Or a *Typhoëus*, doom'd aguen to' wake,
Guivs not dhe mountain, but dhe air, to' quake.
And *won* drawcanſir, in a recreant age,
Widh bubbel bwoyant on dhe wings ov rage;
Bwels dhe *ſole* champion ov an injur'd Fair:
Hoos battels oddhers won, he wins in air.
Non ſuch cood ehr confes dhy plaſtic hand:
No moddern meteor, ov dhe glow-worm-band.
Stil be, az ſtil haz been, dhy arduous aim,
To' rear a *Tompſon*, and revive hiz flame:

Immortal

Immortal *Tompſon!* dhou, hwile *Sezons* roll,
Shalt feaſt dhe fancy, and enlarge dhe ſoll.
Bard, Orrator, Phyziſcian or Divine;
All dhat in art, or can in ſcience ſhine;
To' form (no vulgar taſk!) my Frend, iz dhine.
Dhus awfool, ammicabel, watchfool ſtil,
Mold dhe yong Spirrits to' *Minerva's* wil.
Dheir thaught, expreſſion, morrals, manners, all
Attend dhy moddel, and obey dhy call.
Pozes dhyſelf, and pitty dhe lampoon:
Let Envy vapor in her own balloon.
Yet pitty too dhe clime, hware ſuch can fly;
Hware dhe rank poiz'ner can aſcend dhe ſky;
Hwere, tainting erth and air, he lafs at law;
Hware notthing, human o' divine, can aw;
Hware ſtil dh'audacious, az amphibbious, elf
Eludes not Juſtice; but ſuſpends himſelf:
Hwile dhou proced'ſt to' ern dhy Contry's praiz;
At wonce her boolwarks, and dhy own, to' raiz;
To' prop dhe dome ov dhat *illuſtrious Scool*;
Hware firſt dhy frend rever'd a *Priſcians* rule;
Firſt knew to' pant for dhe Pierian ſpring;
To' glow, hwen Sage wood ſpeak, or Poet ſing;
Receiv'd dhe firſt-fruits ov Inſtruccions blis:
Hail, growing Joy, from dhat ſweet our to' dhis!
On dhat bleſt ‖ Scool may all dhe Graces wait!
Stil may ſhe pour new Glories on dhe State!

Fu

ure may ſhe draw fair Natures goolden ſtore!
Vide may ſhe ſhed high Revvelacions lore!
hence, bland EDINA, ſend dhy ſons refin'd;
o' ſuccor kingdoms, and adorn mankind!

London, *Oct.* 19, 1784.

* For conciſenes, wer omitted dhe lines, treating dhe orrigin ov dhe *loon*, and recconciling dhe interchainge ov *Eolian* and *Vulcanian* nds; from Line 6th to' Line 25th, as wer dhe lines 35, 36; 45, ; and from 49 to' 54.

† *Alexander*, oridginally implying *aid ev men*; dhe *l* being dubbled ngliſh, to' ſhut dhe firſt vowel, hwich iz herd ſhut.

‖ L. ccxcvii. and foll.

XXIII. *For dhe Toombſtone ov a Child, hoo died at dhe age ov* 2 *years and* 2 *months*, 1784.

HWEN Hevv'n, hoo long indulg'd parental hope,
ave a fond pair to' gain dhe genial ſcope;
Cherrub ſmil'd, in ſemblance ov a boy;
nd crown'd, widh blis precarious, human joy.
he Cherrub ſang, a two'-years' vizzit o'r;
Foolfil yoor coarſe: I doo but fly before.'

London, *Dec.* 25, 1784.

XXXIV. *To'*

XXXIV. *To'* R. T. *Eſq. and hiz new-married La*

NO happy pair can take amis,
Dhat frends partiſcipate dheir blis:
A pair, hoo late dhe pattern ſet,
Ov extaſy in lovvers met,
Rejoice to' ſee ſly Cupids lore
Augmenting hallow'd Hymens ſtore.
Dhis god dhe god ov fredom reigns,
By locking faſt dhe urchins chains;
For libberty can nevver laſt,
Till all uncertainty be paſt.
So ſhal we antedate Abov,
Hwile here we doo but liv to' lov.

London, Aug. 22, 1786.

XXXV. *To'* R. R. *Eſquire.*

HOW juſt acnollegement attends
Dhy ſeccond bounty, king ov frends!
Dho far dhe boon all boons abov,
Dhat cood relight dhe lamp ov lov.
Haſte dhen, dear frend! partake dhe ſweets,
Hware ſiſter fond, fond ſiſter meets!
And ſee a broddher glad combine
Celeſtial ſentiments widh dhine.

t hoo dhe parent ſhal expres,
oom reunited pledges bles?
and Hermes hopes, preciſe at three,
o' hail anoddher jubilee;
dhe ſublime ſequeſter'd cel,
ware Happines and Hymen dwel;
ware dance dhe feſtal pow'rs around,
idh myrtel and widh ivy crown'd.

Izlington, Jan. 3, 1789.

XXXVI. *Dhe ſurname ov a Lady.*

HWAT conſtitutes more dhan won half ov dhe power,
wat takes away half ov a ſweet-ſmelling flower;
he licquid moaſt lambent, dhat glides from dhe tung;
rſt perſon, but third, hwen dhe vowels among:
heze, widh dhe ſoft ſibbilant, fly in dhe cloze,
he moddeſt, mellifluous Charmer compoze;
ware (let us regard, or dhe face, or dhe mind)
he buties ov Nature conſpire to' be kind.

XXXVII. *Dhe*

XXXVII. *Dhe new Monthly Callèndar.*

SIX callendar-months claim each thirty-w
days:
For thirty each ſezon won moddeſt month prays,
Firſt, yong guiddy *April*, dhen *June* dhe ſerene;
September dhe ſoft, and *November* dhe keen.
Fel *Febbruar'* ſues but for days twenty-eight,
And evv'ry foarth year ads a day to' her date.

PART II.

OETTICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

With the Reverend Mr. MARTEL *(an Academic Assistant), and Pupils.*

D. ELPHINSTON, *S.*

HUC citò, desidiosa nimis torpore quiescis:
Sumas, Musa, pedesque, modosque ministra
rependas.
uae modò vota dabo vitae potioris amici?
uis sit, quae sedes, arrectis auribus audi.
Millibus emensis tibi regiâ ab urbe duobus,
mper amoenus ubi locus, et purissimus aër;
eliciae Regi sunt nunc, semperque fuerunt.
venies multas sedes; sed pulchrior una
fferet ecce! tibi sese mirâ arte polita:
exque videret eam invidiâ, si regis abesset
des, haecve loco non facta fuisset eodem.

Siste

Siſte gradum, portiſque tibi bipatentibus intra.
Cùm fueris progreſſa domûs, ſua limina prima,
Ultrò dabunt ſeſe miranda tibi obvia quaeque.
Hìc mirare vias ornatas ordine longo,
Floribus arboribuſque, ſimul variâ arte locatis.
Hìc ſimulacra videntur, quae ſibi Numina vera
Finxerunt veteres. Sequitur ditiſſimus hortus,
Quem Pomona manu non parcâ Floraque ditant.
Indè, ubi Labyrinthus adeſt, umbraculum ab aeſtu;
Indè laci ſubeunt grati, ſtagnantibus undis,
Squamigerâ ſpecie diverſâ gente repleti.
Hinc tibi ludus aquae, liquidum ſuper aëra jactus,
Ipſa quaſi Coeli volitantia nubila pulſat;
In pluviam verſus, deſcendit roris adinſtar.
Incompleta forent haec, ſi illis prata deeſſent.
Sed campus viridantibus herbis conſitus extat
Ultimus, et murus longiſſimus omnia ſepit.
Ergo locus nihilo caret, et ſibi ſufficit unus,
Ut mentes oculoſque ſimul delectet abundè.
Sanguine clarorum juvenum agmina cernis in aula?
Sunt totidem ſacri cariſſima pignora amoris.
Non confueta jugo, genuit noſtra Anglia multos;
Hos peperit concors Hollandia; Gallia miſit
Complures horum, rebus florentior olim.
Quinetiam genuit quoſdam contrarius orbis;
Advenere rudes, habiles ad grandia fiunt.
Omnes unus amor jungit, quos dividit aetas:
Omnes hi penitùs (mirum!) mutantur ab illis

i fuerant; etenim, pleno de fonte bibentes [tam,
tes, quae teneram formant decorantque juven-
rtatim accumulant acquiſita, et nova condunt
rreolo; ut prudens formica, ſagaxque futuri.
s variis linguis (res mira!) lepore loquentes
di: vix patriam linguam diſcernere poſſis.
varii ludi, quibus exercentur in aula,
ia ſunt totidem, feſſis partita labore;
vires recreent laſſas, habeantque recentes.
Aſpicis, ut Regina potens, ſolioque refulgens;
ro picta ſinus, auro radiata capillos;
Dea, cuncta ſuo dulci de Numine complet?
tus nomen habet: Vitium (teterrima peſtis!)
ntinuò imperio frangit; vinctumque catenis
de exire nequit, caeco recluſit in antro,
rtarumque aditus clauſtris firmavit ahenis.
Virtuti cognatus adeſt, et is *Ordo* vocatur,
nboque perpetuò concordes cuncta gubernant.
Jamjam, Muſa, tenes ſedem; mea perfice juſſa.
redere: invenies confeſtim quem tibi dixi.
i modò ludebant, ſolitum petiêre laborem.
pede praecipiti greſſus ſecteris eorum:
tinus oſtendent quem quaeris, certa daturi
icia. Ut ſedem detectam veneris intùs,
umeras ejus partes percurrere mittas;
ſpectus multos, unde omnia cernere poſſis
cùm; quàm dives, quanto ſale lecta ſupellex,
dine quàm fuerit partita ſtupere remittas.

Te

Te vocat, ecce! domûs reſonans pars murmure dulci
Ne cunctere: tuos illuc citò dirige greſſus.
Multiplici ſtudio ſervit locus ille ſcholarum.
Ut cuncti propriam ſedem venere tenentes,
Vir pede compoſito gradiens procedit, et intrat;
Corpore quàm gracili praeclarus, et ore verendus!
Gratiae eum cunctae ſemper comitantur euntes.
Ut ſedet, accedunt cuncti, veniuntque gradatim.
Sicut apes totidem, volitantes, agmine facto,
Tempore melligeris aeſtivo floribus haerent;
Inque domum notam redeunt, ſua mella ferentes.
Sic veniunt alacres ad eum, redeuntque repleti;
Et ſibi de ſtudio facto gratantur ovantes.
Providus ille, ſicut pater omnibus omnia factus,
Eſt veluti cunctis aequalis, et omnia tentat,
Mentibus ut creſcant citiùs quae ſemina jecit.
Illi Parnaſſo Muſae famulantur amicae:
Sicut amat Muſas, pariter redamatur ab illis.
Edidit eximiâ arte volumina plura librorum:
Dum vivent, ſemper celebratus vivet in illis.
Deliciae ille meae; mea nuncia mitteris illi.
Ergo compoſito vultu ſic orſa loqueris,
Menteque non fictâ ſic haec mea vota rependes.
Sed cur, Muſa, cito ſuffunderis ora rubore;
Ipſa meus juſſis veluti parere repugnans?
Ipſa fis à longo rudis, inquis, et ille lepore
Facundus. Vanum docilis depone timorem:
Ille bonus facilem praebebit niſibus aurem;

ta ſciens, animos ignorat habere ſuperbos.
erùm, ſi tanto tremefacta pudore teneris,
i cùm fueris ſic pauca locuta, tacebis.
Tranquillâ vivas vitâ, felixque ſeneſcas!
orte piâ moriens habeas, *Elphinſton*, Olympum!

24 *Xbris*, 1763°.

Tranſlacion ov N. I.

To' Mr. ELPHINSTON, *all health!*

JP, ſluggiſh Muze! attune dhy loftieſt lay:
Dhy beſt, dhy mell'weſt moddulacion pay.
Hwat vows ſhal I prefer for ſuch a Frend?
'or hoom, and hware condign attenſion lend.'
From dhe imperial town two' miles repair,
vare culture crowns dhe land, and helth dhe air:
d rival ſites, let won dhy rapture own;
t by hware Royalty haz rear'd her throne.
ven dhe proud poartals firſt dhe ſtrainger hail,
at wond'rous groops on edher hand regale!
t mark dhe figgures aincient genius fein'd,
are dhe divinnities reſpective reign'd.
en ſee, hware Flora and Pomona rove;
maze meand'ring, and dhe brown alcove!
limpid lake here glads dhe thirſty mead,
f enliven'd by dhe ſcaly breed.

Dhe gameſom fount ſends wauters to' dhe ſky:
Anon in ſilver-dew dhe wauters ly!
Dhe lawn luxuriant far and wide extends:
A long and lofty wall dhe lawn defends.
Dhe joccund yooth, my Muzeling, next admire
Each hopefool ofspring ov an onnor'd ſire.
Manny haz Brittiſh Fredom ſent; not all:
Batavia ſom; and ſom hav com from Gaul,
Hwen happier days ſublim'd dhe Gallic throne:
Nay, to' dhe milder ſends dhe torrid Zone.
Rude ar dhey waſted, on hwatevver wings;
And here ar polliſht, for politeſt things.
Won lov conjoins dhem all, hoom age divides:
Won rizes in dhe ſcale, and won ſubſides.
Yet all becom quite oddher dhan before,
From copious fountain quaffing vari'd ſtore,
Ov all dhat ornaments ingennuous yooth;
Hwile Emmulacion fires dhe ſoll to' Truith.
Dhus dhey accumulate dheir various hoard;
And, like dhe prudent emmet, ſtil ar ſtor'd.
Each diverſe tung dhey talk, widh diverſe grace:
Won ſcarce can tel dhe language ov dhe place.
Dhe toils guymnaſtic dhey at eve diſplay,
But recreate dhe labors ov dhe day.
Dhe mildeſt, mightieſt queen, dhat evver rul'd
Her garments gleaming, and her locs widh goold
Diffuzes all around her lambent flame:
Hail, glorious Goddes! VERTUE iz dhy name.

red foe to' *Vice*, fel foe ov human kind!
loom in dark dungeon dhou delight'ſt to' bind;
dhe ſame gloom, widh addamantine chain,
he parent, and dhe prodgeny, ov pain.
ail Vertues fond ally, we ORDER call!
ail pair accordant, hoo attemper all!
Such, Muzeling, iz dhe ſeat: dhy coarſe rezume.
hou ſe'ſt dhe hware: dhou ſhalt contemplate hoom.
he elvs dhou metſt at ſpoart, dheir ſtuddies aſk;
z ardent each to' reaſſume hiz taſk.
hare blending each hiz plezzure and hiz pride,
hro' Lernings rainge becoms dhy ſprightly guide.
t dwel not on dhe buties ov dhe dome;
or let bewilder'd Admiracion rome
n dhe rich furniture, dhe various taſte
v ſcools, widh evvery pride and proſpect grac't.
Dhe lerners raing'd, dhe grave Inſtructor, lo!
he Graces mooving, hwareſoehr he go.
ſlender frame not overloads dhe mind:
he aſpect awfool, dho dhe look be kind.
m ſeated, all approach, in due degrees;
d flutt'ring round him, az dhe vernant bees
ix inſatiate on melliffluous flow'rs;
ch bairing to' dhe cel, hwat each devours;
' dhe bland ſoarce dheir vizzits dhey repeat,
, duty don, dhey fly away replete.
, like dhe genral ſire, diſdains t'appall;
molds each pittance, and iz all to' all:

Dhat, in due time, complacence juſt may own
An ampel harveſt from dhe ſeedling ſown.
On dhis Parnaſſus, az he fondly ſtrays:
Dhe lov he lavviſhes, each Muze repays.
Hwat vollumes he haz fill'd! let non contemn:
Hwen Envy dies, he ſhal ſurvive in dhem.
He ſtil my darling theme! my Muzeling, dhou,
Widh countenance compoz'd, prezent my vow.
Hwy, baſhfool Thing! widh bluſhes overcaſt,
Decline dhe ezy duty I hav aſkt?
'Long deſwetude ſuffuzes me, dhou ſay'ſt;
'And he widh all Apollo's pow'r iz grac't.'
Lern to' obey; diſmis dhy ſimpel fear:
Hiz genrous mind wil lend a pacient ear.
He drinks too deep, to' taſte dhe bane ov pride;
Say but dheze words, and ſet dhy ſhame aſide:
'Glide on, dear Frend! adown dhe ſtream ov age;
In calm fruiſcion turn dhe vital page:
Til, taught or teaching, human duty o'r,
Ov cloudles light dhou hail dh' Olympic ſhore.'

ADAM *de* MARTEL.

Kenzington, Dec. 24, 1763.

ii. R. D. Adamo de Martel, S.

GALLIA clara viris, blandaeque miniſtra Minervae,
Haud paſſa eſt homines ampliùs eſſe feros.
Julia non orbi miranti ſtella refulſit,
Nec dum avulſa ſinus Albion inſula erat.
Omnigenam nondum callebat lingua loquelam:
Unica jungebat lingua vetuſta viros.
Sermo vetuſque diu ſecretos junxit et illos,
Barbara dum ſoboles horrifera ingrueret.
Cambria nunc reliquos jactant et Scotia Gallos:
Intulit et linguam gens aliena aliam.
Fonte ſed antiquo per totum diffluit orbem
Gratia blandiloquens, multimoduſque lepos.
Omnibus illa bonis, diuturnâ pace fruatur,
Gallia, quae terris ſemper amica fuit!
Floreat, et fidum quae nunc mihi miſit Achaten,
Praeſidium Aſcaniis, dulce decuſque meis!
Floreat, ac valeat patriae noſtraeque levamen;
Divitis ut venae ſic ſtudiique potens!
Felix qui potuit lumen perhibere juventae;
Tales qui ſocios quaeſiit, et reperit!

Cal. Jan. 1764.

Tranſlacion ov N. II.

To' dhe Revverend Mr. MARTEL, *Feliſcity!*

ALREDDY long renown'd in Pallas' lore,
Bland Gallia bade mankind be rude no more;
Are yet ſage Science gaz'd dhe Julian * Star:
Nor Albion, yet an † ile, waz ey'd afar.
No dialects diſparted nacions yong;
Accordant all, in won primeval tung:
Hwich kept dhe tribes conjoin'd in various place,
Until invaded by a barb'rous ‖ race.
Wales, Scotland, Ireland boaſt dhe remnant Gauls;
Hoom forrain tone from forrain tungs appalls.
Stil parramount prevail'd dhe aincient ſtile,
And Gauliſh graces humaniz'd our ile.
May Lov, Hope, Joy, widh laſting Pece, attend
Parental Gallia, ſtil ov man dhe frend!
Hoo gave me ſuch *Achates* to' pozes:
To' each *Aſcanius* glory, gard, ſucces!
May rival relms enhance each oddhers reign,
Widh zeal ſo genrous, in ſo rich a vein!
How bleſt, hoo can to' yooth diverge ſuch light;
Native or natt'raliz'd, benignly bright!

Ho

How bleſt, hoo ſuch aſſociates haz combin'd!
Hoo knew to' ſeek; but, how much more, to' find!

J. E.

Kenzington, Jannuary 1, 1764.

* Before dhe invazion ov *Julius Cezar*.
† Suppoſed ſevvered from dhe continent by dhe delluge.
‖ Huns, Goths, Vandals; Saxons, Danes; *Normans*, ov hwatevver name.

Prollogue and Eppilogue to' dhe occazzional Exhibiſcion ov Dialogues, and oddher litterary Entertainments, by Mr. ELPHINSTONS *Pupils at Kenzington: for manny Years preceding April,* 1776; *hwen dhe Acaddemy waz diſſolved.*

iii. PROLLOGUE, ſpoken by Mercury.

AUSPISCIOUS gardians ov *Pedia's* fane,
Hware infant ſcience and improovment reign;
Indulge yoor *Hermes*, umbly to' recite
Dhe bil ov fare, hwich we prezent to'-night.
No tradgic tales in ſwelling ſounds ar told;
We tutch no ribbaldry, az baſe az bold;
No pantomimes amaze, no draggons den:
We ar not monkeys, dho we be not men.
We in no female garb our ſex bely;
No vulgar arts, to' catch dhe mob, we try:

Nor oddher tungs wil ye ſuppoze unknown,
Dho, hwile we ſtuddy dhem, we form our own.
Hwile we fair Lernings ſcale undanted climb,
And woo her in dhe tung ov evv'ry time;
Hwile we her evv'ry fav'rite guize explore,
To'-night we boaſt dhe dres dhat Plato wore;
A dres hiz maſter * ſaw widh ſuch delight,
Dhat he hoo talkt and taught, wood nevver write.
Gay Lucian gladden'd dhe colloquial way,
Hware dhe ſuperior *Swift* haz dain'd to' play;
Hware Pope and Boileau not diſdain'd to ſoar,
Az Virgil and az Horrace wing'd before.
In Fenelon wonce more a Plato livs,
And Lyttelton improovs hwat Cambray guivs.
Dhus, in dhe ſhades ov truith, dhe ſages ſhow
Vertue and vice, ſelf-ſentenc't, weal and woe.
Heroes and wits, hwen human glare iz paſt;
Ar fairly ballanc't, in dhe ſcale, at laſt.
Oh! may we proffit, by ſuch maſters taught;
Nor fancy wit alone, dhe wit dhat'z baught!
To' candor we ſubmit hwatehr iz ours,
To' mold our morrals, or beſpeak our pow'rs.

* *Soccrates.*

iv. Eppilogue.

FOR all dhe blis parental ſmiles beſtow,
Accept dhe thanks, dhe fillial thanks we ow
Thrice vennerabel name ov parent, hail!
Stil may yoor efforts, in our aid, prevail!

y yoor exampel form'd, and precept taught;
y yoo dhus far, in plezzant proſpect, braught;
til wer we loſt, did ye deſiſt to' ſhow
he arduous length our yooth haz yet to' go.
h! moddel ſtil our hart, our hed, our tung:
nd make us bleſt, hwen old; az good, hwile yong.
uide us, by lernings light, in vertues way;
nd gard us from dhe gleam, dhat leads aſtray.
ſhal each fire rejoice in evv'ry ſon;
ach moddher wair dhe trophies, ſhe haz won.
ach duteous child ſhal joy to' aid dhe plan;
nd kis dhe hand, dhat leads him up to' man.
he Roman fahdhers ſhal be fam'd no more:
ornelia's ſhal adorn dhe Brittiſh ſhore.
e, fir'd by emmulacions genrous rage,
al rear dhe glories ov dhe future age;
nd, hwile mankinds advantage dhey purſue,
hey ſhal not ceſe to' lov and onnor yoo.

To' twelv yong Gentelmen, hoo, widh won ov dheir Maſters, poettically congrattulated. April * 29, 1764.

HAIL, charming bards! more charming on dhe day,
e vy to' grattulate in various lay!

Dhe joy ye guiv, muſt on yoorſelvs redound;
And duty ſtil widh duty muſt be crown'd.
On yoor maturing heds may ſcience ſhine,
On yoor ingennuous harts a lov divine!
'Tiz yoors to' wed dhe Muze; dhe moments fly:
Dhe dethles Muze forbids dhe bard to' dy.†

Voici, mes Nourriſſons, les graces que je rends,
Des veux qui coulent doux, de vos cœurs abondants:
Immolez aux neuf ſeurs, de ſi belles prémices;
Elles vous deviendront, de plus en plus, propices.

Reverendo Domino *Adamo Martelio.*

Gratiae doctae ſociae Camenae,
Maximas quas poſſum agere! atque carmen
Dulcius, quàm quod modulata quondam
Leſbia Sappho!

Debitae ſed nunc mihi non agentur;
Solvo quod poſſim; melius negabo:
Optat hìc quidque aut amat, aut amatur,
Omnia fauſta.‖

* L. cxx.

† Almoaſt a verſion ov Horraces

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori.

‖ Hwat pitty dhat dhe Complimients, here anſered, doo not rem

vi. *To' dhe yong Gentelmen, hoo ſaluted dhe 6th ov December, 1767.*

WELCOM, my charming bards, yoor duteous lays!
No les auſpiſcious be yoor natal days!
On yoor own heds be ſo much joy convey'd,
And fillial lov by fillial lov be paid!
Stil may yoor breſts widh genrous raptures glow;
Stil may yoor tungs widh claſſic ſweetnes flow!
If widh ſuch fruits my foſt'ring care be crown'd,
Hwat a rich crop muſt to' mankind redound!
In embryo-verſe, dhe vein afar we ſee;
Each ſpring announcing, hwat dhe year ſhal be.
In dheze bold ſtrains, dhe rizing patriot glows;
Dhe ſon ov ſcience beams confeſt in dhoze!
In dhoze hwich ravviſh and aſtound by turns,
Now dhe ſage thunders, now dhe ſerraph burns!
Such piety, ſo pour'd to' God and man,
Exalts yoor praiz, hwile it endears my plan.
Eneas dhus cood grattulate hiz ſire:
Akilles dhus cood fan a *Kirons* fire:
Nor had a yooth preſcrib'd mankind hiz law,
Had he not hail'd dhe Stadgirite widh aw.
A *Nero's* ſelf mankinds delight had been,
Had he hiz * maſter ſtil widh revv'rence ſeen:

Nor ov all maſters ſhal won † triumph moaſt,
Hwile he but won, I manny *Plinnies* boaſt.
My dearer ſelf yoor grattulacion ſhares;
Hoo crowns my comforts, and divides my cares.
We join to' bid yoo all dhe joy ye guiv,
In growing helth and onnor long to' liv!
Til, taught and teaching, erthly taſks be o'r;
And naught remain, but rizing to' adore!

J. E.

* *Senneca* dhe philoſſopher.
† *Quintillian*, preceptor to' dhe yonguer *Plinny*.

Verſes, by PUPILS.

i. HORRACE: *Book* I. *Ode* 22.

DHE guilty pang hoo doz not know,
Entire ov life, and pure ov hart,
Needs not to' graſp dhe Maurian bow,
Dhe javlin, or envennom'd dart.

Travverſe he may dhe burning ſands,
Or tred dhe deep Caucaſian ſnows;
May travvel o'r dhe diſtant lands,
Thro' hwich dhe fam'd *Hydaſpes* flows.

wolf, hwile in dhe Sabbine grove
To' *Lallage* I raiz my lay,
nd careles paſt dhe limmits rove,
Fled from my ſhaftles arm away.

ſight ſo dire, not Daunia breeds,
In all her ſpredding beechy wood;
or Juba's arrid land, hwich feeds
Dhe tawny lions yelling brood.

! waſt me to' dhe ſluggiſh plains,
Hware tree nehr feels dhe ſummer-gale;
ware Jove malign dhe ſoil reſtrains,
And hware dhe noxious miſts prevail.

! waſt me to' dhe dezzert glade,
Hware Phebus ſhoots hiz hotteſt ray;
ſing dhe ſweetly-ſmiling maid,
Dhe ſweetly-ſmiling maid I'l play.

Brompton, 1757.

By *Allexander-Monro Drummond*, aged 16: a verſion, hwich . *Sammuel Jonſon* preferred to' hiz own, long known to' dhe blic. L. xxvi. and foll.

ii. HORRACE, *Book* I. *Ode* 12.

I.

HWAT God or Heroe, O my muze,
My tunefool *Clio !* wilt dhou chooz,
To' cellebrate in ſong ?
Hoos name, and hoos immortal praiz,
On pipe or lyre wilt dain to' raiz,
And ecco waft along ?

II.

If on Beocia's ſacred ſhore,
Or Pindus' lofty top dhou'lt ſoar ;
Or in cool Hemus' vale,
Hware woods, enraptur'd widh dhe ſong,
Attend widh all dhe verdant throng,
To' hear poor *Orpheus'* tale ;

III.

Hwil'ſt he retards dhe rappid foarce
Ov Fluds, and makes dhem chainge dheir coarſe,
Fraught widh maternal ſkil ;
Hwile liſt'ning Oaks dance all around,
Enchanted widh melodious ſound ;
And boiſt'rous Winds ar ſtil !

IV

IV.

Hwat theme ſhal ſooner tune my lays,
Dhan my Almighty MAKERS praiz,
Hoom men and gods obey?
Hwile ſea and land, dhe erthly ball,
Widh all dhe ſtars dhat rize and fall,
Confes hiz matchles ſway!

V.

Hoos graiter not dhe moaſt renown'd,
Nor like or ſeccond can be found;
For he iz hevvens high king.
But *Pallas*, O immortal maid!
Dhy onnors ſeccond ſhal be paid,
Dhy praizes next I'l ſing.

VI.

O *Baccus* too, in battel bold,
Dhy marſial feats ſhal all be told;
How conker'd Indians fel!
Ov *Delia*, eguer in dhe chace;
And *Phebus*, foe to' Cyclops' race!
My lofty Muze ſhal tel.

VII.

VII.

Alcides' toils I'l alſo name,
And *Leda's* arduous ofsprings fame,
Hoo life ſucceſſive ſhar'd :
Widh dextrous art dhis guides dhe ſteeds,
Widh fiſt tremendous dhat excedes ;
Ded Ammycus declar'd.

VIII.

Hoos paly ſtars hwen ſailors know,
Dhe furious winds forguet to' blow ;
Nor longuer vex dhe ſea.
Dhe gaddh'ring vapor dhen divides,
Dhe foming billow now ſubſides :
So will'd dhe fatal Three.

IX.

Hwat mortals fame ſhal grace dhe lyre ?
Hoos praizes next doſt dhou dezire,
O Clio ! to' relate ?
Or *Rommulus* or *Numa's* reign,
Or Tarquins proud uzurpt domain,
Or *Cato's* nobel fate ?

X.

Or ſhal I ſing, widhout controll,
Emillius lavviſh ov hiz ſoll,
Hwen Carthage won dhe day ?
Grait *Reggulus'* and *Scaurus'* fame ;
Fabriſcius (no deceitfool name !
Epirus' king may ſay) ?

XI.

areles ov naught, beſide dhy hair,
ly *Curius*, dhee I wil declare;
And ſing *Camillus* too.
hoze pinching want to' battel ſent,
om umbel cot on glory bent,
Hoo ſoon immortal grew!

XII.

larcellus' fame on high aſcends,
z unperceiv'd dhe branch extends;
Shot from dhe lofty pine:
ne *Julian* Star excels dhe reſt,
z far az Luna iz confeſt
Dhe ſmaller lights t'outſhine.

XIII.

dhou grait GOD! in hoom we find
juſt protector ov mankind;
Hoom hevven can ſcarce contain!
Satturn-ſprung! alone to' dhee
guſtus' care dhe fates decree:
Juſt under dhine hiz reign!

XIV.

veddher dhe Parthians, from afar,
v grac't dhe genrous victors car,
Widh laurel-garlands crown'd;
e Seres or dhe Indians brave,
are flows dhe *Ganges'* goolden wave,
Hwence Phebus takes hiz round.

XV.

XV.

Juſt les dhan Dhee, widh equal ſway,
He'l bid dh'extended world obey;
Dhy car ſhal ſhake dhe ſky;
And, on dh'unhallow'd groves below,
Dhy ratt'ling hoſtile bolts dhou'lt throw,
Hwile forky lightnings fly!

Kenzington, Sept. 24, 1763.

By *James Sayer*, aged 15.

iii. *A Horſe from* VIRGIL.

DHE buteous colt, dhat ſpeaks a nobel bree
And guivs dhe wize to' hope a genrous ſtee
Erects hiz hed, unconſcious ov dhe rein:
Hiz tender limbs majeſtic paw dhe plain.
He pants to' lead dhe way, dhe flud to' clear:
No bridge or brake depres hiz ſoll widh fear.
If diſtant arms emit a marſial ſound;
He prics hiz ears, and trembling beats dhe gro
Dhe clarions note inſtinctive rage inſpires;
And bids each noſtril blow collected fires!

iv. *A Charriot-race: from dhe ſame.*

WIDH hedlong ardor ſee dhe Charrioteer
Pour from dhe goal hiz car, in fool career!
ow flatt'ring hopes dhe rival yooth elate,
ow panting fears foretel a ſhamefool fate.
one dhey indulge dhe reins, and ply dhe thong;
he glowing axel flies widh rage along!
ow umbel dhey appear, and now on high;
o' ſkim dhe ground, or to' aſcend dhe ſky!
o pauz, no reſt: dhey ſpurn involving ſand!
rſuing fome diſtains dh' indignant hand.
ow open arms engraſp dhe comming goal!
ch lov ov glory fires dhe gallant ſoll!

Boath by *William Leigh*, aged 16.

v. *Popii, in Gaium, epitaphium.*

NGENUUS mores, mitis fuit hicce probuſque,
Verus corde ſenex, ſimplicitate puer.
r vitae ſpatium virtus veneranda refulſit,
Et lepidos tenero ſparſit ab ore ſales:
tus ut aetatem pariter ſatyrâque ſecaret,
Ingenioque hilarem redderet ille ſuam.
cce, et quando humiles inter verſatur, honeſtus;
Hic inter magnos inviolatus adeſt.

Aequa-

Aequanimis conſors ſociuſque et gratus amicis,
Inſons vivebat, flebilis et obiit.
Haec tibi virtutis ſunt munera! non quod in ipſo
Marmore ſit mixtus, principibuſve cinis;
Sed quòd reverà dicant dignique bonique,
Pectora plangentes: *Hìc* ſitus eſt GAIUS!

vi. *Popii, in ſpeluncam propriam, epigramma.*

QUISQUIS es ad liquidas ſiſtis qui flumi undas
Tameſis, et vitreos latices, tenebraſque cavernae
Quà riguas guttas ſtillant laqueata metalla,
Quà placidos lapſus rumpit radians cryſtallus;
Quà tumidos faſtus nunquam fovet aſpera gemma
Innocuèque nitent defoſſae viſcera terrae;
Accedas: magnae naturae agnoſce labores!
Aſpice nec cupidus foecundae munera matris.
Accedas: magnam Egeriae venerare ſpeluncam!
Quà Sthenelus horas ſtudioſâ mente terebat,
Dignaque magnanimo Pericles ſuſpiria duxit;
Perque animam Merópis penetravit lucida flamma
Unicus his ſimilis puruſque haec limina tangat,
Quiſquis inops nummis audet ſimul eſſe piuſque.

Boath tranſlated, at Kenzington in 1766, *Al. Tyt'ler*, aged 16; hoo dhen and dhare drew antiſcipating ſmiles ov dhe Revverend Doc *Jortin*, and oddher enlightened frends. L. lxxv ccxliv.

. *On dhe Wedding-day ov Mr.* ELPHINSTON.

OYFOOL, O ye pupils, ſing!
Com, and ſongs ov gladnes bring.
m, widh me repay a det,
ich 'twer ſhamefool to' forguet;
remember'd not to' pay,
our parents Wedding-day.
oyfool *Hymen*, now advance,
nguel in dhe plezing dance;
diffuze on all around:
widh frendſhip now be crown'd!
dher, *Hymen*, hiddher bring
dhe incenſe ov dhe ſpring.
kly trip it o'r dhe mead,
dhe troop ov dancers lead;
may gratefool thanks repay
dhis happy Wedding-day!

JAMES * DRUMMOND.

April 29th, 1768.

Aged, twelv. Dhis Dr. Sammuel Jonſon cood not creddit; til, J.E. and finding it true; he ardently prezented dhe yong Poet, a coppy ov hiz abridged diccionary; havving previouſly in- it widh hiz own hand, a token ov dhe ſingular ſattisfaccion ed from peruzal ov dhe verſes.

viii. *Inſcripcion on a picture by* TINTORET, *in Kenzington-pallace.*

JUNO potens ſceptris, et mentis acumine Pallas;
Et roſeo Veneris fulget in ore decus.
Adfuit Elizabeth, Juno perculſa refugit;
Obſtupuit Pallas, erubuitque Venus.

Dhe ſtudded ſcepter Royal *Juno* ſways,
And Wizdom eccoes grait *Minerva's* praiz.
Buty complete, and Madjeſty divine,
In roſeate *Venus'* looks and geſtures ſhine.
Eliza came: aſtomiſht Juno fled;
Minerva gaz'd, and Venus' ſelf grew red.

Oct. 26, 1773. CHARLES SER

ix. *On dhe deth ov dhe right onnorabel* GEORG *Lord* LYTTELTON; *under dhe carracter ov A* donis: *a paſtoral, in immitacion ov* Moſchu Idyl. 3.

BEGUIN, Sicillian Muze, dhe moarnfool tale
Dhe ſweet Adonis, all ye Muzes, wail!
From Pindus' loftieſt top my ſong inſpire,
And arm my buzzom widh poettic fire;
Hwile ye lament dhe dear Adonis ded,
And o'r hiz aſhes gratefool incenſe ſhed.

Beguin

Beguin, Sicillian Muze, dhe moarnfool tale:
he lovv'd Adonis, all ye hils, bewail!
e cragguy rocs, lament Adonis ded:
he lovv'd Adonis iz for evver fled!
e ſhady groves, widh horrent cracs deplore:
he dear, dhe gay Adonis iz no more!
inlimmon's tops, in umbel ſilence bend!
nd ſtrolling ſtreams in pious woe deſcend!
! two'-topt *Snaffield* joins dhe weeping train,
nd ſheds ſad torrents on dhe neddher plain!
he groves and meads tumultuous ſorrow roar;
nd hils and dales Adonis' deth deplore!
Beguin, Sicillian Muze, dhe moarnfool ſtrain!
e purling rivv'lets, moan dhe genn'rous Swain!
e murm'ring brooks, in ſacred ſorrow flow!
e gentel gales, in gentler brezes blow!
itannic founts, and evv'ry eccoing ril,
ſoodhing ſadnes gratefool tears diſtil!
ranſlucent *Tames*, dhe ſpoartive ſhepherd wail!
nd far-fam'd *Ooz*, repeat dhe dolefool tale!
dhou, bleſt *Avon*, az for *Shakſpear*, plain!
nd, ſilver *Iſis*, moarn dhe tunefool ſwain!
e hoary deeps, dhat cirkel Albions ile,
nd bade her erſt widh various plenty ſmile;
hat waft her veſſels from dheir Indian bed;
l, all, lament dhe lovv'd Adonis ded!
Beguin, Sicillian Muze, dhe moarnfool lay!
e billing birds, dhat perch on evv'ry ſpray;

Ye

Ye widdow'd nightingales, in ſofter ſounds,
Adapt yoor ſongs to' hwat each vale rebounds!
Dhe tow'ring larks unite in gratefool woe,
Plantive dhe nótes ov penſive pewits flow;
Stil, ſtil rechanting, az aloft dhey ſoar:
Dhe lovv'd Adonis iz (alas!) no more.

Beguin, Sicillian Muze, dhe dolefool ſtrain,
And ad ſad muzic to' dhe weeping train!
No more dhe honney, preſcious honney, thrives:
Dhe haples bees no more ſhal bles dheir hives.
Dhe ſated lambkins ſhal forguet to' play,
To' taſte dhe plezzures ov each rolling day;
But rome dhe lonely ſhades in ſollemn ſtate;
And moarn dhe lovv'd, dhe loſt Adonis' fate!

Beguin, Sicillian Muze, dhe moarnfool ſtrains
Griev, all ye villaes, and ſurrounding plains!
Ye ſympathizing Nymphs, and cooing Dovs;
Ye Fauns and Sattyrs, Vertues, Graces, Lovs!
Ye buteous Dryads, ov dhe oakling buds;
Ye ſilver Naiads ov dhe melting fluds;
In ſacred ſorrow moarn Adonis ded!
Dhe lovv'd Adonis, ah! for evver fled!
No more dhe ſwains ſhal minguel in dhe dance,
Nor nightly elvs along dhe turf advance.
No more dhe ſprights, by ev'ning Cynthia's ſhade
Shal toy and wanton in dhe ſpredding glade.
Dhe tuneles flutes ſhal moarn dheir muzic fled,
Hware all lament dhe lovv'd Adonis ded!

Beguin, Sicillian Muze, in moarnfool ſtrains,
ment dhe glory ov dhe Brittiſh plains!
verdant ſhades, hware he waz wont to' muze,
d ſilent blis o'r dhe long lawn diffuze;
ware he waz wont to' charm dhe brouzing floc,
d call it bleating, from dhe diſtant roc;
ſilent ſorrow yoor ſad los deplore:
ovv'd Adonis iz (alas!) no more.
Beguin, Sicillian Muze, dhe tender tale!
ee, dhee, Adonis, ſhal I ſtil bewail.
ee, gentel Shepherd! all dhe Nine deplore;
d Pindus rings, Adonis iz no more.
ee, Bard immortal! ſhal my ſong proclaim;
d bow, *Britannia*, at dhe awfool name.
dhee ſhal Albion copious torrents ſhed,
d in ſoft ſighs lament Adonis ded!
† *Wilſon* Mona nehr lamented more,
trulier Twicnam cood her *Pope* deplore.
dhus did Room her Julian Chief bemoan,
dhus waz grief for brave Pelides ſhown;
dhus did buteous *Cytherea* ‡ moarn,
en her Adonis from her arms waz tor'n.
Let Brittains ſons lament Adonis ded,
gratefool tears in pious ſorrow ſhed!

CHARLES § SERL.

A mountain in Wales.
Dhe right revverend Dr. *Wilſon*, biſſhop ov *Man*.
Venus.
Aged 17.

x. *To' Mrs.* COMPTON, *on her Birth-Day March* 1, 1774.

DAIN to' accept dh' unpolliſht lay,
Dhat hopes to' glad dhy natal day:
And, hwile I ſing, let Hevven and Erth
Rezound dhe Corus ov dhy Birth!
Alreddy from Parnaſſus' mount,
Dhe Songſters ov Pieria's fount
Expand dheir downy wings;
Dhe balmy Zepphyrs bredhe dhy praiz,
Dhe ſtreams combine dhe theme to' raiz:
Dhe diſtant woodland rings.
O'r hil and dale
Thro' brake and vale,
Dhe joccund muzic flotes!
Dhe fountains rezound,
Dhe mountains rebound:
Dhy manſion reeccoes dhe notes!
Dhy name exalts my umbel lay,
Dhy name endears grait *Davids day!*
Proſperrity dhy years ſhal bles,
And Helth advance dhy Happines.
Dhen banniſh Fear;
Each Joy iz near;
Dhou ſhalt no ſorrow know:

Widh Plenty around,
Shal Vertue be crown'd;
And Vertue and Plenty ſhal flow.

MATTHEW * GLOVVER.

* Aged 16.

xi. *On* YORK-MINSTER. *

SEE queenly *Yorks* ſublime cathedral rize!
O Behold dhe daring ſpires aſcend dhe ſkies!
Dhe lofty walls, widh aincient ſculpture grac't;
Dhe maſſy collumns at each entrance plac't!
Kings, heroes, ſages moc dhe dart ov Deth;
And, in cold marbel, catch dhe glowing breth!
So! in her ſpacious coarts, a pious train
Sing, to' dheir God, a ſweetly-ſoaring ſtrain.
'n aingels liſten to' dhe hevvenly ſound;
And tred, unſeen ov men, dhe hallow'd ground;
Dhe hymns dhey carry to' dhat awfool throne,
Sware DEITY TRIUNE iz in effulgence known.

JAMES MACKENYIE, aged 12.

* L. clxxxi.

xii. *To'* J. E. *Kenzington.*

DEAR Sir, won boon we umbly aſk:
Indulgence iz dhy ezy taſk.
For dhis a holy-day we ſigh,
Regarding widh a fillial eye.
On dhee our higheſt hopes depend;
Our Fahdher, Maſter, and our Frend!

Dec. 13, 1775. JON BELSON.

xiii. *To' dhe Seccretary ov* PARNASSUS.

WIDH pride I call dhe bardling mine,
Hoo'z clark elect ov all dhe Nine.
On me ſhal non in vain depend,
Hoo hail me dheir parental Frend.
Go dhen, my Elfins; firſt be clean;
Dhen gambol on dhe joyous green.
Hware PHEBUS bids, let all obey;
And quäf dhe goold ov all hiz day.

Dec. 13, 1775. JAMES ELPHINSTON.

II. *Wi*

II. *Widh Mr.* Jonnathan * Odel.

i. J. E. *Kenzington.*

ALLOW me, Sir, dhis covvert way,
My griefs before a frend to' lay:
Unles corrected, are too late,
Smal errors pave dhe way to' grait.
'Tiz often ſaid, and always true:
But hwy, yoo'l ſay, addreſt to' yoo?
Hwen long my wiſh had ſaught, in vain,
Suffiſcient currage to' explain
My aukward hwimzical diſtres,
Hwich Conſcience urg'd me to' confes;
Dhis † holy ſezon, ſet apart
To' recconcile dhe hed and hart,
Reſtrain dhe rovings ov dezire,
Repentance ov dhe paſt inſpire;
Our ſenſe ov bennefits encreſe,
And fit dhe ſoll for future pece;
Suggeſted to' my conſcious Muze
Dhe tale, hwich bluſhing ſhe purſues.
A yooth, to' Fortunes frown enur'd,
By flatt'ring proſpects waz allur'd,
To' hope ſucces at laſt wood pay
Dhe toils ov manny a painfool day.
Savanna waz dhe fairy-field,

Dhat ſhood dhis goolden harveſt yield.
Dhiddher by accident convey'd,
He manny plezing frendſhips made;
Dheir parſial kindnes, much admir'd;
Dheir converſe ſaught, and ſoon acquir'd,
By Hopes ideal ardor ſtung,
Caſtillian purity ov tung;
And fanci'd now, in ſhort, to' find
A fortune ſuited to' hiz mind.
But here hiz vew a ſcrupel croſt,
By hwich hiz innocence waz loſt.
Dhis Land, all-chriſtian by conſtraint,
Deems him a *Jew*, hoos natal ſaint
No corner ov dhe rubric fils:
So untaught Superſtiſcion wils.
Defiſcient in dhis point, dhe yooth
Stray'd from dhe narrow path ov Truith;
And, blindly wounding hiz repoze,
A Saint by ſubſtitucion choze.
Dhus quallifi'd, our errant Don,
Suppoz'd dhe name-ſon ov Saint-*Jon*,
Waz oft invited to' remain,
And chainge New Ingland for New Spain.
Hwen call'd by Duty dhence away,
He chid hiz fate, and ſigh'd to' ſtay:
So far dhe bright deluzion ran,
Ov prommis't welth; and now began

mbiſcion, not alone, to' burn,
nd urge hiz purpoſe ov return.
ſofter motive had a ſhare,
hiz fond wiſhes to' be dhare;
Viſhes dhat, unabated, found
iz paſſage now for Brittain bound.
ut Fortune, ſtil perverſely bent
ſeccond fatal mandate ſent;
o' ad new horrors to' dhe paſt,
nd irrecovverably blaſt
urviving Hopes freſh-op'ning bud;
hro' *Miſſiſippi's* endles flud,
o' chaſe dhe lingu'rer far from joy,
nd fix hiz doom in Ili'nois.
ezolv'd, widh fruitles ſervice cloy'd,
his deſtinacion to' avoid;
nd, ſtil hiz fav'rite ſkeme in vew,
rom hiz employment he widhdrew,
he frowns ov adverſe fate defi'd,
nd croſt dhe vaſt Atlantic tide;
et hop't ſom chance might here befall,
o' make a fool amends for all;
om yet-unthaught occazion rize,
t laſt to' guiv dhe lookt-for prize.
ut human wiſhes, ah! how vain!
ow blindly doo we oft complain,
v ils, by Pride miſunderſtood;
v trials, kindly ment our good!

Dhe means to' execute hiz ſkeme
Now ſeem'd an air-fed empty dream;
Yet hiz fond hart waz loth to' own
Hiz vizzionary joys wer flown.
Diſtracted dhus by Hope and Fear,
Irrezzolute hwat coarſe to' ſteer,
('Tiz time I drop my thin diſguize,
And ſtand confeſt before yoor eyes.)
Hiddher, by accident, I came,
Nor yet *rezum'd* my *propper name*.
'Tiz don: dhe painfool taſk iz o'r;
And injur'd Truith ſhal frown no more.
Miſtaken Pride, expiring, bleeds.
Dhus Onnor bids: for Candor reads.
Sweet conſcious Pece ſhal now regain,
O'r all my pow'rs, her own domain;
Bright Vertue, beaming from afar,
Shal glad my path, a radiant Star;
And guide me to' dhoze blisfool plains,
Hware hevvenly Truith eternal reigns.

Faxit DEUS *opt. max.* ✝

JONNATHAN ODEL.

* An Accademmic Aſſiſtant to' J. E. at Kenzington; afterwa
Clergiman at Burlington, New-Jerſey; and, ſince dhe Amem
Revvolucion, Seccretary to' dhe Govvernor ov New Brunſwic, L.
and dhe reſt.

† Lent.

✝ So grant moaſt gracious, and moaſt mighty God!

ii. Anser.

DHOU rezon'ſt wel, ingenious Yooth:
Pece cannot dwel apart from Truith.
dhis we perſevere to' woo,
hat fondly wil our ſteps purſue;
ut, if from Truith our paſſion ſtray,
veet Pece indignant wings her way.
ail, ſacred Siſters, all divine!
ail, guide and gardian ov dhe Nine!
h! com and bles *Pedia's* bow'r;
efine dhe hart, and raiz dhe pow'r:
nd, hware an Errant coarts dhe ray,
h! pour upon him all yoor day.
om darkling climes avert hiz vew,
ware *Jonnathan* implies a Jew!
hen, Jonnathan, rezume dhy name:
o more dhy glory count dhy ſhame;
or fear ov tutelary aid,
oo evv'ry ſaint a frend haſt made.
ay, if dhou catch and fan dhe fire,
hat cannoniz'd dhy princely * ſire!
noddher *David* dhou may'ſt find,
v genrous, az congenial mind;
n erth to' ſoodh hwatehr may try;
nd after, widh dhee, ſoar dhe ſky.

Kenzington, Feb. 19, 1766. J. E.

* Dhe ſon ov *Saul*.

iii. Reply.

HOW ſhal my pen contrive to' ſhow,
I feel dhe grattitude I ow,
To' ſuch a frend, hoos gentel art
Informs dhe mind, and mends dhe hart;
Bids Pece *indeed* rezume her ſeat,
And Truith enſure a joy complete?
Ye lovly Siſters, hear hiz pray'r;
Be ſtil *Pedia's* fane yoor care!
Her plaſtic hand let all confes:
May Merrit evver meet ſucces!
Her errant Inmate too inſpire,
To' catch and fan dhe genial fire,
Dhat on her altar blazes ſtil,
Tranſlated from *Apollo's* hil!
Dhen, Sir, I'l ſtuddy to' diſplay
My grattitude a better way,
By ſpredding dhe reflected ray;
Among yoor tender Plants around,
Til Fames applauſive pinnions ſound,
Dhe Errant not in vain waz found!

Kenzington, Feb. 20, 1766. J. O.

iv. *On dhe anniverſary ov Mr.* ELPHINSTONS *marridge; written in Hyde-Park, April* 29, 1766.

YE ſweeteſt ſongſters ov dhe grove,
Com, pour yoor livelieſt airs;
Dhat bid us dance, az here we rove:
Dhe charm dhat heals our cares.

Salute widh me dhis joyfool day,
Dhis incenſe-bredhing morn!
Dhis ſun, hoos beams around yoo play,
To' chear and to' adorn;

Ov wedded Lovs propiſcious date,
Dhe annual memry brings,
Delighted ſhines, and hails dhat ſtate,
Hwence blis untainted ſprings.

O! cood I paint widh Denhams ſkil!
Dhis ſoll-enliv'ning ſcene,
A flowing verſe, like *Coopers hil*,
Shood bloom for evver green.

Juſt emblem ov unfading joy,
Ov conſtancy and truith!
Hware no pozeſſion knows to' cloy,
Or age to' forfeit yooth.

Dhis haſty ſketch for yoo I trace,
Ye joy-dezerving Pair!
May Hevv'n herafter crown yoor race,
Widh Lov eternal dhare! J. O.

*Dhe varriacion * in 1779.*

SWEET Warblers, chirping thro' dhe grove,
Yoor Corus fool combine;
Yoor notes lov-tun'd, az here I rove,
Guiv harmony to' mine.

Salute widh me dhis joyfool day,
Dhis incenſe-bredhing morn;
Hoos rizing beams around yoo play,
To' chear yoo, and adorn.

Ov wedded Lov dhe annual date,
Dhis day renews; and ſhows,
How time endears dhe hallow'd ſtate,
Hwence blis untainted flows.

O *Denham!* cood I catch dhy ſkil,
Dhis landſkip, all ſerene,
In ſong ſhood rival *Coopers Hil*;
Shood bloom for evver green.

An emblem ov dhat Lov, hoos joy
Dhe winters frown defies;
Hoos hart-felt raptures nevver cloy,
Hoos bloſſom nevver dies.

rom *Life* dhis haſty ſketch I trace,
'Tiz *yoors*, O happy Pair!
eyond dhis life may ye embrace!
Lov blooms eternal dhare!

J. O.

* L. ccxxix.

On Mr. POPES *(now Sir William Stanhopes) Garden at Twickenham.*

HAIL to' dhe wonce belovv'd retreat,
Ov *Popes* immortal Muze!
ere, Taſte widh Science knew to' meet;
In ſweetly-fanci'd vews.

y artles Ellegance, to' trace
Dhe Accademmic ſhade;
ware Inſpiracion markt a place,
For Contemplacion made.

ere to' dhe beſt ov Moddhers, lo!
Dhe beſt ov Sons diſplays
pattern ov ſurviving woe,
And unaffected praiz.

ow oft, hwile Fancy yet waz yong,
And hardly knew to' roam;
n flutt'ring pinnions hav I ſprung,
Acros dh' Atlantic foam!

In

In mental rapture to' ſurvey
Dhis ſoll-enchanting ſpot;
Dhis mingled ſcene ov ſhade and day,
Widh yon Muze-hanted grot!

Hwich ſtil inſpires dhe penſive mind,
Hwich aws dhe fancy ſtil;
Dho guſhing now no more we find
Dhe ſweetly-murm'ring ril;

Dhat ecco'd thro' dhe ſounding cave,
Reſponſive to' dhe ſtrain;
Hwich here dhe tunefool Siſters gave
Eternity to' gain.

Dhe genius ov dhe grotto flown,
Dhe ſympathettic ſtream
Wept out its flud in plantive moan,
And vanniſht az a dream.

Widh awfool, yet ſerene, delight,
Dhis hallow'd ground I tred;
Hware rapt Imadginacions flight
Fondly recalls dhe ded.

And cood he dy? hoos dethles ſong,
Rezounding to' dhe ſkies,
Stil flotes *dhe ſilver Tames along*,
Stil bids our *incenſe rize!*

Widh flames by fillial lov ſuppli'd,
Dhiddher, hwence *all* began;
And ſhows, divinely juſtifi'd,
Dhe ways ov God to' man.

Can he, hoo from dhy ſacred ſpring,
Fair *Tames*, cood lul dhy wave
To' hear Sicillian Muzes ſing,
Be tennant ov a grave?

Ye nymphs ov Sollyma, can he
In deth demand our tears?
Hoos note ſtil eccoes Hevvens decree,
A God, a God appears!

Ah! why, ye bards ov Brittain ſay,
A radiant ſtar ſo bright,
Juſt lent to' chear our darkling way,
And vaniſh from our ſight?

To' wake dhe ſoll, dhe genius raiz,
And mend dhe hart he came:
Immortal life hiz zeal repays,
Dheir guift dhe ſkies reclaim.

1766. J. O.

Dhe

*Dhe varriacion * ov 1779.*

ALL hail, ye conſecrated bow'rs!
Hware oft widh rapture ſweet,
Dhe Muze beguil'd dhe lingu'ring Ours,
And chear'd her Bards retreat!

To' wake dhe ſoll, dhe genius raiz,
To' mend dhe hart he ſings;
Ecco repeats dhe melting lays,
And Fame her tribbute brings.

How oft, in yoothfool prime, hav I
Dhe wings ov Fancy tri'd!
Hiddher how oft eſſay'd to' fly,
Acros dh'Atlantic tide!

'Tiz don! my wand'ring eye, at laſt,
Dhe madgic ſcene ſurveys!
Hwich, evv'ry toil and dainger paſt,
Widh tranſpoart now repays.

Here notthing ſplendid, notthing grait
Yoor admiracion claims;
No proud diſplay, ov welth or ſtate,
Yoor envy here enflames.

ut Nature, dreſt by moddeſt Art,
In ſimpel neat attire,
ere claims dhe ſuffrage ov dhe hart,
Dhat ſcorns hwat fools admire.

o vain ſepulcral pomp iz here:
Yet † fillial duty pays
he tender tribbute ov a tear,
And undiſſembled praiz.

o trac ov princely taſte iz found
Near dhis enchanting ſpot;
ut Inſpiracion bredhes around,
From yon Muze-hanted grot.

elightfool Hermitage! hware ſtil
Som nameles charm rezides!
ut ah! no more dhe murm'ring ril
Acros dhe Cavvern glides.

he Genius ov dhe Grotto flown,
Dhe ſympathettic ſtream,
ollow'd in tears, widh melting moan,
And vanniſht az a dream.

et here entranc't a ſimpel Swain,
Widh rapture ſeems inſpir'd;
re Fancy liſtens to' dhe ſtrain,
Dhat firſt my buzzom fir'd.

Methinks

Methinks I hear, in evv'ry tree,
Dhe flutt'ring *Sylphs* around;
And lo! dhe ravviſht *Loc* I ſee,
A Conſtellacion crown'd!

Here ſhelter'd by dhe ſollemn ſhade,
Dhe *Cloiſter* ſeems to' rize,
Hware *Eloïza*, haples maid!
Stil vents her tender ſighs.

Here, ſhrouded in a bluddy vail,
A more il-fated Fair
Glides by, and ſwels dhe hollow gale,
Widh ſhrieks ov wild deſpair!

But hark! an Evvangellic Song,
Reecco'd from dhe ſpheres,
Here flotes dhe ſilver *Tames* along:
A God, A God appears!

Aguen, methinks I ſee dhe Rod,
By morral Truith appli'd;
To' vindicate dhe ways ov God!
And ſilence human pride.

Widh hwat unſpeakabel delight
Dhis hallow'd ground I tred,
Hware Aingels hovver in my ſight,
And hwiſper o'r my hed!

he vital ſpark ov hevvenly flame,
Dhat warms my throbbing breſt,
rugguels to' quit dhis mortal frame,
And ſeek eternal reſt.

L. ccxxix.

Dhe Obbeliſk erected to' dhe memmory ov Mr. *Popes* Moddher,
wich iz inſcribed:

Ah Editha!
Matrum optima;
Mulierum amantiſſima,
Vale.

vi. *A* Socrattic Epistel:

To' a Frend, ſuſpected ov entertaining too ridgid a Nocion ov Temperance.

WEN a ſocial expanſion ov hart,
(Hwich ſuppozes a gennerous ſoll)
a moment bids Rezon depart,
Or elſe *ſhare* dhe nectarean bowl;

ſtrict Rezon refuze her aſſent?
Or iz Wizdom becom ſo ſevere,
e a Turk, to' forbid hwat waz lent,
Lifes poor weariſom jurney to' chear?

Shal

Shal a ridgid Auſterrity chainge
True Philoſſophy's ellegant mien,
For a maſk; hwich, fantaſtic and ſtrainge,
To' be hated, needs onely be ſeen?

Becauz fools can abuze hwat iz good,
Hwile dhey rail at dhe prudent and wize;
Shal Diſcreſcion be miſunderſtood,
To' enjoin us dhat good to' deſpize?

If my cottage an Intimate bles,
Hoo can Vertue widh Fredom combine;
Shal I trembel, for fear ov exces,
To' exhillarate Frendſhip widh wine?

In a wildernes, chearles and wide;
Ar we nevver to' ſlacken dhe rein?
Hwen invited by Fortune aſide,
To' fly round a gay flowery plain?

Such joyous excurſion, I own,
Can ſecure be widh non but a frend;
Hoos inviolate Prudence iz known,
On hoos Vertue and Senſe we depend.

If amid e'n dhe ſprightly career,
By a ſtrainger we chance to' be met;
And Stupiddity prompt him to' ſneer,
Shahn't we ſcorn him, pas by, and forguet?

t ſuppoze him diſcretely inclin'd,
To' partake ſuch an innocent feaſt;
e'l ride on, widhout looking behind:
For our number ov frends iz encres't.

conclude, my dear Sir: if my Muze
Too obſtruſively pettulant ſeem;
me hope yoo wil kindly excuze,
Hwat ſhe ment az a mark ov eſteem.

P. S. Perhaps a conſcioufnes ov meaning wel, ueddher widh dhat parſial fondnes, widh hwich natturally overlooks dhe improprieties and de-nities ov dhe moaſt trivvial compoziſcions, hwile 'warm from dhe brain'; may hav ſeduced me ope dheze verſes, and dhe apollogy dhat accom-es dhem, wil not diſpleze yoo. But, if dhis deceitfool hope; let me beg dhey may be re-ed to' me; and I wil, by throwing dhem into' fire, endevvor to' make atonement for an of-e, dhat ſprings from good, dho poſſibly miſta-motives.

J. O.

vii. *Anac.* Ode XIX.

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει.

DHE fruitfool Ęrth drinks up dhe rain,
Dhe trees dhat moiſture drink again;
Dhe ſea drinks up dhe foſt'ring gales,
Dhe ruddy ſun dhe ſea exhales.
Dhe moon drinks up dhe ſun: dhen hwy
Ar ye diſplez'd, my frends, dhat I
Wood alſo drink, hwen I am dry?

viii. *Anac.* III.

Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις-

HWEN ſabel Night, ſlow-wending,
Had gain'd dhe middel ſteep;
Silence widh darknes blending,
Dhe weary world, by ſleep,

Ov cares to' diſencumber;
A nocking ſhook my gate.
I cri'd: To' braik my ſlumber,
Hoo iz it calls ſo late?

Pray tarry not an inſtant,
« Nor fear to' let me in:
I am a haples infant,
« Wet-dripping to' dhe ſkin.

Dhe night ſo raw and chilly,
« No moon to' guiv a ray!
Hav pitty on me, wil ye?
« Alas! I'v loſt my way. *

haſte, to' light a candel
And let him in, I roze;
dh pitty prompt to' dandel,
And lul him to' repoze.

en'd, and admitted,
A boy indeed; but, lo!
und dhe urchin fitted,
Widh quivver, wings, and bow.

hwat alarm ov dainger
Could ſuch an elf inſpire?
c't dhe littel ſtrainger
Before a blazing fire;

near dhe fairy ſeated,
Widh hoſpitabel care
hands in mine I heated,
nd wrung hiz dripping hair.

« P

But

But he no ſooner found him,
Recovver'd from dhe cold,
Dhan, looking ſſily round him,
" Kind Sir, I'l be ſo bold

" To' make a trial hweddher
(" Alas! I fear to' know)
" Dhis dizmal rainy weddher
" Haz hurt my littel bow."

He ſaid: and ſhot an arrow,
Widh ſuch unerring aim;
Dhat, thro' my verry marrow,
Its vennom ſpred a flame.

Dhe traitor, hoo had acted
So wel dhe harmles boy,
Now laft, like won diſtracted;
And cri'd: O guiv me joy!

My bow retains a fitnes
An arrow ſtil to' dart:
Yoo'l find dhe wound a witnes,
Dhat rankels at yoor hart.

* Or, *Dhe night ſo dark and chilly,*
It nevver wil be day!
And I, ſo yong and ſilly,
Alas! hav loſt my way.

e following ſix alſo communicated to' J. E. by dhe me Gentelman, yet under hiz roof at Kenzington.

ix. *Dhe* Fly.

EAR'D on a gently-rizing plain,
(Dhe nurſe ov manny a flecy train)
ar to' dhe ſoddhern banks ov Tames,
weetly-rural * manſion claims
raiz to' pallaces deni'd:
e Lov and Probbity rezide,
ueſter'd from dhe noizy town,
v dh' ambiſcion ov a crown;
e undiſſembling Frendſhip reigns;
e eccoing to' dhe diſtant plains,
ter dhan Leſbian muzic ſprings,
ſſa ſtrikes dhe trembling ſtrings.
Yooth 'to' Welth and Fame unknown,
n mellancolly marks her own';
n hart-felt Grattitude inſpires;
Truith informs, and Frendſhip fires,
widh a febel voice, to' raiz
artles, onneſt, note ov praiz;
here a frequent welcom gueſt,
onguer thaught himſelf unbleſt.
, ah! let ſighs and bluſhes tel,
on won fatal day befel!

Cood he, hoom parſial Fortunes frown
And faithles ſmile alternate, down
Had plung'd ſo oft in dark deſpair,
Or raiz'd to' hopes, dhat di'd in air;
Hoo, from Experience, ſhood hav known
To' make anoddhers woe hiz own;
Cood *he*, in wantonnes ov joy,
A tender Innocent deſtroy?
A trifling ſelfiſh end to' gain,
Widh bluddy violacion ſtain
A feſtive day, *expected* long,
Deſtin'd to' *frendly mirth* and *ſong*?
Let ſabel Night for evver hide
So blac a deed in Lethe's tide!
No: raddher let Compunccion guiv
Dhe ſad remembrance long to' liv!
Emblem ov life, dhe fleeting day
Waz gliding unperceiv'd away;
Dhe wingued moments, in dheir flight,
Braught a ſucceſſion ov delight.
Dh'amuſive gardens bredhing ſweets,
Unpompous ſhades, and cool retreats
(In proſpect *here*, hils, woods and plains;
And *dhare*, Auguſta's tow'ring fanes!)
Diffuz'd a calm in evv'ry breſt,
Dhat each in cherfool ſmiles confeſt.
Sweet converſe, unrezerv'd, and free
From ſly conceit or reppartee;

ntinctur'd widh deſigning Art,
low'd round expreſſive ov dhe hart.
or unenjoy'd dhe trilling notes,
hat from a thouzand tunefool throats,
wich here dhe local Muze inſpires,
elodious chirpt dheir tender fires.
he ſcaly natives ov dhe lake
eem'd dhe ſoft rapture to' partake;
nd now its warm nectarean tide
he parlors genial board ſuppli'd.
Here a perſpective mirrors light
eflected, ſwelling to' dhe ſight,
livving † landſcapes green alcoves,
ajeſtic manſions, ſhady groves;
heattric bow'rs, caſcading ſtreams:
he picture ſcarce a picture ſeems.
harm'd widh dhe vew, *Errante* cries,
ow fair yon glitt'ring turrets rize!
ood ſom inhabbitant ov air
ſpend hiz flight, and ſettel dhare!
! fatal thaught! a harmles Fly,
cure ov il, came flutt'ring by.
rinda, in hoos blooming face
ines all dhe Moddhers erly grace;
os beaming eyes acnollege hwence
ey drew dheir kind'ling elloquence:
rinda, genrous, tender Fair!
e dainger ſaw, and cri'd, *Forbair!*

Raſh yooth, dhy lawles wil reſtrain!
And cood *Dorinda* call in vain?
Too late dhe guilty yooth, oppreſt
Widh grief and ſhame, hiz crime confeſt.
In vain hiz madnes he repents:
Offended Conſcience ſtil prezents
Dhe murder'd victim to' hiz vew,
Stil paints dhe cruel ſcene anew;
Hwen wrapt in ſleep, he reſtles lies,
A plantive voice dhus nightly cries:
" Az flutt'ring, harmles, void ov care,
" Save onely ov dhe Spiders ſnare,
" I gaily paſt my ours away;
" Sudden I fel, a haples prey
" To' cruel man. Say, Rezon, hwy
" Shood Man dhus ſaccrifice a Fly?
" Hwy my ſoft wings relentles tair?
" *Cupid* haz wings: Murd'rer, beware!
" On each wingu'd Inſect now I call,
" Nor unreveng'd ſhal be my fall.
" For, ſhood yoo Ingliſh Flies diſdain,
" And fancy dheir rezentment vain;
" My Goaſt ſhal take her rappid flight
" Acros dhe main, hware Flies ov *light*,
" Dho wonce yoo flatter'd dhem in ſong,
" Shal glow widh vengeance for my wrong.

" Hw

Hwat dhey can doo, I need not ſay;
I dy: haſte, haſte, my Goaſt, away!"

J. O.

* Near *Brixton-cauſey.*

† *Herenhauſen*, dhe Electoral Pallace in Hannover.

In memmory ov dhe glorious ſucces ov dhe Brittiſh arms, in dhe former war, in evvery quarter ov dhe world.

INSULTED by a haughty foe,
Diſonnor'd by unhappy *Byng*;
Sung by dhe plantive voice ov woe,
Wafted on Ecco's weary wing,
Acros dh'Atlantic tide;
BRITANNIA dhus indignant cri'd;
" My gallant ſons! ah! hwiddher fled
Bright Fredoms unſubmitting ſoll?
Hwich ſtil my dantles legions led,
And bore my fame from Indus to' dhe Pole!
Shal dhen my thunder ceſe
To' aw dhe ſubject main,
To' gard my relms in pece,
And equal laws maintain?
Shal Perfidy dare
Her banners to' wave,
And Brittons forbair
To' repel dhe proud ſlave?

Haſte dhen, my ſons ov Fredom, haſte!
Bac on dhe foe defiance fling:
Again dhe joys ov vict'ry taſte,
Again dhe ſweets ov quiet bring."
She ſaid: and round dhe mandate rung,
Hwich diſtant nacions herd widh aw;
And now a radiant hoaſt ſhe ſaw
Deſcending from on high,
And to' dhe liſt'ning Sky
Dhus dhe prophettic Aingels ſung:
" BRITANNIA hail! thrice happy Ile,
Miſtres ov arts and arms, 'tiz dhine to' ſmile
Widh envi'd glory, Empres ov dhe Waves!
'Tiz dhine to' boaſt, dhy ſons wer nevver ſlaves.
Yet hav dhoze ſons, by party-rage miſled,
Victims to' ruithles Diſcord, often bled.
Oft haz dhe Fury, widh malignant joy,
Seen jellous Hate each tender ty deſtroy;
Pollute dh' inverted ſtreams ov cordial Lov,
And plant in evv'ry breſt, dhe Serpent for dhe Dov.
At length dhy Genius rizes to' repel
Dhis fatal peſt, to' her own gloomy hel.
Now meek-ey'd Union, widh a hevvenly train
Ov ſocial Vertues, ſhal rezume her reign;
Again diffuze her chearing influence round,
In each enraptur'd ear her mandates ſound;
Til evv'ry buzzom burn widh hallow'd zeal,
To' faſten private on dhe genral weal.

Ov tung perſwaſive, az hiz hart ſincere;
Ov ſoll unyielding, az hiz judgement clear;
Dhy PIT (immortal name!) ſhal now arize,
Dhe vulgar bait ov venal pow'r deſpize;
Direct dhy councils, widh unerring aim;
And make a world in arms revere dhy name.
Dhen hail, BRITANNIA! hail, thrice-happy Ile!
Miſtres ov arts and arms! 'tiz dhine to' ſmile,
Widh envi'd glory, Empres ov dhe Waves!
'Tiz dhine to' boaſt, dhy ſons wer nevver ſlaves:
Dhy naval thunder o'r dhe main to' wield,
To' reap dhe harveſt ov dhe wel-faught field;
To' cherriſh Pece, or bind her foes in chains.
Dheir unextinguiſhabel fire remains;
In *Hawk*, *Boſcawen*, *Granby*, *Amherſt*, burns;
To' conqueſt leads, and Deth oppozing ſpurns.
Dheze, widh an awfool train ov Chiefs beſide,
Impettuous, az a ſtemles torrents tide!
Shal pour dhy battels o'r dhe dred campain,
And ad new regions to' dhy vaſt domain;
Til fated War (fel monſter!) wiſh to' ceſe,
And Europe at dhy hand ſolliſcit pece.
Dhus bleſt widh all dhat Vict'ry can beſtow,
Yet ſhal dhy tears amid dhy triumphs flow.
Untimely loſt dhy *How* (ſtern Vertues boaſt!)
Wil ſhed a deep eclipſe upon dhy hoaſt:
And, ah! dhy *Wolf*, hoos fame ſhal know no end;
Dhe gallant Soldier, Patriot, Scollar, Frend!

Dh' exulting pride ov conqueſt to' abate,
Iz deſtin'd erly to' be ſnatcht by fate.
And e'n ov *dheze*, if *ſinguel* wer dhe fall;
Dhe nurſe ov heroes might eſteem it ſmall.
Uze dhen dhy pow'r, wide-waſting war to' bind;
And, from dhe thirſt ov blud, reclaim mankind."
In gratefool acquieſcence BRITTAIN bow'd,
And weſtward ſaw dhe ſhining Serraphs rize,
Wrapt in dh' effulgence ov an azure cloud,
Slow reaſcending to' dhe blisfool ſkies!

J. O.

xi. *To' a Lady, hoo, on her arrival from Ingland at New-York, made ſom extraordinary encroachments on her dres.*

DHIS littel piece iz no oddher dhan a ſeccond drawing ov dhe ſame picture, don oridginally by a gentelman ov dhe Newfoundland-Fiſhery, and tranſmitted to' Ingland by a Lady.

" Com dhen, dhe cullors and dhe ground prepare;
" Dip in dhe Rainbow, tric her of in air."
So ſung dhe tunefool ſattyriſt, hoos name,
From *Twicnam* ſpredding, ſwels dhe trump ov fame.
Hiz flowing numbers and concepcion ſtrong,
Challenge a juſt dictatorſhip in ſong.

Hiſ

Him all dhe nine, conſpiring, taught to' rize;
And ſoar, widh ezy wings, dhe padhles ſkies.
But I, alas! undipt in *Hippocrene*,
Deſpairing vew dhe awfool ſpace between
My humble ſtacion and dhe hight ſublime,
To' hwich my vain ambiſcion ſighs to' climb!
Too lovly *Carey!* hwy ſuch charms diſplay,
Az fire at wonce, and chec my daring lay?
For hoo can vew, nor burn to' paint, dhy air,
Dhy look, dhy *all*; or, painting, not deſpair?
O ſoll ov *Ovvid!* widh dhy genial glow,
O com and guiv me all dhou canſt beſtow
Ov ſpoartive Fancy's tints, widh bold deſign,
Juſtly to' draw dhis parragon divine!
And dhou, hoos lyrric ſong in ſprightly ſtrains,
A Theban palm ſecur'd to' Lacian plains;
Com widh dhy pierçing eyes, and ſuttel ſmile;
Infuze dhy ſpirrit, *arm* me widh dhy ſtile!
But chief, O *Swift!* in hoom dhe lerned find
Dhe various pow'r ov boath dhoze wits combin'd.
Auguſt Triumvirate! on dhis bright our,
O com, and all yoor inſpiracion pour;
Til yoor reflected fires united gleam,
Warm az my hart, and dazling az my theme!
Had ye but ſeen, hwat I beheld laſt night;
Ye'd aid me uninvok't, a form ſo bright
To' reſcue from dhe rolling flud ov time,
And bid dhe figgure bloom in dethles prime!

Def to' my invocacion? All dhis coſt
Ov ſtuddied rime, to' coart yoor favor, loſt?
'Tiz wel! ye unpropiſcious ſhades, adew!
My *theme* ſhal be my *inſpiracion* too.
My contry, hail! Amerrica, no more,
Dhy rozes doom'd to' bluſh unſeen, deplore.
From polliſht Europe, lo! acros dhe main
(Dhe lovs and graces revv'ling in her train)
A rival * *Fome-ſprung* goddes hiddher flies;
From Tyrant-cuſtoms complicate diſguize
Ov prudiſh dres, to' vindicate dhe fair!
Ye ſwains, yoor gratefool incenſe quic prepare;
Dhe queen ov lov, inſpiring taſte, adore!
And, oh! ye nymphs, attentive to' her lore,
Doom us no more, thro' kerchief-muffled ſtays,
With Fancy's eyes, on charms *ſuppoz'd*, to' gaze!
But let us ſee, az in dhis matchles fair,
The ſwelling buzzom *neggligently* bare;
And, in dhat ſeeming neggligence, confeſt,
Dhe pride ov *conſcious buty* half-undreſt,
Dhe ſweeping petticoat curtail below,
Nor longuer dred dhe taper leg to' ſhow.
Widh languid eye, ſwim down dhe mazy dance:
Let affectation ſeem dhe work ov chance.
Coppy dhis brigth oridginal in *all*,
Til not won proof remain ov *Addams fall!*
Til *ruſtic baſhfoolnes* no more be found;
But *innocence* and *buty* ſmile around;

By ſhame unaw'd, az at creacions birth,
And parradiſe deſcend aguen to' erth!

J. O.

Kenzington, Sept. 1, 1766.

* Αφροδίτη (*Aphrodite*). Let dhis trifel be imadgined written
New-York.

iii. *Mrs.* Cox *to' a Gentelman, hoo had ſent her a compliment in verſe, on a poem ov her ſiſter (Mrs.* Boolloc*), hwich he thaught to' be her own.*

YOOR tunefool lays, miſtaken ſwain,
Dho ſweetly ſung, ar ſung in vain.
Dhe nymph, hoos ſoft enchantment fires
Yoor ſoll, and all yoor verſe inſpires;
Remote from *Belmonts* happy bow'rs,
By happier *Tames* beguiles her ours;
And ſweetly, in dhe ſilvan ſhade,
Til immitates dhe Leſbian maid;
Wile all dhe muzes round her throng,
And evv'ry grace adorns her ſong.
But I, to' rural cares confin'd,
To' umbler taſks devote my mind.
Tiz mine to' tend dhe flecy train;
To' chear, hwen fainting on dhe plain,
Widh nutbrown bdwls dhe lab'ring ſwain;

 Or,

Or, widh dhe dames ov aincient *Room*,
Dhe diſtaf wield, or ply dhe loom.
Bleſt ſollitude! in dhee iz plac't
Dhat blis, hwich kings wood joy to' taſte.
Dhe lonely cot, in rezons eye,
Widh proudeſt pallaces may vy:
Dhe ſcepter to' dhe ſheephook yields,
And crouded coarts to' flow'ry fields.

Trenton, New Jerzey.

xiii. *A Lady, to' Lady* HERVEY, *on a converſation concerning names.*

SOLL-mooving *Hervey*, in hoos ſmiling eyes,
Dhe azure ſtamp ov hevven diſtinguiſht ſhines!
Bright az dhy genius, may my fancy rize,
And all dhy ſoftnes moddulate dhe lines!

Hwile I, no poet; yet prezume to' ſhow,
In poets numbers, widh unlicenc't flames;
How our firſt accions from exampel flow,
And borrow dhat exampel from our names.

Dhe bleeding buzzom, and dhe pictur'd fame,
Inſtruct each yong *Lucrecia* to' be chaſte;
Hwile littel *Cleopatra's* laf at ſhame,
And ſee no faut in dhoze hoom buty grac't.

Hoo, dhat waz chriſten'd *Julius*, dare be baſe,
Hwen he reflects on hiz grait patrons fame?
Or, if ſom huge *Van Tromp* wants air and grace,
Hoo blames dhe monſter, dhat but hears dhe name?

Marg'ries and *Joans* may ſtray from onnors law,
Nor need dhey diſtance *Toms* or *Wils* addres;
But *Poarcia's* and *Cornelia's* revv'rence draw,
And widh dhe decent pride ov caucion bles.

Damon and *Corrydon*, attractive ſwains!
Strike in idea, and ſurprize in ſound;
Hwile *Hodge* and *Triſtram* looz dheir am'rous pains,
And fright dhe *Silvia's*, dhey propoze to' wound.

O! hwat a tunefool thunder ſhook dhe tung,
Hwen *Marlbro's* ſoard alarm'd dhe trembling foe!
Had *Gablionowſki* led our old and yong,
Dhe genrals ſcarecrow-name had foil'd each blow.

Epaminondas! doz dhat ſound like *Wils?*
Can ehr dhe tung make ruf *Cadoggan* fall,
Widh dhat ſmoodh harmony dhat ſoftly trils
Hwen we name *Cezar*, *Scippio*, *Hannibal?*

Had *Bub* been *Doddington*, are known to' Spain,
Hwat barb'rous cenſures had our nacion ſcap't!
Dhe ſoft-moudh'd ſeniors minc't and fil'd in vain,
Dhoze ſtubborn conſonants ſo Gothlike ſhap't.

Wer

Wer I to' fix hwat titel I wood wair,
  Wood I *Knocfergus* or *Kirkpahtric* chooz?
Hwen *Dorſet* or *Argyle* had tun'd dhe air,
  Or *Herveys* ſofter vowels charm'd my muze.

Shunning dhe vulgar tracs ov homely ſound,
  Go on, fair *Hervey*, to' diſtinguiſh wel:
Let names, dhat ſuit dhy lovly babes, be found;
  Ad a *Bellaria* to' dhe ſweet *Le-Pel*.

Round dhy lovv'd nees let *Altamira's* ſtand;
  Let bland *Olympia's* and *Cleora's* ſmile!
Giiv us *Auguſtuſſes* to' grace our land,
  And pour dhe moddhers honney o'r dhe ile.

xiv. *To' dhe Right Revverend Dr.* TERRIC, *Lord Biſhop ov London, on dhe day ov Ordinacion.*

'TIS don! Dhe ſollemn, awfool, ſcene iz o'r!
  My hart, my ſoll, my evv'ry pow'r adore
Dhe dred eternal, *Fahdher, Son and Mind*;
Author, Redeemer, Teacher ov mankind!
  Triune, unutterabel, hallow'd name:
O God! hoo waſt, art, ſhalt be ſtil dhe ſame!
O giiv my panting ſoll, on wings ov lov,
Ov grattitude and praiz, to' mount abov
Unnumber'd worlds, and all created things;
Up to' dhy awfool throne, dhou King ov Kings!

Dhou

Dhou grait firſt, laſt, beſt, *onely* Lord ov all!
And ſhal a reptile ov dhis emmet-ball,
Dhis rolling partikel ov yeſterday! ſhal *I*,
From dhis low *erth*, look up to' DHEE, moaſt high,
Moaſt wonderfool, grait GOD! and call Dhee mine?
My Fahdher and my Frend! O Lov divine,
neffabel, amazing! Lo! a race
Ov wretched rebbels, by an act ov grace
ncomprehenſibel, redeem'd from deth;
And oh! redeem'd by *Him*, hoo gave us breth!
By *him* reles't from vengeance due! nay more:
By *him* reſtor'd, to' all we loſt before!
By him (hoo di'd to' waſh our guilt away!)
Made *eirs* aguen ov hevvens eternal day!
Dhen let our gratefool tranſpoarts umbly flow:
o *dear* a claim, 'twer impious to' forgo.
Dhe *Son* himſelf haz taught our infant-cries,
fillial accents to' aſcend dhe ſkies!
Ye ſons ov men, obey dhe high beheſt:
Aſk ov yoor fahdher, and ye ſhal be bleſt.
Nor let e'n me (dho mean I am indeed),
eſpair to' find, hwat I ſo graitly need!
My Fahdher and *my God!* dhy grace impart,
o raiz my ſoll, and purify my hart.
iſpel dhe darknes, dhat beclouds my ſight;
ve me from error, lead me into' light:

Dhat

Dhat light, hwich braiks times faſcinating charm;
A lamp to' guide ūs, and a ſhield to' arm;
A ſafe conductor thro' dhe wilds ov ſenſe,
Againſt temptacion a ſecure defence:
Dhat light, hwich in dhe ſacred pages ſhines;
Informs dhe mind, and all dhe man refines;
Guivs holy *Faith*, fair *Hope*, and boundles *Lov*;
Subdues dhe world, and plants our blis abov!
For oh! widhout dhy ſoll-enlight'ning aid,
Dhe ſollemn vows my hart haz newly made;
Dhe awfool charge I'v dar'd to' undertake,
Muſt make me trembel for my *all* at ſtake:
Dhis ſhal I forfeit, hwen I dhoze forſake!
But, if dhy ſpirrit dain my ſteps to' guide,
Unſhaken ſhal I evv'ry ſtorm abide:
No dainger ſhal diſmay, no ils defeat;
No frailties tempt me to' a baſe retreat;
But, ſpurning plezzure, and unaw'd by pain,
Widh perſeverance wil I pres, to' gain
A *faithfool* ſoldiers currage-purchas't prize:
My glorious *leaders* plaudit in dhe ſkies!

Such ar dhe thaughts, dhat, in my lab'ring bre
Dhe vows ov yeſterday hav deep impreſt.
Dhus warmly felt, ſincere, and void ov art,
Be evv'ry *future* bredhing ov my hart!
Nor, dho obtruſive, let my wel-ment ſtrain
Meet, vennerabel *Terric*, dhy diſdain.

)ho from a wild uncultivated muze,
'et dhy *paternal* ear wil not refuze
)he verſe, dhat aims widh piety to' find
)he gratefool tribbute ov an onneſt mind;
'wich envy's ſelf (if anny ſuch dhare be,
'oo can widh envious eyes look up to' dhee),
'uſt own dhe det ov *all* to' worth like dhine;
nd, if dhe det ov all, how truly mine!
ow dhee more dhan I hav words to' name.
ſilence dhen, my hart, indulge dhe flame;
he genrous flame, dhat grattitude inſpires,
all hoom vertue aws, and kindnes fires.

Coppy ov a letter, enclozing dhe abov-verſes.

My Lord,

All dhe excuſe I hav to' make for my prezump-
on, in prezenting to' yoor lordſhip dhe enclozed
ppy ov verſes, iz dhe dezire I had to' find ſom
cazion ov aſſuring yoo, dhat I hav a gratefool
ſe ov my obligacions to' yoor kindnes and benev-
lence; and I thaught I cood not find won more
pper dhan dhis, hwich I hav embraced.

Notthing at prezzent guivs me more plezzure,
n dhe conſcious ſincerity ov my wiſhes to' be
bled to' diſcharge dhe duties ov dhat profeſſion,
o' hwich I hav been iniſciated by yoor lordſhip,

in

in ſuch a manner az to' dezerv dhe onnor ov affi
ring yoo, dhat I am, widh true *fillial* reſpect an
eſteem,

My Lord,

yoor Lordſhips

moaſt obedient,

and verry gratefool umbel ſervan

JONNATHAN ODE

Weſtminſter, Jannuary 5th, 1767.

XV, * *To' my onnored* GODMODDHER.

DEAR maddam, yoo need not be told,
Dhat, hweddher dhey be yong or old;
Rich, poor; lame, lazy; ſic or wel;
(Since Addam, and hiz helpmate fel)
Mankind inceſſantly purſue
Dhe chace ov ſomthing ſtrainge or new.
Wood yoo awaken dheir attenſion?
Amuze dhem widh ſome rare invencion:
Prommiſe to' captivate dheir ears,
Widh muzic ov dhe rolling ſpheres;
Exhibbit to' dheir gazing eyes,
Dhe ocean ſpouting to' dhe ſkies;
Let dolphins quit dheir native ſeas,
And flounce aloft among dhe trees;

et lowing herds, and bleating ſheep,
or paſture, plunge into' dhe deep!
ſhort, turn nature topſy-turvy;
nd yoo may cure dhe ſpleen or ſcurvy:
o doctor can be diſconcerted,
oos pacients ar ſo wel diverted.
Since novvelty and wonder, dhen,
an dhus delight dhe ſons ov men;
h! hwat a plezzure muſt it be,
o' read a letter writ by me!
wood make yoo ſtare az much almoaſt,
z if yoo ſaw dhe *Coclane-goaſt*.
'Tiz not a quarter ov a year,
nce firſt I came, a ſtrainger here;
oo, all my life before, had been
ecluded from dhis bizzy ſcene;
ebarr'd all commerce widh mankind,
nd in a narrow cel confin'd;
ware nevver ſun or moon appear'd,
ware human accent nevver chear'd.
ut, dho 'tiz ſuch a littel hwile,
v had to' cultivate my ſtile;
et I wil venture to' defy
ach bizzy, ſcornfool crittics eye.
anny won deſpize my letter,
et him attempt to' write a better; †
r, if anoddher, widh ſurprize,
hood praiz my letter to' dhe ſkies;

Tel

Tel him, dhat he ſhal find my ſkil,
In oddher matters, graiter ſtil.
Untaught in languages, I ſpeak,
Itallian, Lattin, French, or Greek;
Az glibly az my moddher-tung;
And dhis, methinks, for won ſo yong;
For won, hoo nevver waz at ſcool;
May ſhow, at leaſt, dhat I'm no fool.
In arts and ſciences my knollege
Might ſhame dhe lads ov *Princetown*-college.
I can explain dhe globes and maps,
Az reddily az pin my caps.
Nay more: mecannics, hydroſtattics;
Aſtronnomy, and matthemattics;
Diſcovveries, by ſea and land;
I know dhem all: and underſtand
Dhe works ov *Newton*, *Boyl*, and *Loc*;
Az wel az how to' make a ſmoc,
Or fix a tucker to' my froc.
But, hwat iz more dhan all beſide,
I'v nedher vannity nor pride:
For, dho dhey praiz me evv'ry day,
Yet I regard not hwat dhey ſay;
At leaſt no fardher dhan to' ſhow,
Dhat I hav ſenſe enuf to' know
How much to' complaizance I ow.
And here, O let me not forguet
A far, far more endearing det!

trippel det, dear Maddam, due
To' yoor aſſociates, and to' yoo;
Dhe gardians ov my tender yóoth:
Nay, vouchers for my faith and truith!
Hoos prommiſe (no unhallow'd levven)
In my behalf, waz herd in hevven.
For dhis kind office, pleze to' take
Dhe beſt return dhat I can make.
May yoo, are long, rejoice to' ſee
Dhe plant yoo'v wautered, grown a tree;
Deep-rooted in a fertile ground,
And widh unfading onnors crown'd!
May yoor adopted from abov,
Inherrit yoor eternal lov!

MARY ODEL.

Burlington, Oct. 4, 1773.

* L. cxlvii.

† Like *Martialis* III. 13. ord. vulg. II. 8.

Iſta tamen mala ſunt: quaſi nos manifeſta negemus!
Hæc mala ſunt; ſed tu non meliora facis.

Yet ſad dhe ſtuf: alas! dhou ſay'ſt too true.
'Tiz verry ſad: dear reader, better doo.

xvi. * *March* 19th, 1778.

AMIDST dhe rage ov civvil ſtrife,
Dhe orphans cries, and widdows tears;
Dhis day, my rizing dawn ov life,
Haz mezzur'd five revolving years.

Un-

Unconſcious ov dhe howling ſtorm,
No ſigns ov ſhipwrec doo I ſee:
For, hwat, widh all its buſtling ſwarm,
Hwat iz dhe noizy world to' me?

My nedel and my book employ
Dhe bizzy moments ov dhe day;
And for dhe reſt, widh harmles joy,
I pas dhem in a round ov play.

And, dho, are long, my vacant hart
Muſt feel dhe bitter ſprings ov pain;
Yet I ſhal bravely bair my part,
Hwile truith and innocence remain.

MARY ODE

* L. ccxxvii.

III. *Widh* R. C. DALLAS * *Eſquire.* *Anſer t*
a coppy ov verſes † accompanying a dozzen ov tu

WELCOM ſweet ofspring ov a genial vein
Beyond dhe licquid fire ov luſcious cane
'Dhe genrous god, hoo wit and *reed* refines,
And ripens ſpirrits, az he ripens *vines*;'
Dhy tutelary god muſt doutles be,
And not dhe rozy ſon ov Semmele.

Dh

his may ſomtimes guiv cooler harts to' warm;
ut dhat alone bids grait idea's form;
nd ſo bids dhine, thrice-dear, ingennuous yooth,
oo ſeek'ſt dhy glory in corruptles truith!
cultivating frendſhip wel begun;
aſcertaining laurels dhou haſt won!
oo woo'ſt Aſtrea in a venal age,
nd, to' her lore, devot'ſt dhy vertuous rage!
oo, ov dhy moddhers ſons, dhe eldeſt hope;
vit'ſt dhem to' behold dhy arduous ſcope,
o' follow wizdom, hware ſhe points dhe way,
nd ply dhe path, dhat genius ſhal diſplay;
o' medditate dhe muze, to' win dhe grace,
hat beſt befits each perſon, and each place;
o' pleze dhe pow'r, hoo bleſſes vine and cane;
heds light and heat around, bids pece and plenty reign.

J. E.

Kenzington, March 14, 1775.

* L. crix. and dhe reſt. † Dhat unfortunately remain not.

IV. *Widh* JAMES * SAYER, *Eſquire, formu Pupil to'* J. E.

i. *On a* LADY'S *dropping a Curl at an Aſſembly.*

WIDH anxious breſt each blooming fair,
At plezzures welcom call,
Implores dhe Graces' frendly care,
To' dres her for dhe ball.

To' Faſcions ſhrine (among dhe reſt)
A lovly vot'ry came;
Dhe goddes nods to' her requeſt:
For wel ſhe knew dhe dame.

Dhen bids her ſylphs, widh eguer haſte,
To' STELLA'S toilet fly:
Lovs choiceſt guifts ſurround her waiſt,
Or ſparkel in her eye.

Won claims dhe taſk her breſt to' dec,
From Venus' fav'rite tree;
Dhis widh new charms adorns her nec,
Dhat ſwels dhe ſoft toopee.

Hwil'ſt on her curls, widh bizzy pride,
Anoddher plies hiz care;
A littel prying elf deſcri'd
A place dhat wanted hair.

)hen thro' dhe air, az quic az thaught,
Dhe urchin flew obſcure;
nd, widh unwearied pinnions, ſaught
Dhe queen ov lovs *friſeur*.

'o' him dhe Sylph, widh ſerious face,
A wel-fein'd tale relates;
nd begs he'd lead him to' dhe place,
Hware Venus kept her *têtes*.

he man obey'd: her Sunday-bloc
For Juno's rout waz dreſt.
he urchin ſpi'd a fav'rite loc,
And tore it from dhe reſt.

peerles loc: dhe ſame, I ween,
Dhat cauz'd Belinda's vow;
nce deſtin'd by dhe Cyprian queen,
To' wanton on her brow.

vain dhe haples artiſt raves,
Dhe Sylph deſcends in haſte;
nd, hware dhe lappet careles waves,
Dhe preſcious ringlet plac't.

us dect widh more dhan mortal charms,
Fair STELLA ſeeks dhe hall;
d, hwen dhe muzic ſounds to' arms,
Like *Hellen*, leads dhe ball.

Stil, az ſhe moovs, each native grace
Widh charms celeſtial vies:
Dhe curl, indignant, leves its place;
And to' dhe goddes cries.

Alas! no aid divine waz dhare,
No Sylph waz hovv'ring round:
Dhe envious loc, like oddher hair,
Fel hedlong to' dhe ground!

Each nymph, dhat ſaw dhe ſad miſchance,
Her plezzure cood not hide:
Soft hwiſpers ſtole adown dhe dance,
Ov STELLA's fallen pride!

Widh moddeſt ſweetnes bluſht dhe fair;
But ſoon her ſmiles rezumes;
Hwil'ſt evv'ry yooth confeſt, ſuch hair
Cood want no borrow'd plumes.

Dhe goddes herd, from Ida's hight,
Her radiant ringlet cry!
And ſent her dov, widh rappid flight,
To' waft it to' dhe ſky.

Yarmouth, Dec. 17, 1774.

* Tranſlator ov *Hor.* I. 12. p. 86.

i. *To' dhe Author ov dhe Verſes, dated* Yarmouth, Dec. 17, 1774, *on a Lady's dropping a Curl at an Aſſembly.*

GOODST think, my plezzure and my pride!
Dhe lays upon dhe loc to' hide?
Dhe ſelf-ſame meſſenger divine,
Hoo hwiſper'd dhee dhy evv'ry line;
Hoo ravviſht poor *Belinda's* loc,
And bade it next dhy *Stella* moc;
Flew hiddher, to' name dhee dhe thief:
Nay, me abettor ov dhe grief!
I ſoon my innocence declar'd;
Nor knew not, hoo dhe guilt had ſhar'd.
'Dhou, HERMES, dhou; not JEM or I;
Wing'd cap-a-pee widh fate to' fly,
Haſt don dhe deed dhou lay'ſt on us;
Az ſpeedily I ſhal diſcus.
Dhe blue-ey'd maid, not buty's Queen;
Deviz'd dhe dire intent, I ween;
And thrice employ'd dhee, ſpitefool elf!
Hoo thrice haſt ſtole dhe loc dhyſelf;
Hoo bad'ſt a minnion ov dhe ſky
Hang *Berenice's hair* on high;
Hoo gav'ſt dhe Barron next to' ſhoc
Belinda, hwen he nipt her loc;

‘ And, onneſt wonce at leaſt! coodſt call
‘ A Sylphid to' attend dhe ball;
‘ Nor onely to' attend; but ſeze,
‘ Hwatehr, widh forrain pow'r, cood pleze.
‘ So proov'd it dhare dhe Sylphids taſk,
‘ To' pool of buteous *Stella's* maſk.
‘ Down widh dhe maſk dhe ringlet fel,
‘ Hwich wood no more widh *Stella* dwel.
‘ Dhe ſuttel Sylph, widh *Stella's* ſhame,
‘ Swift hi'd him to' dhe Paphian dame.
‘ Take dhat iz dhine, grait Queen! he cries;
‘ And truſt dhy own, not *Stella's* eyes.
‘ But tel dhy ſon, dhe hart muſt bleed;
‘ Dhat ſtole a grace, it cood not need.
‘ Nor think, frend *Hermes*, I'v forgot
‘ Hwat dhy malignity cood plot,
‘ Hwen erſt dhou bad'ſt my infant-*Jem*
‘ All oddher pow'r dhan dhine contemn;
‘ Hwen, in dhe cool ov *Kenna's* ſhade,
‘ Dhe urchin own'd no oddher aid
‘ Dhan dhine, dhou dellegate ov Gods,
‘ Az *Phebus*, or az *Pallas* nods;
‘ Hoo mad'ſt him quaf Caſtalia's ſpring,
‘ Dhen ſoar on Peggazean wing;
‘ How dhou inſpir'dſt hiz madgic hed,
‘ To' call up *Horrace* from dhe ded!
‘ How dhou coodſt ſate hiz each dezire,
‘ And fil hiz ſoll widh *Homers* fire!

‘ Ho

How ſoon dhou ſent'ſt him at dhe locs,
Az if dhou'dſt ope *Pandora's* box!
Az if, t'avenge poor *Samſons* ſevven,
Dhou flew'ſt dhe eglet up to' hevven!
To' bring dhence *Berenice's* treſſes;
Dhe charm, dhat moddern buty bleſſes!
No wonder, if *Belinda* rav'd,
Hwen reft, az dho ſhe had been ſhav'd;
Nor drempt ov dhat ſublime ſupply,
Dhat dares widh natures ſelf to' vy!
No wonder, if bright *Stella* moarn,
Ov her ſweet ringlet ſo forlor'n!
Yet 'tiz ſom ſollace to' dhe toaſt,
Dhat hevven reclaims dhe erthly boaſt.
To' hav aguen ſuch onnors ſhown,
Dhe genrous fair wood crop her own.'
Sly *Hermes* ſmil'd, and wingu'd hiz way:
Wel *Jem*, may'ſt dhou confes hiz ſway;
Nor bluſh at ſuch felonious arts,
Az guiv dhee e'n to' ravviſh harts. J. E.

Kenzington, Dec. 13, 1775.

iii. Anser.

PROUD ov dhe meed, dhy frendly lays beſtow;
I pour dhe thanks, a poet cannot ow:
Not les ſincere, dhan hwen dhe yoothfool bays,
Caught for no guerdon, but hiz maſters praiz;

Az in dhe cool ov *Kenna's* ſweet reces,
He hail'd dhe muzes in a claſſic dres;
Hwat time *Pedia* on hiz efforts ſmil'd,
And dhe ſage *Jonſon* * not condemn'd dhe child.
Dho diff'rent † labors now employ hiz mind;
He caſts a longuing, lingu'ring look behind;
And, hwen dhe God vouchſafes a frendly ray,
Dhe riming truant throws hiz taſk away;
Widh wonted plezzure graſps dhe fleeting gleam;
Soars nobler hights, and *Stella* iz hiz theme.
Long haz dhe fair forgot her los to' moarn;
And long her haples poet been forlor'n.
To' new delights boath loc and bard gave way:
Alike dhey reign'd dhe fav'rites ov a day.
Stil may dhe loc be bleſt widh ſmiles divine!
Dhe bard iz happier, if he merrit dhine. J. S.

Yarmouth, Dec. 31, 1775.

* Hoo, from dhe verſion ov *Hor.* I. 12. wel augured hwat dhe verſifier wood be.

† Dhe practice ov dhe law.

iv. Reply.

HWILE yet I loiter'd to' confes my lov,
Dhy *Marſial* dain'd to' greet me from abov:
'We bards, dhou know'ſt, enjoy dhe ſeccond ſight;
'Did I not, ages ſince, dhy anſer write?

O mihi

O mihi curarum pretium non vile mearum,
Flacce, Antenorei ſpes et alumne Laris!
Pierios differ cantuſque choroſque ſororum:
AEs dabit ex iſtis nulla puella tibi.
Quid petis à Phoebo? Nummos habet arca Minervae:
Haec ſapit; *haec omnes foenerat una Deos.*
Quid poſſent hederae Bacchi dare? Palladis arbor
Inclinat varias pondere nigra comas.
Praeter aquas Helicon, et ſerta lyraſque Deorum,
Nil habet; et magnum, ſed perinane SOPHOS!
Quid tibi cum Cirrha? quid cum Permeſſidos unda?
Romanum propius divitiuſque forum eſt.
Illic aera ſonant: at, circum pulpita noſtra
Et ſteriles cathedras, baſia ſola crepant.

Since rendered dhus by dhe Replier:

Crown ov my care, and ſoarce ov my renown!
Sweet hope and nurſeling ov Antenors town!
Fly, fly dhe ſongs and dances ov dhe nine:
Not won ov dhem wil fil a purſe ov dhine.
Hwat aſk ov *Phebus? Pallas* haz dhe pence:
She beggars evv'ry god ov evv'ry ſenſe.
Hwat'z *Baccus'* ivy to' her ſabel tree?
Hwich waves widh ſollid weight its hed to' dhee.
Beſide hiz ſtreams, hiz garlands, lyres, and lays;
Hwat boaſts dhy *Hellicon*? An Ecco's praiz!

Widh Cirra hwy, or widh Permeſſis fool'd;
Hwen dhe fool Forum flows widh tink'ling goold?
Dhare clients glad dhe pow'rs dhat dhey employ;
But here dhe few, dhat gall not, guiv dhee—*Joy!*

Yet think not, JEM, dhy genius quite iz croſt,
Or dhat in legal wizdom wit iz loſt.
Widhout dhe Muze a *Mansfield* nehr had been:
Minerva ſtil iz widh *Aſtrea* ſeen.
Widh worſhip joint, ſee kindred wits procede;
And follow fervent, hware dhoze ſiſters lead.
Dhe *man ov feeling* * iz a man ov law:
Ingenious *Jones* † hears *Themis'* heſts widh aw.
Fir'd by dhe Muze, dhey boath for Juſtice burn;
And boath from Juſtice to' dhe Muze return.
Alternate blis! in boath dhey bles mankind;
And, in relief, dhey fame and fortune find.
To' rival ſuch, be ſtil dhy glorious aim;
To' feed dhe pubblic and dhe private flame.
Crown'd iz dhe Muze, hoo firſt cood cultur
dhine!
Dhat, in her turn, can dhus rekindel mine. J. E.

Kenzington, March 5, 1776.

* L. lxxxvi. † L. clxxxix.

v. JAMES SAYER, *Eſquire, Yarmouth.*

DOST know, my dear az duteous elf,
Dhat more dhan I, my better ſelf,
Haz, a fool cirkel ov dhe ſun,
Languiſht to' lern how JEM haz don;
How good mammah, and oddhers fare,
We onnor at dhe mouth ov Yare?
Our Kenna owns but littel chainge,
Dho down dhe ſtream ov time ſhe rainge.
She douts not but dhe mandates went,
Dhat, az a *plan*, Pedia ſent;
A finniſhing, not finniſht, *plan*,
Hwich round dhe poles laſt autumn ran.
Her MARSIAL, proud dhou took'ſt dhe hint,
Now means to' vizzit dhee in print;
In dubbel carracter and tung,
Az hoping to' be ſaid and ſung.
If dhoze he onnors, onnor him;
In moddern, az in aincient, trim;
My JEM haz but to' ſend dhe names,
To' hiz unceſing ſervant JAMES.

Kenzington, April 8, 1777.

V. *Widh Mrs.* MARTHA WAY.

i. *To' Mrs.* HALL. *

Dear Maddam, *Oct.* 13, 1781.

HAVING been for a long time too il to' do aught wel now, I muſt borrow from myſelf and widh grait propriety addres to' yoo ſom rimes addreſſed years ago to' anoddher much lovved Ladi

Hwen to' yoo I addres,
I wood gladly expres
Dhe reſpectfool acnollegements due;
But cannot ſuit my mind,
Widh words choice and refin'd,
Like dhe favors experienc't from yoo.

If ov thanks fifty ſcore,
I return yoo, or more;
I, alas! ſhal defective remain.
Hwen my hart iz too fool,
I muſt oft appear cool,
From dhat grattitude words won't explain.

Pardon: verſe too ſublime
I attempt not; 'tiz rime
I wood guiv in exchainge for hwat'z better.

Or, in proze hwen I write;
Stil 'tiz but to' invite,
Or guiv thanks for, a more vallu'd letter.

MARTHA WAY.

* L. ccxcv. and fol.

ii. *To' Mrs.* MARTHA WAY.

A Spirrit, Maddam, littel known,
Can les its jellouſy diſown;
Dhat yoors ſhood into' raptures fall,
Ov pureſt lov for ANNA HALL:
Joo guivs her evv'ry frend to' know,
Iwat life enjoys ov balm below;
Yet nehr waz tun'd by ſuch a lay,
Az pours dhe Soll ov MARTHA WAY.

Oct. 17, 1781.

iii. *To'* J. E.

NOM lines receiv'd, replete widh ſenſe;
D To' gues from hoom, ſure no offence.
Tiz more dhan gues: I think I know it,
Dhat Mr. *Elphinſton'z* dhe poet.
Jo' hoom dhe Writer here prezents
Reſpectfool thanks and compliments;
Widh wiſh, each kindeſt wiſh abov,
Dhe blis ſupreme ov pece and lov.

Oct. 18, 1781.

iv. *To' Mrs.* MARTHA WAY.

UNnumber'd ages hav Itallian ſwains
Caught mutual ardor, from alternate ſtrains.
Yet ſeldom did dhe ſexes dare to' vy:
Won waz too wize, too moddeſt won to' try.
Our *Allexander* * wel dhe bondage broke;
And freed a world, beneadh a female yoke.
Had not hiz flame grown lambent from dhe fair,
Dhe Brittiſh bard wer ſtil a Brittiſh beir.
Not *Wortleys* wit expands hiz ampel wing:
A Muze more potent guivs dhe Swan to' ſing;
And hwat, not † *Mary*, *Martha* ‡ bade him ‖ be;
A mightier *Martha* almoaſt makes J. E.

Nov. 10, 1781.

* *Pope.*

† Lady *Mary-Wortley Montagu.*

‡ Mrs. *Martha Blunt.*

‖ Dhe genial god, hoo wit and goold refines;
And ripens ſpirrits, az he ripens mines;
Left dros to' dutcheſſes, dhe world ſhal know it:
To' yoo gave ſenſe, good umor, and a Poet.
A. P. to' Mrs. *Martha Blunt.*

v. *To'* J. E.

Nov. 12, 1781.

SIR,

AFTER returning thanks for dhe favor ov yoor unmerrited civillity to' me; I muſt beg leve o' acquaint yoo, dhat I doo not prezume to' addres imes to' gentelmen; dho formerly, in dhe days ov ooth and gaiety, I ſomtimes, according to' dhe ifte ov dhe company, in ours ov lively fredom, xpreſt my own thaughts in rime; til, after better nollege, I had informed myſelf, dhat *rime* iz not *erſe*. For manny years paſt, my ſmall powers ov lezing (if evver I had anny) ar much leſſened, om pains, ſorrows and affliccions——. I hav conquently littel vacancy for refined amuzements: Yet ſtil, az yoo ar an ingenious gentelman, I'l guiv oo dhe ſame apollogy in rime, dhat I addreſt ſom me ago to' an intimate acquaintance, az excuſe for ant ov hwat iz termed *news*, in my letter.

ategu'd widh pain, and ſeldom ezy,
m wanting in dhoze guifts to' pleze ye.
oo much oppreſt widh evil things,
littel know ov coarts or kings;
r news ov opp'ra's, balls, or plays;
r cherfool nights, or joyous days.

And

And loſt to' me dhat feaſt ov mind,
Dhe converſe ov dhe more refin'd;
Obleg'd to' guiv up Plezzures ſkemes:
For I, alas! hav proov'd dhem dreams.
Now, all my time and thaughts ar ſpent,
Care to' avoid, and find content.
Grief ſtagnates ſenſe; hwile joy, content, and eze
Expand dhe hart, and guiv dhoze guifts dhat pleze.

I am, Sir,

Yoor obleged umbel ſervant,

M. Way.

vi. *To' Mrs.* Martha Way.

MADDAM, from hwat purer ſoarce,
Can yoor Muze explore her coarſe,
Dhan ſhe finds at home?
Hwen dhe virgin-bee haz ſtor'd,
Hwat dhe flow'rs and fruits affoard,
Can ſhe wiſh to' roam?

To' dhe worſt ov ils below,
Remmedies perennial flow;
Stil, az needed, near.
If, beſet widh human ails,
Evv'ry erthly organ fails;
Frendſhips voice we hear:

Voice,

Voice, bleſt harbinger ov Pece!
Widh her each benign encreſe,
'Til ſublim'd in Lov.
Fond, we feel our labors o'r;
And ſalute dhe parting ſhore,
To' enjoy abov. J. E.

Nov. 14, 1781.

vii. *To'* J. E.

Nov. 18, 1781.

SIR,

MANNY thanks from my hart,
For yoor verſes ſo ſmart;
And, hwat'z better, ſo morrally good.
I wood fain coart dhe Nine,
To' aſſiſt me in mine;
Dhat my meaning may be underſtood.

Hwich iz to' guiv yoo
Acnollegements due,
For yoor favors ſo kind and polite:
Hware dhe Graces combine,
To' embelliſh each line;
Bidding Genius and Goodnes unite.

But * verſe too ſublime
I attempt not: 'tiz rime,
Dhat I ſend in return for hwat'z better:

Or,

Or, in proze if I write,
Stil 'tiz but to' invite,
Or guiv thanks for, a more vallu'd letter.

* Dhe laſt ſtanza iz not new; but it expreſſes my ſenſe. I dh
fore take dhe libberty to' borrow from myſelf.

M. W

viii. *To' Mrs.* MARTHA WAY.

COART not, Maddam, dhe Nine:
Dhe ſweet Siſters divine
Beam dheir ardor to' wait upon yoo.
Hware dhey fann'd dhe firſt fire,
Dhey attend each dezire,
Evver erlier occurrent to' woo.

Dhe high praizes yoo pay,
Wer all ern'd by yoor lay;
Dhat illumines ſo potent and kind:
To' Apollo unknown;
And to' Pallas, a ſtone;
Muſt he be, hoo remains unrefin'd.

Nevver can I be dul,
Hwen ſuch onnors I cul;
From dhe wreath, dhat encirkels yoor brow.
Widhout Muze, hwat wer Man?
Hwat on erth cood he ſcan,
Dhat an antepaſt he cood avow?

Dec. 1, 1781. J. B

ix. *To'* J. E.

SIR, yoor favors refin'd
Ar a feaſt to' dhe mind;
ut to' anſer dhem iz not quite ezy.
I may read and admire;
But fool vain dhe dezire,
o' addres a few lines, hwich may pleze ye.

I am graitly obleged for dhe undezerved onnors
o hav don me. But, alas! hwatevver perfor-
ances in days ov eze and gaiety, I might ſomtimes,
' dhe parſiallity ov frends, better hit of; hwen dhe
ind or hart iz engaged in ſcenes ov affliccion; it
z not onely painfoolly affect us, but chains down
e mind or powers to' dhoze reflexions, hwich at
e ſame time prohibbit dhe lighter or more refin'd
ntemplacions. Yet, az yoo ar a poet, I'l guiv
o a littel truith in rime, and depend on yoor gen-
roſſity for excuſe.

my yooth, a long-paſt time;
rue, I ſomtimes wrote in rime.
ow I nedher rime nor rezon,
ooving truith too often trezon.
ezzures goddes, frank and free,
are haz dain'd to' vizzit me:
ut dhe proſp'rous, yong and gay,
ying ſtil widh ſuch to' ſtray;

Shuns

Shuns dhe wretched, and attends
Dhoze alone dhe world befrends.
Griefs hav claim'd a dubbel ſhare,
Puzling Pacience, how to' bair.
Vertue-trying ils ov life;
Diſappointment, care and ſtrife;
Evils ſmall, dho grait to' me,
Clear'd my eyes: for *now* I ſee,
Dhat dh' ideal charming ſkemes,
All wer vizzionary dreams.
Romantic Hope! a fantom dhis,
Hwich ment to' graſp at perfet Blis.
She'z not on erth; but fixt abov,
Hware all (we truſt) iz Pece and Lov:
And to' be lovv'd, and void ov fear,
Ov Hevven iz all our foretaſte here.

Dec. 10, 1781. M. W.

x. *To' Mrs.* Martha Way.

TRUE, Maddam: to' be lovv'd, and void ov fear
Muſt conſtitute mankinds terreſtrial ſcope;
Yet dhoze joint balmers ov dhe prezzent ſphere,
But bild dhe peddeſtal ov future Hope.

Hwat wer a Serraphs flame for won ſhort our?
Or hwat an ages ſcorn ov evv'ry foe?
Did not dhat flame to' endles ardor tow'r,
And Truith commence, hwen emblems ceſe to
glow?

wat joys doz each ſurmounted woe explore!
Hwat nearer ſollace ſteals upon dhe mind!
wat growth ov blis we bair dhe bleſt before,
Hwen ſoon dhey hail us, no more left behind!

thor ov life and lov! on dhee we reſt;
Aſſur'd dhe ſolls, dhat here hav lernt to' lov,
al, by dhy ſmile, in rich rejunccion bleſt,
Find all dheir joys conſummated abov!

Dec. 13, 1781. J. E.

xi. *To'* J. E.

Sir,

OR all dhe kind favors, on me yoo'v beſtow'd;
Accept, I entreat yoo, dhe thanks I long ow'd:
idh wiſhes dhat yoo may for evver enjoy,
lth, Pece and Content; dhree, dhat nevver can cloy.

Jan. 1, 1782. M. W.

xii. *To' Mrs.* MARTHA WAY.

OR dhe rare combinacion, yoo, Maddam, prezent;
all groops dhe benigneſt, Helth, Pece and Content;
w can I offer aught bredhing equal return?
y but Lov, Hope, and Joy, guiv yoor buzzom to' burn!

J. E.

Jan, 1, 1782. VI.

VI. *Widh* M. C. S. F. *and her Frends.*

i. Contract ov Marridge.

DHO ſuch az wed widh ſordid aims,
By lovles Law muſt clench dheir claims;
Contraſted proovs our plan ov life:
Dhe ty, dhat binds us Man and Wife.
Pure Lov haz foarg'd our charming chains,
Dhare loct, hware Lov eternal reigns!
No venal pen our nupcials need:
We can ourſelvs engroce dhe deed.
All mine iz yoors, all yoors iz mine:
Dhe bond ov *James* and *Clemmentine.*
Dhe bond ov *Clemmentine* and *James*;
Dhus ſeal'd, and ſign'd widh mutual names.

[Hiz Seal.] James Elphinston.
[Hers.] Clementina Gordon

At Scotia's Cappital ſerene
Hwen April counted ſuns ſeventeen *(Old Stile)*
On our bleſt Hymens eve 'tiz don,
In ſevventeen-hundred-fifty-won.

Dhis Contract ſerved, foar and dhirty years afte
widh *Mary-Clementina-Sharlot-Falconar*, dhe pla
and date varied dhus:

Albions far-fam'd Citty-Queen,
eptember hailing ſuns nineteen;
y Lov dhe torch made all alive,
ear ſevventeen-hundred-eighty-five
nnounc't dhe hallow'd Contract don,
AMES-MARY-CLEMMENT-SHARLOT won!
n dhe glad octave ov dhe feaſt,
or ov meek Micaels term dhe leaſt;
iz Aingels crown'd dhe ſpotles Lov,
hat can but ſublimate abov.

elivver'd, ſign'd and ſeal'd widh pith,
here atteſt it, *William Smith* *:
hat notthing dhis good deed may mar,
dhus atteſt it, *Jon Dunbar.* *

* Boath Clergimen.

ii. *On dhe Marridge ov Mrs.* ELPHINSTON.

by Mis REBECCA CARMICHAEL, *a yong Lady ov Eddinburrough.*

METhinks I hear each ſighing yooth exclaim;
Haz lovly SHARLOT dhus exchaing'd her name?
Tiz true, dhe flatt'ring croud wil take offence;
ecauz ſhe left dhem, for a man ov ſenſe.
) happy ELPHINSTON! hoo wel may'ſt boaſt
her dhe Comforter, hoo comforts moaſt:

So

So ſweet a temper, widh ſuch ſtrength ov mind!
So ſoft a hart, to' human woe ſo kind!
Such matchles vertue ſhines thro' all her life:
Moaſt duteous daughter, and moaſt tender wife!
Hail, happy Pair! hoos equal merrit draws
Dhe ſmile ov Hevv'n, and Erth's combin'd applau

iii. *On dhe birth-day ov Mrs.* ELPHINSTON, *Aug.* 4, 1786.

COM, hail dhis day, propiſcious Muze,
On hwich fair ELPHINSTON waz born
No dame ſuperior canſt dhou chooz,
To' cellebrate her natal morn.
If vertue, ſenſe and meeknes dhou eſteem,
No purer parragon can form dhy dheme.

In dheze degenrate, pitteous days,
Hwich vainly ſanctify dhe fool;
Hoo finds her blis in balls and plays,
Routs, opp'raes, gaming, riddicule;
On no ſuch object, ſhe her time employs:
From cares domeſtic ſhe derives her joys.

How far 'tiz happier to' refuze
Dhoze noxious joys, dhoze plezzures vain,
Hwich, ſeldom ſeen, can ſcarce amuze;
Repeated, ſicknes bring and pain!
She holds amuzements, dhoze dhe mind dhat eze:
For ſuch alone can, on reflexion, pleze.

No pompous, taudry, tinſel-dres,
Belies dhis moddeſt Lady's mien;
Her pure ſimplifcities expres
A taſte refin'd, az perſon clean.
o' pleze her lord, iz her ſupreme delight;
z hiz, her lov widh rapture to' requite.

Grait iz her nollege, lerning grait,
Hwich wizely ſhe each day improovs:
Exampels ſuch to' emmulate,
Yoo, marri'd Fair, it much behoovs.
dhoze bleſt means, yoor comforts ye enſure,
vence buty, lov, and life alone endure.

To' her dhis genial morn revolv,
Thro' manny a helthfool, happy year;
And hwen frail nature muſt diſſolv,
Tranſpoart her, Aingels, void ov fear,
o' dhe land ov lov, and blis, and life,
vare dwel dhe Huzband kind, and duteous Wife!

JON SIMPSON.

iv. JON SIMPSON, A. M.

NEXT Weddenſday, our Frend at three
Wil chear my Better-Self and me.
ſhal we joy, az he ſhal pray,
cellebrate hiz Natal-Day:
nevver can hiz Frends expres,
all dhey ow to' dheir J. S.

Dhe

Dhe lofty lay we jointly tune,
From Number Won, ov *Mary Boon;*
Nor dain we proze widh verſe to' mix,
December foarth ov Eighty-ſix.

v. Jon * Simpson, A. M.

MY faithfool, unchaingeabel Frend,
On hoom happy Hope may depend!
Next Thurſday (dhe ſixth) about three,
We foretaſte a vizzit ov dhee.
My *Mary*, hoo hates all diſputes,
Stil vies hoo more kindly ſalutes.
Yet naught need be fear'd from our flames:
Dhou know'ſt dhy own *Sharlot* and *James*.

In Caſtalian Colebrook-row,
Hware benignant wauters flow;
On Decembers foarth fine morn,
Eighty-ſevv'n dhe Savior born.

* L. cclx, cccii. and dhe reſt.

To' Mrs. ELPHINSTON, *widh a bark-pocketbook.*

WIL Yoo, in Albions polliſht Ile,
Hware Arts and Ellegance abound;
ain on dhe firſt Eſſay to' ſmile
Ov won, hoom wildeſt woods ſurround?

ew cultur'd ſcenes attract dhe vew;
Yet native buties ſtrike dhe eye,
wen we dhe Sinjons * coarſe purſue,
Its forreſts rizing to' dhe ſky.

ature her wildeſt face diſplays;
And, dho dhe ſmaller buties rize,
er grander objects fix dhe gaze,
And fil dhe mind widh vaſt ſurprize.

he tow'ring evver-green, widh pride
Securely braves dhe wint'ry ſtorm;
az raging tempeſts oft defi'd,
Thro' native ſtrength, in evv'ry form.

ur buteous lakes, extending wide,
Attract dhe wily ſpoartſmans eye:
or dhare dhe finny race abide,
Til lur'd by dhe deceitfool fly.

Dhe winding rivvers ſweetly flow,
And fertilize dhe lowly vale,
O'rſpred widh Natures ritcheſt glow:
Balſammic fragrance ſents dhe gale.

Our loyal ſons to' Brittain true,
Dhe toils ov war and battel o'r,
Dhe calm delights ov life purſue;
And ſmiling Pece ſurrounds our ſhore.

Dho new to' Cultures hand dhe ſoil,
Dhe erth replete widh fruit and flow'r,
Shal amply pay dhe Lab'rers toil,
And all dhe ſweets ov plenty pour.

A littel wilding guift I ſend,
A native birch dhe bark beſtows:
I dare dhe off'ring to' a frend,
For hoom my hart widh fondnes glows.

Aſſur'd Parſiallity wil rize,
To' hide dhe manny fauts ſhe'l ſee;
And bid her ſtil dhe baubel prize,
Becauz 'twaz wraught and ſent by me:

SUSANNA † MACKINTOSH.

Saint-Jon, New Brunſwic, Sept. 5, 1788.

* Dhe principal rivver, navvigabel abov 70 miles; and waſhing N Brunſwics cappital ov dhe ſame name.

† Aged 16.

iii. *To' Mis* SUSANNA MACKINTOSH: *Citty St. Jons, New Brunſwic.*

ONG may SUSANNA grace *Acadia's* plain,
Hware Nature bland, and bleſt Improovment reign!
ware *Mars* no more imbrues dh'enſanguin'd field;
ut bids hiz horrent hoaſt to' *Pallas* yield.
o wond'rous * reed, explor'd from *Egypts* fen;
o tortur'd † rags attract dhe virgin-pen.
barren trees fine film dhe Muze invites:
inerva dictates, and *Suſanna* writes.
For each Palladian boon, but moaſt dhe lay!
wat thanks condign ſhal *Clementina* pay?
on welcom Strainger late on Brittain ſmil'd;
ut haſtes to' hail her fair *Atlantic* child,
adia; hoom *Britannia* boaſts her own!
ail, growing Boolwark ov dhe Brittiſh Throne!
ROPRIETY (dhe gracefool ſtraingers name)
om *Grece*, thro' *Italy* and *Gallia*, came.
v Speech dhe hevv'nly, aſcertaining Queen!
mboddied Rezon wants but to' be ſeen.
om Rezons lips, harmonious accents flew;
wich to' dhe life a fam'd Enchantres drew,
clept ORTHOGGRAPHY; hoo, to' dhe eye,
eſh from dhe ear, bids wond'ring Rezon fly!
OPRIETY, confeſt, may twice aſtound:
e ſound in ſymbol, and hear ſymbol ſound!

May She, widh all propiſcious from abov,
Attend her Painters and hiz Partners lov;
Widh evv'ry joy to' hoo her precepts cons;
From old *Saint Pauls*, to' infantine *St. Jons!*

JAMES and CLEMENTINA ELPHINSTON.

Izlington, March 2, 1789.

* Dhe *papyrus* or paper-reed. † In dhe paper-mil.

PART

PART III.

POETTIC VERSIONS,

(hware not oddherwize marked)

By J. E.

I. *De* Scriptura Sacra.

LUX mentis, paſtus cordis, portabile coelum!
Immenſum in parvo, pagina foeta Deo!
Ne mihi Pierias vates nunc praedicet undas:
Dulciùs è vitae fonte bibuntur aquae.

Supplicatio.

Da mihi, Domine, ut, ſpretis his aſpectabilibus et terrenis, coeleſte illud et inaſpectabile ſuſpirem; cujus rex Deus, cujus lex caritas, cujus modus aeternitas. Haec peto per et propter Jeſum Chriſtum, Dominum et Salvatorem meum. Amen.

Boath by dhe late Sir *Phillip Meddows*, K. M. an
communicated (at Brompton, Middleſex) to' J. E
by dhat highly vennerabel Gentelman, hwen ſevver
years beyond dhe ninetieth ov hiz age.

On Holy Scripture.

LIGHT ov dhe mind, and paſture ov dhe ſoll,
O! be dhou ſtil my pillar and my pole!
Dhee, Hevven on erth, O! let me ſtil convey:
Be dhou dhe kind compannion ov my way!
Immenſe, yet graſpabel! my ſtaf and rod!
O! guide and gard me, Vollume big widh God!
No bardling boaſt me dhe Pierian ſpring,
Or mount each Muze on Peggazean wing:
Hwat depth or hight, can man pretend below?
From Lifes own Fountain, livving wauters flow.

Dhe Prayer.

VOuchſafe, O Lord, dhat I, deſpizing things
dhat ar ſeen and erthly, may pant after dhat
hevvenly and (to' mortal eyes) invizzibel ſtate, ov
hwich dhe king iz God, dhe law iz Lov, and dhe
bound Eternity. Dhis I beg by and thro' Jeſus
Chriſt, our Lord and Savior. *Amen!*

II. *De Redemptore.*

PRO ſervis dominus moritur, pro ſontibus inſons;
Pro aegroto medicus, pro grege paſtor obit.
Pro populo rex mactatur, pro milite ductor;
Pro opere ipſe opifex, pro homine ipſe DEUS!
Quid ſervus, ſons, aegrotus; quid grex populuſque;
Quid miles, quid opus, quid homo ſolvet? Amet.

Auct. anon.

On dhe REDEEMER.

FOR meaneſt menials, ah! dheir maſter dies:
For guilty mortals, lo! dhe guiltles lies!
Dhe doctor, for dhe pacients, dains to' bleed;
And dhe fond feeder for dhe flecy breed.
Now, for dhe pepel, iz dhe ſovv'rain ſlain;
Now, for hiz hoaſt, dhe chief imbrues dhe plain.
Dh'unerring Artiſt, for hiz Work, atones;
For man unmann'd, dhe kind Creator groans!
Hwat ſhal dhe ſlave, dhe culprit, ſicling pay;
Dhe floc, dhe nacions, army in array?
Hwat all dhen, for dhe boon, all praiz abov?
Dhe hoal ſhal all contribbute: all ſhal LOV!

III. *Sonnet, par Monſieur* MUREAU.

QUAND le Seigneur ſouffrait pour tout le genre humain,
La mort, en l'abordant au fort de ſon ſupplice,
Parut toute interdite, et retira ſa main ;
N'oſant pas, ſur ſon maître, exercer ſon office.

Mais JESUS, en baiſſant la tête ſur ſon ſein,
Fit ſigne à l'implacable et ſourde exécutrice,
De n'avoir point d'égard aux droits du ſouverain ;
Et d'achever, ſans peur, ſon ſanglant ſacrifice.

La barbare obéit : et ce coup ſans pareil
Fit trembler la nature, et pâlir le ſoleil ;
Comme ſi de ſa fin le monde eût été proche.
Tout pâlit, tout s'émut, ſur la terre, et dans l'air ;
Excepté le pécheur, qui prit un coeur de roche,
Quand les rochers ſemblaient en avoir un de chair.

From dhe French : a ſonnet.

HWEN dhe Redeemer bled for human-kind,
Dhe grizly monnark ſtopt, az at a ſtand :
Down dropt hiz dart, and all hiz pow'r rezign'd ;
Nor dar'd, upon hiz Lord, to' lay hiz hand.

But JESUS, unappall'd, hiz hed inclin'd;
To' dhe def ravvager, dhe dred command
To' ſhoot; nor, e'n dhe Lord ov life, to' mind;
And crown dhe ſaccrifice, himſelf had plann'd.

Dhe Terror ſent a ſhaft, nor knew to' fail;
All Nature ſhudder'd, and dhe Sun grew pale:
Behold dhe World her end approaching own!
Relenting all on erth, in air, or main;
Except dhe human hart, hwich turns to' ſtone,
Hwen dhe rocs ſeem a human hart to' gain!

IV. *Sous un* CRUCIFIX: *ſonnet.*

COntemple ici, chrétien, l'auteur de la nature;
Qui, pour la rétablir, ſouffre tant de mépris!
Et, joignant tes reſpects, à ceux de ces eſprits,
Penſe du monde entier à réparer l'injure.

Sur ce trône ſanglant, c'eſt pour nous qu'il endure
Les outrages cruels, dont le ciel eſt ſurpris;
Et c'eſt pour ton ſalut, dont ſa vie eſt le prix,
Qu'il te montre des cieux, celle qu'il nous aſſure.

Comme c'eſt par lui ſeul que regnent tous les rois,
Leurs ſceptres doivent faire un trophée à ſa croix;
Il faut mettre à ſes pieds la plus riche couronne.
Enfin, c'eſt de lui ſeul, que dépend nôtre ſort:
Rendons lui, par nos ſoins, la gloire qu'il nous donne.
Ne vivons que pour lui: c'eſt pour nous qu'il eſt mort.

Tranſlacion ov IV.

Under a CRUCIFIX: *a ſonnet.*

SEE natures Author, to' dhe rac rezign'd;
Hoo, to' reſtore her, ſuffers ſuch diſdain!
And, joining revv'rent, widh dh' angellic train,
Try to' efface dhe guilt, ov hainous humankind.

For dhee he brooks, on yonder bluddy throne,
Hwat torments erth and hel, combin'd, devize!
Dhy life abov, he points dhe glorious prize;
For hwich dhy Savior, here, ſo lavviſhes hiz own!

By Him alone terreſtrial monnarks reign:
Let ſcepters on dhe cros retriev dheir ſtate.
Crowns, at hiz feet, ſuperior luſter gain,
On Hoom alone depends dhe human fate.
Be duteous grattitude our umbel pride;
And liv we but for Him, Hoo but for us haz di'd!

Kenzington, April 7, 1774.

V. DHE CHRISTIAN CREED:

From dhe French.

DHEE, Sire ov all, let all adore,
Hoo hevv'n and erth haſt made;
By Him, hoo cood alone reſtore
Dhy prodgeny decay'd.

Incarnate

ncarnate Him dhy pow'r cood form,
Widhin a Virgins woomb;
nd bid Him dhence defy each ſtorm,
Nay, meet a Pilates doom.

e ſanctifi'd dhe ſhades below,
And roze dhe trinal day;
ictorious over evv'ry foe,
And ſhowing frends dheir way.

Vonce more he ſhal from hevv'n deſcend,
Supernal Judge ov all;
wen Time and Deth ſhal know dheir end,
And fire conſume dhe ball.

hou, Holy Spirrit, art my truſt;
Among dhy ſaints I'l liv:
hy lov ſhal reunite dhe juſt,
Dhe pennitent forguiv.

ur Harbinger dhe faith ſupplies,
Ov reſtoracion hoal:
ur frame refin'd, like Hiz, ſhal rize;
And join dh'undying ſoll.

Sept. 29, 1778.

VI. *Par Monſieur Mureau :* ſonge.

JE ſongeais cette nuit, que, de mal conſumé,
Côte à côte d'un pauvre, on m'avait inhumé;
Que n'en pouvant ſouffrir le puant voiſinage,
En mort de qualité, je lui tins ce langage :
Retire-toi, coquin, vas pourrir loin d'ici !
Il ne t'appartient pas de m'approcher ainſi.
Coquin ! ce me dit-il, d'une arrogance extreme,
Va chercher tes coquins ailleurs, coquin toi-même !
Ici tous ſont égaux : je ne te dois plus rien.
Je ſuis ſur mon fumier, comme toi ſur le tien.

From dhe French : a dream.

METHAUGHT laſt night, dhat, wor'n wid mortal woe,
In erth, faſt by a beggar, I lay low.
Unabel to' endure dhe noiſom chum,
I ſpurn'd him, like a lord, widh vizzage glum.
Avant, vile ſcoundrel ! at dhy diſtance rot :
Me to' approach, hwat boldnes haſt dhou got !
Scoundrel ! he ecco'd ; execrabel elf !
Go find ſuch ſcoundrels, az dhy ſcoundrel ſelf.
Here all ar equal if I dare define :
Dhou crow'ſt upon dhy dunghil ; I, on mine.

VII.

VII. *In* NICOLAUM VIOLANT : *epitaphium.*

GALLIA, cara mihi, cunaſque togamque virilem :
Hoſpitium, thalamum Scotia fida dedit.
Sexaginta et ſex coelebs, denis quater annis
Sponſus eram ; genui pignora bina quater.
Sobrietas morbos, et in ipſa morte fugavit :
Ut morbus, ſic mors ipſa ſenectus erat.
Caſtus amor, candor, pietas, mens ſobria, prudens
Et juſta, exuvias hìc poſuere ſuas.

IGNOTUS.

Eppitaph on NICCOLAS VIOLANT.

DEAR Gallia gave me life, to' manhood led ;
Caledons faith perfum'd dhe nupcial bed.
Six abov threeſcore years, won guize I wore :
Foar times ten wedded, pledges hail'd twice foar.
Sobriety diſeze, and deth, diſpell'd :
Age, but to' endles yooth, dhe lantern held.
Chaſte, candid, pious, temp'rate, prudent, juſt ;
Dhe ſoll ov lov depozzited her duſt.

VIII. *Sir*

VIII. *Sir* ROBBERT SPOTTISWOODE *(Spotſwood), on dhe deth ov hiz Lady* (BETHIA, *daughter to Sir* ALLEXANDER MORRISON, *ov Preſton-grainge), in* 1639, *compozed dhe following Epitaph.*

JACET ſub iſto Mauriſona marmore;
Adeò ore, pectore, moribuſque candidis,
Ut ipſe livor nil poteſſet carpere.
Femella quamvis, mente pluſque maſcula;
Et, ante canos, cana erat prudentia;
Pietate, priſcis quae vigebat ſeculis.
Uno verbo: Idea virtutum omnium
Oſtenſa terris, mox recepta ad coelites.

Hwich may dhus be rendered.

UNDER dhis marbel *Mauriſona* lies;
Ov look ſo lovly, and ov life ſo wize,
Dhat envy's keeneſt ken, cood glimpſe no faut;
Hware nature ſoar'd az high, az mortal aught.
A female ſhe, ov more dhan manly mind:
Her hoary Prudence left gray hairs behind.
Her piety might moddern times emblaze,
Dhat wood hav luſter'd in primeval days:
A parragon, juſt ſhown us from abov,
Swift to' return into' dhe land ov lov!

IX. *In*

X. *In obitum Domini* ROBERTI SPOTSWOOD, *in ſupremo ſenatu praeſidis, ad Fanum Andreae ſecuri percuſſi, Anno* 1646.

QUI modò purpureâ judex fulgebat abollâ,
Purpureo, ut reus, heu! ſanguine ſpargit humum.
ulla quidem inſontem maculavit noxa: carere
Crimine ſed tali tempore crimen erat.
anta fuitque lues lymphati temporis: aedem
Afflavit Themidos, Juſtitiaeque forum.
uique aliis vel jura dabant, vel dicere munus
Queis erat; exemplo qui docuiſſe ſuo
ebebant alios: Patronus, Scriba, Senator;
Caeteraque inſani turbida turba fori:
ueis modò vivebant temeratis legibus, ipſi
Primi ejuratam dedidicere fidem.
ma errans aliena ſuis praetoria (quiſnam
Crederet?) in Regem turma cohorſque tulit.
aeſes at intactus fuit hac contage, fuitque
In paucis fidei, juſtitiaeque tenax.
c crimen, nullumque aliud vel fingere livor,
Omnia rimata, aut fama maligna poteſt.
ò, ut pro probris Balaam praeconia fudit;
Pro diriſque pias, non pius ipſe, preces;
ntius utque manus, illoto pectore, lavit;
ro Domino judex, teſtis et ipſe fuit:

Horruit

Horruit utque pius nigrum ſubſcribere Theta,
Maluit et potiùs non potuiſſe Titus:
Tempore nequicquam judex Caſiliſſus iniquo
AEquior, ei anceps officiumque fuit.
Nam judex et praeſes erat; ſed judicis albus
Calculus, atrocem praeſes utrumque tulit.
Teſtatus ſcripſiſſe manu, non mente, placebat
Quodque aliis, fruſtra diſplicuiſſe ſibi.
Sic ſacer antiſtes juris, virque integer aevi
Atque animi, ante diem, corpore truncus obit.

By Sir JON. NISBET *ov* DIRLTON: *and tranſlate dhus by* J. E.

On Sir ROBBERT * SPOTSWOOD, *Prezzident ov dhe Coart ov Seſſion, behedded at St. Andrews, i* 1646.

HOO late dhe purpel robe in judgement wor
Az culprit, ſtains dhe ground widh purpel gore
Yet ov no guilt arrain'd! in ſuch a time,
Fair innocence became dhe fouleſt crime.
So fiercely rag'd dhe fel fanattic bane,
It reacht dhe deep reces ov *Themis'* fane.
Dhey, hoos high office waz to' deal dhe laws,
Or beam dhe boolwarks ov *Aſtrea's* † cauz;
Hoos precepts ſoarce ſhood vertues foes aſtound,
Hoos bright exampel ſhood effulge around:

Or judge or pleader, ov hwatevver name,
Into' dhe awfool coarts dhe vot'ries came;
Dhe madding minds forgot dheir ſtaf and ſtay,
And blindly ſwore dheir faith and fence away.
Againſt dheir King pretorian cohorts roze,
And flam'd dheir contry's conſequencial foes.
Dhe prezzident, from ſuch contagion free,
Stil dantles garded law and loyalty.
Such dhe ſole charge keen envy's tung cood bring;
Or ſlander, ſerching in ſo pure a ſpring.
Az impious Bal'am pour'd prophettic ſnares,
And execracions ment hiz ardent pray'rs;
Az Poncius waſht hiz hands, dho not hiz hart;
Slaying dh'atteſters and dhe judges part;
Az *Theta* § terrifi'd *Mankinds Delight*,
Hoo moarn'd dhat he had evver lern'd to' write:
So vainly *Caſſils* moarn'd hiz motley ſtate,
And fain wood find hiz febelnes hiz fate.
Dhe judge bade loudly candors pow'r prevail;
Dhe prezzident ſigh'd: Sink dhe oddher ſcale.
Atteſting, dhat hiz hand, not hart, had wrote;
He gave to' oddhers, not himſelf, hiz vote.
Whatevver cauz to' ſuch diſtinccion led;
Dhe judge at wonce and juſtice loſt dheir hed.

§ Son ov dhe archbiſhop, and linneal anceſtor to' dhe prezzent *Jon Spotſwood* ov *Spotſwood*, Eſquire; hoo, in 1779, kindly communicated Lattin Verſes to' J. E.

† *Themis*

† *Themis* and *Aſtrea* ar doutles near allies; but diſtinguiſhabel a Juſtice and Vertue.

§ Dhe Greek name ov dhe dental (direct) aſpirate; and dhe iniſci (or firſt) letter ov Θάνατος (*Thanatos*) Deth: dhence employed t ſign dhe ded-warrant ov cappital convicts. No wonder dhe emper *Titus*, expreſſing ſuch reluctance to' dhe awfool duty, became titell *Dhe Delight ov Mankind.*

X. *On a groop at* ROOM, *hwence dhe Frontiſpice o Sandby's Horrace*, 1749.

CONSIDET Auguſtus, praecinctus tempor lauro;
Expulſo reddit qui diadema ſuum.
Caeſaris acta probat, munus tam illuſtre ferentis,
Virtutis vindex, imperiique decus.
Percitus invidiâ ſtupet aulicus unus et alter:
Mens vatis, recti conſcia, fixa manet;
Caeſaris invicti laudes, cui dicere fas eſt,
Carmina atrono et condere digna ſuo.

Writt

Written by Sir ALLEXANDER DIC; *and imparted by dhat ingenious and benevvolent Barronet, at Prieſtfield (or Preſtonfield) in* 1779, *to'* J. E. *hoo dhus rendered it.*

WIDH laurel crown'd, Auguſtus here beheld,
Reſtores dhe wreath to' royalty expell'd.
air vertues frend dhe glorious deed repays,
Vidh pureſt ommage and exalted praiz.
Vidh envy ſtung, each coartier ſtands agaſt:
he poets conſcious mind contemns dhe blaſt;
o' hoom unvanquiſht Cezars laud belongs,
wich hails hiz patron widh unrivall'd ſongs.

I. *Sub imagine* FLORAE MACDONALD: *celebrante* GUILIELMO KING, L.L. D.

Hìc calamo ſimulata viget pulcherrima Flora,
Nata Donaldorum, ſervatrix principis: illa
r mare, per ſcopulos, per multa pericula duxit
entitum ancillam juvenem, melioribus annis,
rvatum fato, regnis ſuccurrere avitis.
Venus AEneam, per devia luſtra vagantem,

Obſcuro

Obſcuro nebulae circum dea fudit amictu;
Incolumemque, altas tulit ad Carthaginis arces.
Quae tibi pro tantis non debita? Semper amata,
Semper honorata, inſigniſſima virgo, manebis.

Don into' Ingliſh, in 1750, *by* WILLIAM HA
MILTON, *ov Bangour, Eſquire.*

HERE too, dhe buteous Flora'z taught t'aſſu
Dhan ehr dhe goddes knew, a brighter blo
Dhe faithfool canvas ſoftens widh her ſmile,
Hoo, in dhe royal yooth prezerv'd dhe ile.
She led thro' tretch'rous friths, and evv'ry ſtorm
Dhe heroe lurking in dhe handmaids form.
Oh! born to' better fate; oh! hevv'n-deſign'd,
To' ſuccor nacions, and prezerv mankind!
So to' her ſon, az thro' dhe wilds he ſtray'
Dhe Cyprian goddes ſhon a ſudden aid.
A vail ov thicken'd air around ſhe pours,
And ſafely lands in Carthage' lofty tow'rs.
Hwat thanks, O wond'rous maid, to' dhee we o
Az long az verſe ſhal ſoar, or canvas glow!
So long dhy name, dhy praizes ſhal remain,
Dhe pencils labor, and dhe poets ſtrain.

XII.

II. *In Lucam evangeliſtam et medicum: incerto auctore.*

LUCUS evangelii et medecinae munera pandit;
Artibus hìc, illic relligione potens.
Ilis ille labor, per quem vixere tot aegri!
Utilior, per quem tot didicere mori!

On Luke, dhe evangeliſt and phyziſcian.

TO' hevvenly LUKE, boath healing pow'rs belong;
ails corporeal, az in mental, ſtrong.
ſt art! dhat, to' dhe ſic, can life ſupply!
re bleſt, dhat guivs dhe arduous art, to' dy!

XIII. *Sub imagine.*

BERTUS DE HALLER, *natus die* 3 *Octobris, anni* 1708.

HUIC lex ſumma fuit, Naturae voce doceri:
Huic dominae doctas ſubdidit artis opes.
enuas veri, vel ab hoſte nitentis, amicus;
Cenſor et erroris candidus ipſe ſui.

Un-

Under dhe Picture ov Albert de Haller, born Octobe dhe third, 1708.

'TWaz hiz firſt law from Natures voice to learn,
Hiz pow'rs profound to' mold by ſuch a guide;
Truith, from a foe, hiz glory to' diſcern;
And hiz own errors to' confes, hiz pride!

XIV. *Sous le frontiſpice des euvres de* M. FRANKLIN *Docteur ès Loix: par M. Barbeu Dubourg*, traducteur.*

IL a ravi le feu des cieux:
Il fait fleurir les arts, en des climats ſauvages.
L'Amérique le place à la tête des ſages:
La Grece l'aurait mis au nombre de ſes dieux.

Under dhe frontiſpice ov dhe Works ov BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *Doctor ov Laws.*

PROMETHEUS-like, he ſtole ethereal fire;
And taught dhe arts to' flurriſh in dhe wild
Him, dhe new world ov ſages hails dhe fire;
A verry god, had aincient Grecia ſtil'd.

* L. clxxxviii.

XV. D

V. *De Benjamino Franklinio: concinnante Procere Gallo.*

ERIPUIT coelo fulmen: quid, sceptra tyrannis?

Translacion ov XV.

n Dr. Benjamin Franklin; by a French Nobelman.

HOO snatcht dhe bolt from hevv'ns avenging hand,
ight blast dhe scepters ov dhe tyrant-band.

VI. *Sur M. le Docteur B. F. amplifié par un inconnu.*

C'EST l'honneur et l'appui du nouvel hémisphere:
Les flots de l'océan s'abaissent à sa voix.
réprime ou dirige à son gré le tonnerre:
Qui désarme les dieux, peut-il craindre les rois?

On

On Dr. B. F. from dhe French ov an unknown hand.

OV dhe new world dhe onnor and dhe ſtay!
Dhe raging fluds hiz calming voice obey.
Dhe lightnings foarce he or averts or brings;
And, ruling Nature dhus, can he fear kings?

Or,

Ov dhe new world dhe onnor and dhe ſtay!
Dhe raging fluds hiz calming voice obey.
Dhe lightnings foarce he can avert or bring:
Hoo dhus rules nature, can fear non but Natur
King.

Edher verſion by *Mary Hewſon*.

Ov dhe new world behold dhe ſtay and ſtar!
Old ocean, at hiz voice, forbairs to' flow:
He quels, or calls dhe lightning from afar.
Hoo borrows pow'r abov, can he fear pow'r b
low?

J.

XVII. *Ad eximium comitem* BURGYNSKI: *Dyrrichow.*

STEMMA crepent alii, quibus eſt nihil amplius:
in te,
Nobile nil minus eſt nobilitate tuâ.

Tranſlacion ov XVII.

Tŏ' hiz Excellence, dhe Count BURGYNSKI, *late Poliſh Ambaſſador at London.*

ET hoo hav naught beyond, dheir birth profes:
Nobillity'z dhy loweſt nobelnes.

XVIII. *In amicum obliviſcentem.*

NON colerem Phoebum, niſi me quoque viſeret ille:
Sola valere poteſt mutua amicitia.

J. E.

Londini, 14 *Cal. Feb.* 1782.

Transfiacion ov XVIII.

On a forguetfool Frend.

NOT Phebus wood I coart abov,
Did he not ſmile on me:
Dh' alternate billing, ov dhe Dov,
Alone dhe blis can be.

London, Jan. 18, 1782.

XIX. *Diſtichon vetus Dactylicum.*

MULTA rogare, rogata tenere, retenta docere
Haec tria diſcipulum faciunt ſuperare magiſtrum.

Transfiacion ov XIX.

An old dactyllian addage.

TO' aſk, and to' keep, and dhe kept to' convey
May make a boy more dhan hiz maſter wo
day.

Or, iambic:

To' aſk, digeſt, and dhen inſtruct dhe clas;
May guiv a yooth hiz maſter to' ſurpas.

XX.

XX. *Ex Horatio : diſtichon inſigne.*

QUI ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer ; ſudavit et alſit.

Art. Poet. 412.

'éleve, dont le ſein ſe ſent épris du beau,
ui brûle des neuf ſeurs d'enfler le chalumeau ;
antôt s'allume l'ame à l'autel de la gloire,
antôt il pâlit, même aux bras de la victoire.

Tranſlacion ov XX.

DHE genrous yooth, hoos buzzom glory fires,
Hoo to' dhe muzes arduous meed aſpires ;
ow glows, now trembels ; nor remits dhe reins ;
t flies along, until dhe goal he gaïns.

XI. *An anacreontic diſtic ov Prudentius, continnued into' a tetraſtic ; in boath tungs.*

ADES, pater ſupreme,
Quem nemo vidit unquam !'
ic nos tuum in timorem,
âque lege ſerva.

Transſlacion ov XXI.

O Sovv'rain Sire, be near,
Hoom nevver mortal ſaw!
Conduct us to' dhy fear,
And gard us in dhy law.

XXII. *From won aincient eppigram,*

Α' Κύπρις τὰν Κύπριν ἐπὶ Κνίδῳ, εἶπεν ἰδοῦσα,
Φεῦ, φεῦ, πῶ γυμνὰν εἶδέ με Πραξιτέλης;

HWEN Venus ey'd her Cnidian ſelf ov o
"Me, ſtript! hware did Praxitteles behold
Aroze perhaps,

Γυμνὴν εἶδε Πάρις με, καὶ Ἀγχίσης καὶ Ἀδωνίς·
Τὲς τρεῖς οἶδα μόνες, Πραξιτέλης δέ πόθεν;

Hwence, *De Venere Locatelli*

Me Paris, Anchiſes; nudam me vidit Adonis:
Nuda ubi viſa oculis ſum, Locatelle, tuis?

On dhe Venus ov Locatelli.*

Wonce bleſt beheld, in undiſguiz'd diſplay,
Me Paris, me Ankiſes; poets ſay.

donis' eyes confeſt dhe ſight divine :
ware, Locatelli, waz I ſhown to' dhine ?

J. E.

* Exhibbited in dhe Royal Acaddemy at London, 1783.

XXIII. *Anacrêon*, Ode LI.

Vénus, ſur les eaux.

EN leçons la fable féconde,
Nous apprend que, comme la mer,
énus, cette fille de l'onde,
Nous livre au ſort le plus amer ;

ue ſes jeux, ſes ris, et ſes graces,
Sont de vrais pieges pour les coeurs ;
t que ſes plus grandes bonaces
Sont autant de calmes trompeurs.

GACON.

Tranſlacion ov XXIII.

Venus, on dhe Wauters.

NSTRUCTIVE fabel warns dhe mind,
Dhat, like dhe ocean, hwence ſhe roze,
enus, more fel dhan wave or wind,
Expozes man to' mortal woes ;

Dhat her each ſpoart, each ſmile, each grace,
Proovs to' dhe heedles hart a ſnare;
And dhat her fondeſt, faireſt face,
Iz but a calm to' lul our care.

Spotſwood, Aug. 28, 1779. J.

XXIV. *From* GAY: *a ſong*

GO, roze, my Chloe's buzzom grace:
How happy ſhood I *proov*,
Might I ſupply dhat envi'd place,
Widh nevver-fading *lov!*
Dhen, Phenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and dy!

Know, haples flow'r, dhat dhou ſhalt find
More fragrant rozes dhare.
I ſee dhy widdh'ring hed reclin'd,
Widh envy and deſpair.
Won common fate we boath muſt *proov:*
Dhou dy'ſt widh envy, I widh *lov.* *

* Dhe two' falſe rimes, occazioned by dhe falſe picturage ov dh mer age, might hav been avoided dhis (if no better) way.

Go, roze, my Chloe's buzzom grace:
How happy wer my lot,
Might I ſupply dhat envi'd place,
Widh lov dhat widdhers not!
Dhen, Phenix-like, beneadh her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and dy!

Know, haples flow'r, dhat dhou ſhalt find
More fragrant rozes dhare:
I ſee dhy widdh'ring hed reclin'd,
Widh envy and deſpair.
Won iz our fate; yet mine abov:
Dhou dy'ſt widh envy, I widh lov.

Tranſlacion ov XXIV.

Sur le même chant.

VA, roſe, orne le ſein d'Iris:
Heureux qui pût remplir
Ta place, d'un amour épris
Qui ne ſait pas flétrir!
Là en Phénix, dans les odeurs,
Sous ſes beaux yeux t'embraſe et meurs.

Toi, pauvre fleur, y trouveras
Des roſes plus charmantes:
T'y voilà pâle, et ſans appas,
Tes feuilles languiſſantes!
Un ſort nous ſera tour à tour:
Tu meurs d'envie, et moi d'amour.

J. E. *à Edimbourg*, 1751.

XXV. *A Glee: by* W. H.

YOO gave me a hart t'oddher day:
I thaught it az ſafe, az my own.
I'v not loſt it: but hwat ſhal I ſay?
Not yoor hart from mine can be known.

Tranſlated into' Phaleucian, by J. E.

NUPER tu mihi corculum dediſti;
Securumque, vel ut meum, putavi.
Quid dicam? Neque perdidi tenellum:
Nemo corcula namque ſeparabit.

XXVI. *Dhe Adew, and Recall to' Lov: communicated by* W. H.

GO, idel Boy! I ſcorn dhy pow'r,
Dhy couch ov manny a thorn and flow'r;
Dhy twanguing bow, dhine arrow keen,
Deceitfool buty's timmid mien.
Dhe fein'd ſurprize, dhe roguiſh leer,
Dhe tender ſmile, dhe thrilling tear,
Hav now no pangs, no joys for me.
So far-dhee-wel: for I am free!
Dhen flutter hence on wanton wing,
Or lave dhee in yon lucid ſpring;

Or

Or take dhy bevv'rage from dhe roze,
Or on LEWISA's breſt repoze.
I wiſh dhee wel, for plezzures paſt;
Yet bles dhe our, I'm free at laſt!
But ſure, methinks, dhe ſhifting day
Scatters around a moarnfool ray;
So chilling evv'ry zepphyr blows,
And evv'ry ſtream untunefool flows.
No rapture ſwels dhe linnets voice;
No more dhe vocal groves rejoice;
And e'n dhy ſong, ſweet bird ov eve!
Widh hoom I lovv'd ſo oft to' griev;
Now ſcarce regarded meets my ear,
Unanſer'd by a ſigh or tear.
No more, widh devious ſtep, I chooz
To' bruſh dhe mountains morning-dews;
To' drink dhe ſpirrit ov dhe breze,
Or wander mid o'r-arching trees;
Or woo, widh undiſturb'd delight,
Dhe pale-cheekt virgin ov dhe night,
Dhat, piercing through dhe leafy bow'r,
Sheds on dhe ground a ſilv'ry ſhow'r.
Alas! iz all dhis boaſted eze
To' looz each warm dezire to' pleze?
No ſweet ſolliſcitude to' know,
For oddhers' blis, for oddhers woe!
A frozen appathy to' find!
A ſad vacuity ov mind!

O! haſten bac dhen, idel boy;
And, widh dhine anguiſh, bring dhy joy!
Be dhou widh all dhy torments here!
And let me hope, and dout, and fear.
Oh! rend my hart widh evv'ry pain;
But let me, let me lov again!

XXVII. *Dhe* RELAPSE: *by dhe ſame.*

AT twenty-won, dhe fond *Amator* ſigh'd:
Dhe Nymph waz willing, and became his bride.
At thirty-two', unconſcious ov hiz chain,
Widh dhe ſame Nymph, he fel in lov again.

XXVIII. ANACREON, I. *tranſlated by dhe ſam*

ATRIDES, grait in arms, I'l ſing;
To' Cadmus now I'l ſweep dhe ſtring:
Ah! tuneles quite my lyre remains,
To' aught but Lovs enticing ſtrains.
Now widh freſh ſtrings my harp I tri'd:
E'n bring anoddher harp, I cri'd;
And, wil dhe muzic ſuit dhe verſe?
Alcides' labors I'l reherſe.
Stil tuneles quite my lyre remains,
To' aught but Cytherean ſtrains.
Farwel dhen to' heroic lay!
Notthing but Lov my harp *ſhal* play.

XX

XXIX. *Les ſept Péchés mortels.*

LE chevalier *Chauvelin* était un des hommes le mieux faits de France. Il avait l'éſprit auſſi bien-fait que le corps. Egalement vif et inſtruit, il avait entre autres habitudes dans ſa converſation, qui abondait en pureté de langage et belles expreſſions, celle de parler par comparaiſons brillantes et vives.

Se trouvant un jour chez le gouverneur d'une province, avec ſept dames ; elles l'agacerent ſur ſon habitude de parler par comparaiſons, et le prierent d'en faire une d'elles. Le chevalier répondit auſſi tôt : ' Meſdames, ſi vous étiez neuf, je vous comparerais aux neuf Muſes ; ſi vous n'étiez que trois, je vous comparerais aux trois Graces : mais, comme vous êtes ſept, je vais vous comparer aux ſept péchés mortels.' Il leur en attribue un à chacune, ainſi :

1. *A Madame de Montlevier*, l'ORGUEUIL :

L'Orgueuil vous doit un changement bien doux ;
Jadis il paſſait pour un vice :
Depuis qu'il a le bonheur d'être à vous,
On le prendrait pour la Juſtice.

2. *A Mademoiſelle de Surgeres*, l'AVARICE :

Quoique votre péché paraiſſe un peu bizarre ;
Si vous vouliez, il deviendrait le mien :
Iris, ſi vous étiez mon bien,
Je ſens que j'en ſerais avare.

3. *A Mademoiſelle Montboiſier*, *la* LUXURE :

Dût-il vous en coûter quelque peu d'innocence ;
Un ſi joli péché, peut-il vous alarmer ?
Vous ſavez trop vous faire aimer,
Pour ne pas lui devoir de la reconnaiſſance.

4. *A Madame d'Aiguillon*, l'ENVIE :

Peut-être je ſuis indulgent ;
Mais à votre péché, Thémire, je fais grace :
Ne faut-il pas que je vous paſſe
Ce que j'éprouve en vous voyant.

5. *A Mademoiſelle Chauvelin*, *la* GOURMANDISE :

En ſongeant à vôtre péché,
Et vous voyant les traits d'un ange,
En verité je ſuis fâché,
Que vous ne ſoyez pas quelque choſe qu'on
mange.

6. *A Madame de Courteil, la* COLERE :

En vous défendant la colere,
Je vous y ferai renoncer :
Il ne vous ſera plus permis de l'exercer,
Que contre ceux à qui vous n'aurez pas ſû plaire.

7. *A Mademoiſelle Délie, la* PARESSE.

A ce péché vous ſemblez vous livrer ;
Quand on eſt auſſi ſûr de plaire,
On fait bien de ſe repoſer :
Il ne reſte plus rien à faire.

Tranſlacion ov XXIX.

DHE *chevalier Chauvelin* waz won ov dhe hand-ſomeſt men in France : hiz parts wer happy z hiz perſon. Equally quic and knowing, in hiz onverſacion, hwich waz fool ov fine thaughts, lodhed in pureſt language, he had a peculiar fac-ulty ov making bright and lively comparrizons. Chancing won day to' fall into' company widh ſevven adies at dhe govvernors ov a provvince ; dhey ral-ed him on hiz practice ov uzing comparrizons, nd challenged him to' make won on dhem. Dhe night replied of-hand : ' Ladies, wer ye nine, I vood compare yoo to' dhe Muzes ; wer ye but ree, to' dhe Graces : but, az ye ar ſevven, I muſt aſſimmilate

aſſimmilate yoo to' dhe ſevven mortal ſins,
each he allotted won dhus:

1. *To' Madame de Montlevier*, PRIDE.

Pride ows to' yoo a glorious chainge;
She heretofore waz held a Vice:
Havving dhe joy widh yoo to' rainge,
Won ſees her *Juſtice* in a trice.

2. *To' Mademoiſelle de Surgeres*, AVVARICE.

Yoor ſin diffu. ng ſuch offence,
Yet ſhal be mine, if yoo agree.
Doo yoo my propperty commence:
A verry hunks I dhen ſhal be.

3. *To' Mademoiſelle de Montboiſier*, LUXURY.

Dho dhee ſom innocence it coſt,
Hwen by ſo fair a ſin beſieg'd;
In ſuch reziſtles luſter loſt,
Dhou ſure muſt think dhyſelf obleg'd.

4. *To' Mademoiſelle d'Aiguillon*, ENVY.

Perhaps I proffer too much grace,
Themire, to' dhine; ſo foul a ſin!
But oh! 'tiz hwat I feel widhin,
Hwen I behold Themira's face.

5. *To' Mademoiſelle Chauvelin,* GLUTTONY.

Hwen on dhy monſtrous maw I caſt a frown,
And dhen a glance upon dhy aingel-form;
I look at home; and find I doo but ſtorm,
Dhat I cann't ſwallow ſuch a ſwallower down.

6. *To' Madame de Courteil,* ANGUER.

Hwen I dhy wrauth forbid to' ſwel,
Dhy rage dhou totally ſhalt quel;
Nor let dhy billows rize like ſeas,
But upon dhoze dhou coodſt not pleze.

7. *To' Mis Delia,* SLOWTH.

To' dhis fel foe dhou ſeem'ſt to' yield,
Hoo haſt dhe fight ov plezing won.
Supine dhou wel may'ſt keep dhe field:
Dhare'z notthing fardher to' be don.

XXX. *A Madame* DUBOCAGE: *Dame célebre par la beauté de ſon eſprit, et de ſa perſonne; avant ſon départ pour l'Italie, Mr. de* Voltaire *addreſſa les vers ſuivants.*

NOUVELLE Muſe, aimable Grace!
Allez au Capitole: allez, rapportez-nous
Les lauriers de Pétrarque, et les mirtes du Taſſe.

Si

Si tous deux revivaient, ils chanteraient pour vous :
Et, voyant vos beaux yeux et votre poéſie,
Tous deux mourraient à vos genoux ;
Ou d'amour, ou de jalouſie.

Tranſlacion ov XXX.

To' Madame DUBOCAGE *(Lady* GROVE) ; *a celebrated Wit and Buty, on her preparing for dhe tour ov Italy,* Voltaire *prezented dheze :*

GO, Muze ; go, adorabel Grace !
And ſkil from dhe Cappitol bring ;
Dhe laurels ov Petrarc to' place,
Or guiv Taſſo's myrtels to' ſpring.

Cood dhey ſee and hear dhee ſo ſweet ?
Dhey'd carrol dhine eyes and dhy ſtrain ;
T'il boath wood fall down at dhy feet,
By Lov, or by Jellouſy, ſlain.

XXXI. *Sur le marêchal-comte* SAXE, 1750.

L'Eternal nocher de la parque
Voyant approcher de ſa barque,
Le grand, l'invincible Saxon ;
Sortez, ombres, dit-il, à la troupe timide,
Qu'il allait mener chez Pluton ;
Il faut encor paſſer Alcide !

Tranſlacion

Transſlacion ov XXXI. *by an unknown hand.*

On dhe deth ov Marſhal SAXE.

DH'eternal ferriman ov fate,
Hwen *Saxe*, unconkerably grait,
Approacht widhin hiz ken;
cowl'd at hiz freight, a trembling croud;
nd, 'Turn out, goaſts!' he cri'd aloud:
'Here'z Hercules aguen!'

XXXII. *Au bas du portrait du maréchal de* SAXE.

ROME eut, dans Fabius, un héros politique;
Dans Annibal, Carthage eut un chef héroïque:
a France plus heureuſe eut, dans ce fier Saxon,
a tête du premier, et le bras du ſecond.

Transſlacion ov XXXII.

Under dhe picture ov Marſhal SAXE.

AFABIUS' pacience proov'd dhe ſhield ov *Room*,
A Hannibal diverted Carthage' doom:
dhe bold Saxon, Gallia cood command
he Roman hedpiece, and dhe Punic hand.

XXXIII.

XXXIII. *Sur le Comte de* GISORS,

Le comte de GISORS, *fils unique du maréchal-d de Belle-île, ayant été tué à la bataille de Crevelt d 23me de Juin* 1758, *un ennemi généreux a fa ainſi ſon éloge.*

CULTIVER tous les arts, protéger le génie;
Joindre au goût le ſavoir, et les graces a
meurs;
Combattre pour ſon roi, mourir pour ſa patrie,
Regretté des vaincus, admiré des vainqueurs:
Telle fut de *Giſors* et l'étude et la gloire!
Par leurs accents plaintifs les nymphes de la Loir
D'une épouſe et d'un pere, expriment les douleur
Sur l'urne du héros leurs mains jettent des fleurs.
Ma Muſe plus timide honore ſa mémoire,
Moins par ces vers, que par ſes pleurs.

1759.

Tranſlacion ov XXXIII.

Count GIZORS, *onely ſon to' dhe duke ov* Belle- *havving bravely fallen at dhe hed ov hiz redgim in dhe battel ov* Crevelt, *June* 23, 1758; *to' heroe waz attempted, by an Ingliſh gentelman, year, dhe following juſtice:*

OR art to' cultivate, or genius raiz;
Widh tallent taſte, widh goodnes grace
crown;

To' dy for king and contry, iz dhy praiz:
Alike widh frends and foes ſublime renown!

Dhe nymphs ov *Ligeris*, widh plantive ſtrain,
And buzzoms hev'd by ſorrows copious ſhowers;
Wood ſoodh a conſorts and a parents pain,
And dec dhe heroes urn widh faireſt flowers.

An alien-muze, hoo follows dhem afar,
Muſt cellebrate ſuch wond'rous worth widh fear;
Hwile feeling ſhe attends dhe fun'ral car,
She can but pay dhe tribbute ov a tear.

XXXIV. *Sur la retraite du duc de* CHOISEUIL, 1770.

DANS ſes traités, et dans ſa vie,
Regna la droiture et l'honneur;
L'Europe connaît ſon génie,
Et bien l'humanité ſon coeur.

Comme tout entre dans ſa place,
Il put avoir des ennemis;
Comme nul autre, en ſa diſgrace
Il acquit de nouveaux amis.

Tu pars, *Choiſeuil!* la France en vain t'appelle;
Tant mieux pour toi, tant pis pour elle!

Tranſlacion

Tranſlacion ov XXXIV.

On dhe retreat ov dhe duke ov CHOISEUIL, 1770.

HIZ treaties and hiz life hav ſhown
Dhe candid and dhe nobel part;
To' Europe iz hiz genius known,
And to' humannity hiz hart.

In hiz exalted, envi'd, place,
He might perhaps ſom foes arrain;
But hoo, like him, in hiz diſgrace,
Cood frends and freſh admirers gain?

Dhou go'ſt, *Choiſeuil!* in vain dhy contry calls:
Dhy glory rizes, az her boolwark falls.

XXXV. *Le délaſſement de la guerre; ou, la philoſophie des héros: par le feu roi de* PRUSSE, *pendant ſon ſéjour à* BRESLAU.

L'AMOUR ſe ſoutient par l'eſpoir,
Le zele par la récompenſe;
L'autorité par le pouvoir,
La faibleſſe par la prudence;
Le crédit par la probité,
La ſanté par la tempérance;
L'eſprit par le contentement,
Le contentement par l'aiſance;
L'aiſance par l'arrangement.

Plus de douceur, que de beauté,
Me ſemble aux filles néceſſaire ;
Plus d'éclat, que de vérité,
Dans un auteur ne me plaît guere.
Pour être heureux, il faut avoir
Plus de vertu que de ſavoir ;
Plus d'amitié que de tendreſſe,
Plus de conduite que d'eſprit,
Plus de ſanté que de richeſſe,
Plus de repos que de profit.

Petit jardin, petite table,
Petit Minois, qui m'aime bien,
Sont pour moi choſes délectables.
J'aime à trouver, quand il fait froid,
Grand feu dans un petit endroit.
Les délicats font grande chere,
Quand on leur ſert, dans un repos,
De grand vin dans un petit verre,
De grands mets dans de petits plats.

Il réſulte de ce langage,
Qu'il ne faut jamais rien de trop.
Que de ſens renferme ce mot !
Qu'il eſt judicieux et ſage !
Trop de repos nous engourdit,
Trop de fracas nous étourdit ;
Trop de froideur eſt indolence.

Trop d'amour trouble la raiſon,
Trop de remedes eſt un poiſon ;
Trop de fineſſe eſt artifice.
Trop de rigueur eſt dureté,
Trop d'économie eſt avarice,
Trop d'audace témérité.

Trop de bien devient un fardeau,
Trop d'honneur eſt un eſclavage.
Trop de plaiſir mene au tombeau,
Trop d'eſprit nous porte dommage.
Trop de confiance nous perd,
Trop de franchiſe nous deſſert.
Trop de bonté devient faibleſſe,
Trop de fierté devient hauteur,
Trop de complaiſance baſſeſſe,
Trop de politeſſe fadeur.

Ce trop pourrait, à le bien prendre,
Aiſément ſe changer en rien.
Cela vient faute de s'entendre :
Le tout ſouvent depend d'un rien.
Un rien eſt de grande importance,
Un rien produit de grands effets :
En amour, en guerre, en procès,
Un rien fait pencher la balance.
Un rien nous pouſſe auprès des grands,
Un rien nous fait aimer les belles ;
Un rien fait ſortir nos talents,
Un rien dérange nos cervelles.

un rien de plus, d'un rien de moins,
épend le ſuccès de nos ſoins.
Un rien flatte, quand on eſpere,
n rien trouble, lorſque l'on craint.
En amour, notre feu ne dure guere;
rien l'allume, un rien l'éteint.

Tranſlacion ov XXXV.

dhe recreacion ov war; or, dhe philoſſophy ov heroes.

dhe late king ov Pruſſia, *during hiz ſtay at* Breſlaw.

OV, on wings ov hope, may tow'r;
Zeal on recompence attends;
authority on pow'r:
Wizdom weaknes beſt befrends.
orth alone can creddit find:
Helth iz Temperances child.
ay Content ſuppoarts dhe mind,
Eze may be Contentment ſtil'd,
ze muſt from arraingement flow:
rom diſorder evv'ry woe.

re benignity, dhan buty,
Muſt adorn dhe happy fair:
hat author knows hiz duty,
Hoo prefers not goold to' glare.

But

But hoo wood be truly bleſt;
(Here I ſpeak to' dhe diſcerning)
More widh Vertue fils hiz breſt,
Dhan widh richeſt loads ov lerning.
More widh ammity dhan lov,
More widh wizdom, dhan widh wit;
More widh helth, all boons abov!
Les dhe plezing, dhan dhe fit;
More hiz quiet wil maintain,
Dhan purſue dhe toils ov gain.
Petty garden, petty board,
Boaſting no exottic trezzures;
Widh each littel needfool ſtor'd:
Purring Pooſe among my plezzures.
Larger fire, in weddher cold,
Haz my littel cel conſol'd;
Eppicures, thro'out dhe year,
Making ſtil enormous chear;
Swilling oft, hwenehr dhey dine,
Petty drafts ov potent wine;
Mincing to' foolfil dheir wiſh,
Preſcious meats in petty diſh.

Hence dhe inference we draw:
Notthing too much iz dhe law.
How much wit three words contain!
Some exampels may explain.
Too much reſt benumbs dhe wight,
Too much buſtel ſtuns him quite.

Much too cold iz indolence;
Too much lov confounds dhe ſenſe.
Too much medcine muſt be bane,
Too much cunning, artifice;
Too much riggor perfets pain;
Too much ſaving, avvarice.
Too much fortune lays a load,
Too much onnor makes a ſlave;
Too much wit may dainger bode,
Too much plezzure ope dhe grave.
Too much boldnes raſhnes proovs,
Too much confidence deſtroys;
Too much fredom anguer moovs,
Too much mirth but damps our joys.
Goodnes dhus may weaknes grow,
Pride to' haughtines muſt rize;
Complaizance may ſoon be low:
Too polite in dulnes dies.

Iz extremes condignly meet,
Too much ſoon to' notthing tends.
Let us dhen becom diſcrete:
All oft on a naught depends.
See we notthing dhen widh aw,
Think we hwat iz naughts avail:
In lov, in war, or law,
Oft a notthing turns dhe ſcale.

Now a notthing wins dhe grait,
Now a naught dhe fair wil gain;
Now a notthing guivs us weight,
Now a notthing turns dhe brain.
On a notthing, more or les,
Wil depend our hoal ſucces.
Hwen we hope, a notthing chears;
Hwen we fear, a naught diſmays:
Hwen we lov, a naught endears;
And too ſoon a naught allays.

XXXVI. *Les Iſraélites à la montagne* d'Oreb:

Poëme dramatique.

Queur d'Iſraélites.

HELAS! Dieu nous conduit dans ce ſéjour d'alarmes,
Et nous y ſommes immolés;
Nous n'avons que nos larmes,
Pour éteindre la ſoif, dont nous ſommes brûlés.

ARON.

Reſpectons du Seigneur la volonté ſupreme;
Il peut tarir la ſource de nos pleurs:
Même en nous frappant, il nous aime;
Adorons ſes ſecrets, juſque dans nos malheurs.

Le Queur.

Pourquoi détruit-il ſon ouvrage,
Par les revers et l'opprobre flétri ?
Eſt-ce-là ce peuple chéri,
Qu'il appelle ſon éritage ?

ARON.

près de l'Eternel Moyſe eſt votre appui :
Craignez de l'irriter par votre impatience.
Tremblez : il paraît ! il s'avance !
s murmures, vos cris ont percé juſqu'à lui.

MOYSE.

elles clameurs ont frappé mon oreille ?
Et, d'un Dieu de clémence, ont fait un Dieu vengeur ?

Le Queur.

Des maux que nous ſouffrons, vous ſeul êtes l'auteur :
us gémiſſons, et le Seigneur ſommeille !

MOYSE.

ple ſéditieux, et digne de mépris !
x bontés du Très-haut réſerviez-vous ce prix ?

Le Queur.

Que ſont devenus ſes oracles ?

Trouvez-vous en ces lieux ce qu'il nous a promis?
Le Dieu ſi bienfeſant nous traite en ennemis !

MOYSE.

Ingrats ! avez-vous donc oublié ſes miracles?
C'eſt ce Dieu, dont le bras vous ſoutint ta
de fois :
A la mer étonnée il impoſe des loix !
Il conduiſit vos pas dans ſes routes profondes,
Et les flots diviſés revinrent à ſa voix ;
Engloutit l'ennemi dans l'abime des ondes !
Il ſouffrit, il calma vos cris tumultueux.
Expirant de langueur, en cet état funeſte,
La mort levait ſon glaive affreux ;
Il ouvrit les portes des cieux,
Et fit tomber pour vous un aliment céle?e !
Du pere le plus tendre implorez le ſecours ;
N'armez plus contre vous ſa puiſſance infinie.
Soyez ſoumis au Dieu, dont vous tenez la vie
C'eſt l'unique moyen d'en prolonger le cours.
Dieu veut vous éprouver : que vos pleurs le f
chiſſent.

Le Queur.

Il rejette nos coeurs, lui qui les a formés ;
C'eſt en vain qu'ils gémiſſent :
Nos femmes, nos enfants périſſent !
Les tombeaux ſont ouverts, et les cieux ſont ferm

MOYSE.

iel! quels objets! quelles victimes!

Le Queur.

Nous périſſons.

MOYSE.

Quel ſpectacle d'horreur!
J'oublie, en voyant leur malheur,
ue leurs murmures ſont des crimes.

Le Queur.

Nous périſſons.

MOYSE.

Dans ces moments affreux,
igneur, n'écoute plus le cri de la vengeance.

Le Queur.

Hélas!

MOYSE.

De ta clémence
Répands les tréſors précieux.
ite-toi.

Le Queur.

Nous mourons.

MOYSE.

Que vas-tu faire ? Arrête ;
Ils ſont tous tes enfants.

Le Queur.

O ſort ! O triſte ſort !

MOYSE.

Lance plutôt ta foudre ſur ma tête :
Ne frappe que moi ſeul ; je me livre à la mort.

Le Queur.

Nous expirons.

MOYSE.

Grand Dieu, la foi la plus ardente
M'ordonne de tout eſpérer ;
Tu ne peux tromper mon attente.
Ton peuple eſt tout près d'expirer :
Ranime ſa force mourante,
Pour te benir et t'adorer.

Moyſe frappe le rocher : il en ſort des torrents d'eau

Le Queur.

O prodige ! O miracle ! O puiſſance ſupreme !
D'impétueux torrents s'élancent du rocher.

Moy

MOYSE.

Dieu devait vous punir, et Dieu veut vous toucher.
vous prévient, il vous cherche, il vous aime :
Il daigne ne vous reprocher
oubli de ſes bienfaits, que par ſa bonté même.
ces traits éclatants connaiſſez l'Eternel :
Adorez le Dieu d'Iſrael.

Le Queur.

Adorons le Dieu d'Iſrael.

MOYSE, ARON, et le QUEUR.

e le Seigneur eſt grand ! que ſa puiſſance étonne !
Sa bonté remplit l'univers.
Que ſa vengeance éclate, tonne ;
Qu'il frappe les peuples pervers,
i refuſent d'aimer un Maître qui pardonne.

Dhe Iſraelites on mount HOREB : *an Oratorio.*

Tranſlated by J. E. in 1773.

Corus ov Iſraelites.

IN dhis abode ov fears,
We wretched victims make ;
Nor hav we but our tears,
Our burning thirſt to' ſlake.

A'RON.

Revere we grait Jehovahs ſovv'rain wil;
Dhe ſoarce ov all our tears he ſoon can drain.
He ſmites us, but to' ſhow he lovs us ſtil:
Let us adore dhe hand, dhat minniſters our pain

Corus.

Ah! hwy doz he hiz work deſtroy?
And hwelm in ſorrow or in ſhame,
Dhe pepel he waz wont to' claim,
Az hiz inherritance and joy?

A'RON.

Be Moſes ſtil yoor ſtrength widh God:
Dred to' provoke hiz awfool rod.
Trembel, ye rebbels! he appears:
Yoor murmurings hav reacht hiz ears.

MOSES.

Hwat daring voice not umbel ſilence keeps?
But turns a gracious to' a vengefool pow'r?

Corus.

To' dhee alone we ow dhis evil our:
We groan, alas! and our Jehovah ſleeps.

MOSE

MOSES.

Ye rebbel rout, unwordhy ſo much lov!
Return ye dhus dhe bounties from abov?

Corus.

Hiz orrakels, wonce livving, ar dhey ded?
Ar all hiz prommiſes for evver fled?
Dhe God ov lov, our roc and our repoze,
Now hurls hiz hate, and treats us az hiz foes.

MOSES.

And hav ye dhen forgot, hwat he haz wraught!
Forgot dhe battels, he for yoo haz faught?
How Ocean at dhe voice confeſt hiz aw,
And bade hiz waves on edher hand widhdraw?
How dhe ſame voice recall'd dh' aſtonniſht wave,
And pour'd upon dhe foe a waut'ry grave?
He ſuffer'd and ſuppreſt yoor dolefool cries,
Hwen deth had rear'd hiz ſidhe before yoor eyes.
He op't dhe dores ov a benignant ſky,
And ſhow'r'd upon yoo ſuſt'nance from on high.
Implore, ſubmis, dhe aid ov ſuch a fire;
Nor arm againſt yoo hiz rez ſtles ire.
Confes dhe God, to' hoom yoor life ye ow;
Hoo bids it ſtop, or guivs it ſtil to' flow.
He doz but proov dhe veſſels ov hiz clay:
Pour foarth yoor tears; he'l wipe yoor tears away.

Corus.

He rends dhe harts himſelf compoz'd;
In vain dhey groan, in vain dhey cry:
Our comforts and our children dy;
Dhe graves ar gahping, and dhe hevvens ar cloz'd.

MOSES.

Oh hevven! hwat objects rize! hwat victims fall!

Corus.

We dy.

MOSES.

Hwat ſcene ov horror all!
I forguet at ſuch a time,
Dhat a murmur iz a crime.

Corus.

We dy.

MOSES.

Behold how low dhey ly!
Lord, hear no more fel vengeance' cry.

Corus.

Alas!

MOSES.

Haſte, Lord, avert dhy frown;
And ſmile dhy wonted mercy down.

Corus.

We dy.

MOSES.

MOSES.

Ah ſtop: dhy children, Lord, ar ded;
Dhe firſtlings ov dhy fold.

Corus.

Ah! dizmal fate!

MOSES.

Hurl, hurl dhy wingued thunder on my hed;
And ſtrike but onely me.

Corus.

Ah! 'tiz too late.

MOSES.

Grait God! a faith, hwich cannot dy,
Commands me ſtil to' hope;
Dhou canſt not moc my umbel cry:
Dhy pepel iz dhy ſcope.
Revive dhem by dhy pow'r wonce more,
Dhat dhey may bles dhee and adore.

Moſes ſtrikes dhe roc: a torrent guſhes.

Corus.

O proddigy! O mirrakel! O power!
He ſmites dhe roc, and copious torrents ſhower.

MOSES.

God ows yoo vengeance, and widh mercy pays;
He coarts yoo, he prevents, he lovs yoo ſtil:
He dains not to' upbraid yoo widh hiz praiz,
But melts yoor rocky buzzoms widh a ril!
Adore dhe mercy ov hiz rod;
And umbly bles an Izr'els God.

Corus.

We umbly bles an Izr'els God.

MOSES, A'RON, and *Corus.*

How grait dhe Lord! how vaſt hiz might!
Hiz mercies univerſe pervade.
May hiz unerring thunder ſmite
Dhe nacions dhat deny hiz aid;
Dhat ſcorn a matchles Lord to' lov,
Hoo ſaves and pardons from abov.

* Dhe oridginal waz communicated to' J. E. by Dr. *De Guelda*
a Jew. L. clx.

XXXVII. *Dhe* PALLACE *ov* SLEEP: from *Ovid. Met.* xi. 592.

DEEP in a mountain, near Cimmeria's plains,
A cavvern yawns, hware ſlowthfool Somnus reigns.
Bright Phebus, az he roze, or noon'd, or fel,
Had nevver eyes to' trace dhe devious cel.
Groce erthborn vapors dhare deny dhe ſight,
And dizmal glimrings ov a dubious light.
No creſted Chanticlear diſtends hiz throat,
To' hail Aurora widh reflected note.
No faithfool dogs dhe duſky welkin rend;
No cack'lers, wizer dhan dhe dogs, attend.
No prowling rainger ſhakes dhe pecefool ſeat:
No herds, no flocs, or bellow here, or bleat.
No boiſt'rous blaſt diſturbs dhe ſlender ſpray:
No jarring ſounds dhe human voice betray.
But ſollemn ſilence reigns. Below dhe cave
Steals febel ſoarth a branch ov Lethe's wave,
Hoos murm'ring ſtream, and crack'ling pebbels lul,
Widh madgic might, dhe ſlumber ov dhe dul.
Faſt by dhe dome, dhe fruitfool poppies blow;
And all dh' innum'rous race, dhat ſleep beſtow:
Hwence Night collects dhem, and, widh libb'ral hand,
Diſtils dheir vertue o'r dh'opacous land.
No dore turns creaking, and corrodes dhe ear;
No watchfool Argus gards dhe thresſhold here.

But

But high i'dh'midſt, an ebon ſted iz plac't;
Its ſabel hue, widh ſabel plumage, grac't:
Hware lies dhe God, unbrac't each languid limb.
Light dreams, in evv'ry guize, around him ſwim;
Unnumber'd az dhe ears, dhat fil dhe blade;
Or, az dhe leavs, dhat crown dhe ſylvan ſhade:
Or, az dhe attoms, dhat compoze dhe ſand,
Wide-wafted o'r dhe ſeas dezerted ſtrand.

Brompton, 1757. J. E.

XXXVIII. Hor. II. 3. *communicated by a * Frend.*

WIDHIN yoor breſt be ſure to' find.
Tranquillity and pece ov mind,
Hwen dire affliccions try;
Nor let dhe gales, ov proſp'rous fate,
Widh fooliſh mirth yoor hart elate:
For, Delius, yoo muſt dy.

Hweddher yoo lead a life ov grief,
Refuzing comfort and relief;
Or, ſtretcht upon dhe gras,
Quaffing dhe ritch Falernian bowl,
Hwich chears dhe mellancolly ſoll,
Dhe feſtive day yoo pas:

Hware

Hware dhe tall pine, and popplar bright,
Widh hoſpitabel boughs, delight
To' form a cooling ſhade;
Upon dhe banks ov ſom ſweet ril,
Dhat winds adown dhe verdant hil,
And purls along dhe glade.

Send dhiddher dhen, widhout delay,
Yoor wines, perfumes, and flow'rs ſo gay,
To' liv but ſhort deſign'd;
Hwil'ſt yoor affairs, yoor helth and age,
In jovial ſcenes yoor hart engage,
And banniſh woes behind.

Soon muſt yoo quit yoor purchas't land,
Along dhe yellow Tibers ſtrand,
Yoor houſe and rural ſeat;
Dhen wil yoor lavviſh eir deſtroy
Dhe goold, from hwich yoo hold no joy,
Yoor frendſhips ſocial treat.

Hweddher yoo ſpring from lords on erth,
Or bluſh to' own yoor ſordid berth,
Yoor end wil be dhe grave:
For Deth, relentles, ſends hiz dart,
Widh certain aim to' pierce dhe hart,
Alike ov prince and ſlave.

Dhe lot ov man iz in dhe urn,
Hwich ceſes not to' ſhake and turn,
Hiz ſpan ov life to' fix;
And we ſhal all, or ſoon or late,
Be ſevver'd from dhe prezzent ſtate,
And wafted o'r dhe Styx.

* L. cccii, and dhe reſt.

Six FABELS: *from* LA FONTAINE.

I. *Dhe Lion and dhe Man.*

TO' captivate dhe publics eyes,
A cunning artiſt wonce had ſhown
A lion ov enormous ſize,
By won triumphant man o'rthrown.

Dhe fond ſpectators boaſt dhe glory.
A lion paſſing (ſays dhe ſtory)
Umbels dhus dheir ſwelling pride:
Dhe flatt'ring penci!, Sirs, I find,
Haz guivv'n dhe victʼry to' mankind;
But a picture cann't decide.

We lions ſcorn dhe feining art,
To' naked truith we ſtand;
And, cood we play dhe painters part,
Shood hav condign command.

Eddinburrough, May 13, 1749.

II. *Dhe dog in dhe wauter.*

HOW oft reallities we looz,
And empty ſhaddows raddher chooz!
How manny fools doo ſo each day,
Iz hard to' ſing—nay, hard to' ſay.
To' Eſops dog we ſhal remit dhem:
Hware ſermons fail, a tale may fit dhem.
Faſt in hiz teeth he held hiz prey,
Hwile glad he took dhe waut'ry way.
But lo! anoddher bait he ſpies;
And, for dhe picture, drops dhe prize.
Deep dives for boath dhe greedy brute;
But boath elude hiz fond purſuit!
Thro' trubbled ſtreams he lands half-drown'd,
Nor ſhaddow nor dhe ſubſtance found.

Eddin. June 8, 1749.

III. *Dhe Raven and dhe Fox.*

PERCH'T on dhe topmoaſt ov dhe trees,
Squire Raven held a ſcrap ov cheze.
Drawn by dhe ſent, by hunguer preſt,
Squire Rennard dhus hiz frend addreſt:
'Sweet maſter Raven! Sir, good-day:
How bright yoo beam, hwat charms diſplay!

Widhout

Widhout a ly, if but yoor note
Be correſpondent to' yoor coat;
In lonely pride, yoo wel may rove,
Dhe phenix ov dhe vocal grove!'
Dhe Raven, widh reziſtles joy,
Wood now hiz peerles voice employ.
He op't hiz bil, hiz booty fel;
Sly Rennard ſnapt, widh dhis farwel:
Dhey, dhat dhe flatt'ring trade purſue,
Liv at dhe coſt ov culs like yoo!
Lern dhen ov me, Sir, if yoo pleze;
A leſſon, worth a Chesſhire-cheze.
Dhe Raven, quite confounded, ſwore
(Dho late) to' be ſo bit no more.

Brompton, March 22, 1758.

IV. *Dhe citty-rat, and dhe contry-rat.*

WONCE a citty-rat, dhey ſay,
Aſkt a crony from dhe field;
To' partake a banket gay,
And to' try hwat ſcrapplings yield.

On a Turkey-carpet met,
Now dhey, cheek by jowl, deſtroy'd.
Mark dhe frends, ſo ritchly ſet!
Nevver goſſips ſo enjoy'd.

Orto-

Ortolans ſublim'd dhe chear,
And, hwatevver elſe waz nice:
Blis, her pinnakel ſo near!
Waz demolliſht in a trice.

At dhe dore a noiz waz herd:
Scampers firſt dhe frend ov town.
Safety now to' all preferr'd,
Follows faſt dhe onneſt clown.

Tumult ces't, and foes away;
To' dheir cates dhe goſſips hy:
Hear dhe entertainer ſay,
'Let us liv, if we ſhood dy!'

'Tiz enuf (repli'd dhe gueſt);
Yoo ſhal com to' me to'-morrow:
Not dhat evver I profeſt
Such regale, or felt ſuch ſorrow.

Quiet ſweetens umbel fare:
Notthing interrupts my joy.
May I nevver bredhe dhe air,
Fear or dainger can annoy!

Kenzington, April 21, 1776.

V. *Dhe old-man and hiz ſons.*

AN aged man, attending on dhe call
Ov Deth, not premature, hiz ſons beſpoke:
My children, widh yoor utmoaſt art eſſay
Dheze ſhafts to' braik, or proov hwat pow'r ſupoarts dhem.
Dhe eldeſt ſtrains, and ſtrains hiz ſtrength in vain:
'I yield dhem to' a ſtronguer arm,' he cries.
Dhe ſeccond labors next, but ſoon rezigns;
And bids dhe yongueſt tempt dhe ſtubbor'n taſk.
All to' like purpoſe: dhe bold bunch ſtands ſtrong;
Ov dhe united reeds, not won guivs way.
Poor ſoftlings! ſaid dhe ſire, I now muſt ſhow
Hwat my foarce can perform on ſuch emergence.
Thinking dhe dotard rav'd, dhey ſhrewdly ſmil'd.
Dhe ſhafts he ſevvers, and diſtinctly ſnaps.
'*Dhe pow'r ov concord here, my ſons, ye ſee:*
'*Be ſtrong, in union; and, in lov, be free.*'
Such, hwile he linguer'd, waz hiz ceſeles theme;
Til, finding at dhe laſt, dhat he muſt leve dhem;
'*My ſons belovv'd, attend: I now muſt go*
'*To' our dear fahdhers, in dhe ſhades below.*
'*Farwel! be bleſt! and oh! like breddhren liv:*
'*Dhis final prommiſe to' yoor fahdher guiv.*'
Hiz ſons, widh ſtreaming eyes, aſſure dheir ſire:
Each, by dhe hand, he graſps; he groans, he dies.

Dhe

Dhe broddhers find a fortune large, embroil'd;
A credditor demands, a neighbor ſues.
Dhe three, widh onnor, bair each palm away.
Rare waz dhe union; ſhort, az it waz rare.
Blud had conjoin'd, blind ſelfiſhnes diſparts dhem.
Ambiſcion, envy, widh dhe venal tribe,
Enter dhe haples erritage togueddher.
It now muſt be diſmember'd; now dhey wranguel:
In fifty points dhe judge condemns dhem round.
Neighbors and credditors return combin'd:
Dheze a defaut, an error dhoze emplead.
Dhe broddhers, mutually, ov jarring mind;
Won wil, anoddher wil not, compromize.
Dhey ſoon proov beggars all, and wiſh too lats,
T'improov dhe ſhafts conjunct and ſepparate.

Kenzington, April 23, 1776.

VI. *Dhe vizir and dhe hermit.*

A Sleeping Indian ſaw (ſo ſays dhe tale)
A raptur'd vizir, in dh'Elyzzian vale,
Pozeſt ov pure and evverlaſting blis;
Hwen, lo! he ſpies a diff'ring ſcene from dhis:
A hoary hermit, in a dire domain;
E'n pittied by dhe partners ov hiz pain.
Dhe caſe ſeem'd ſtrainge; dhe dubious dreamer ſhook:
'Minos (he cri'd) haz boath dhe dooms miſtook.'

Widh

Widh dhis he woke; nor, waking, found content:
So to' a ſhrewd interpreter he went.
Dhe ſage pronounc't: 'Dhy daring dout forbair;
An equal juſtice boath dhe dooms declare.
On erth, dhe vizir oft wood ſteal reces,
Himſelf to' judge, and oddhers to' redres.
Dhe hermit, mindles ov dhe ſacred ſhade,
To' coarts and vizirs vile obeiſance paid.
All ſolls proov dhus juſt umpires ov dheir fate;
And, by dhe prezzent, fix dhe future ſtate.'
Widh him, hoo ſaid ſo wel, durſt I to' ſay?
Retirements charms wood fire my loftieſt lay.
Hail, my belovv'd! ethereal blis beſtow!
Hwarehr dhou tredſt, ſucceſſive odors blow!
Stay me, oh! ſtay me, in dhy ſweet arcade;
Guiv me widh dhee to' quaf dhe cooling ſhade,
Faſt by dh'enchanting Hippocrene's ſpring,
Hware contemplacion joys to' ſit and ſing;
Hware my Pierian darlings bid explore
Parna'us' ſummit, or fair Natures lore;
From glitt'ring coarts, and buzzing citties, far;
Dhe pow'r and proggres ov each various ſtar;
Or more: dhe pow'r and proggres ov each mind;
Form'd to' enrapture, or exalt mankind!
But, if I am not born to' tow'r ſo high;
Let purling rils dheir gentel joys ſupply.
O! let me paint ſom banks enammell'd mold!
No goolden texture ſhal my fate unfold.

Hwat,

Hwat, dho no cielings goold my ſlumbers crown?
Ar ſofteſt ſlumbers ſunk in beds ov down?
To' bleſt repoze, hoo nehr on grandeur ſmil'd,
I vow new victims in dhe hallow'd wild.
Hwen dhe dred moment coms, e'n dhis I'l fly;
And, careles az I livv'd, remorſeles dy.

Dhe Lattin eppigram (two' ellegiac diſtics, hexammeter dherfore twice ſubjoining pentammeter) on GENIUS; in dhe marbel-figgure ov a boy, at Holland-houſe, near Kenzington: turned into' dhe three Ingliſh kinds ov verſe, Iambic, Trocaic, and Dactyllian or Annapeſtic.

In GENIUM: *imagunculam.*

Quis tu, laete puer, GENIUS? cur dextera ariſtam,
Laeva uvam, vertex quidve papaver habet?
Sunt tria dona Deûm; Cereris, Bacchi, atque Sŏporis:
Namque his, mortales, vivitis, et Genio.

I.

Say, ſmiling boy, hwy graſps dhy right dhe grain?
Dhy left dhe grape? dhy hed hwy poppies rein?
Ov bounteous gods dhe threfold emblem ſee!
Ye liv by Ceres, Baccus, Sleep, and me.

II.

II.

Say, ſmiling boy, hwy graſps dhy right dhe grain
Say, hwy dhy left dhe luſcious grapes diſtain.
Say, hwy dhy brow dhe drouzy poppies bind?
A ſtriking contraſt to' dhy ſprightly mind!
Dhe cherrub anſers: fond enquirer, know
Dhe three beſt boons, dhe bounteous gods beſtow.
Ceres and Baccus chear dhe human hart;
And Sleep revives, if Genius play hiz part.

III.

Say, charmer, hwy dhus graſp dhe grain?
And hwy won hand dhe grapes diſtain?
Say, hwy dhy brow dhe poppies bind?
Strainge contraſt ov dhe wakefool mind!
Dhe urchin ſmiles: 'Enquirer, know
Dhe three beſt boons dhe gods beſtow.
Ceres and Baccus viggor guiv,
And Somnus bids new Genius liv.'

IV.

Charmer, hwy dhus graſp dhe grain?
Won hand hwy doo grapes diſtain?
Hwy dhy brow doo poppies bind?
Contraſt ov dhy wakefool mind!

Ceſe

Cese; and, fond Enquirer, know
Threfold blis dhe gods beſtow:
Ceres, Baccus, Sōmnus guiv,
Mortals, by my aid, to' liv.

V.

Com, charmer, and ſay, hwy dhy right holds dhe grain;
And dhen hwy dhy left dhe ſweet cluſters diſtain?
Say, hwy widh dul poppies dhy tempels ar bound,
Dhat raddher widh ivy, or bays, ſhood be crown'd?
Cese wonder, my frend: for I guiv yoo to' know
Dhe three ritcheſt bleſſings dhe gods can beſtow;
Iware Ceres, and Baccus, and Somnus combine,
In aid ov poor mortals, dheir bounties widh mine.

VI.

Hwy, boy, dhy right hand hold dhe corn?
Dhy left, hwy dhe cluſters adorn?
Dhy tempels hwy poppies encloze,
Iz if 'twer dhy nature to' doze?
Dy dhen, fond enquirer, to' know
Dhe three ritcheſt bleſſings below;
Iware Ceres and Baccus combine,
And Somnus, dheir bounties widh mine.

VII.

Say, buteous boy, hwy dhus dhy right engraſps
Dhe goolden grain, dhy left dhe luſcious grape?
Hwy ſoporiffics weve dhy ſprightly crown,
Hwich dhe victorious laurel ſhood entwine?
Enquirer, ceſe; and lern ov boons dhe three,
Blandeſt and beſt, dhat gods to' mortals dain.
But dhe conſpiring pow'rs ov corn and wine,
And ſleep, widhout my ennergy wer vain.

J. E. 1769.

I. 4 Pentammeter iambic heroics.
II. 8 ov dhe ſame mezzure.
III. 8 dimmeter, or foar-foot iambics.
IV. 8 trocaics.
V. 8 dactyllians or annapeſtics.
VI. 8 ſhorter by a dactyl.
VII. 8 heroics blank.

Varieties, all rivalled by five lines, ov a pup aged twelv.

Hwy, joyous boy, hwy haſt dhou in dhy right
A ſheaf ov corn, and, in dhy left, a bunch

O

Ov grapes? or hwy art dhou widh poppy crown'd?
Dheze ar three godlike guifts, Corn, Wine, and Sleep:
By dheze, and inclinacion mortals liv.

JAMES * DRUMMOND.

* Author, in dhe ſame year, ov dhe native nupcial trocaic ſong to' J. E. (p. 93.) alſo ov L. lxix. cxxxv. and dhe reſt ſo ſigned, Dhe yong *Genius*, by *inclinacion*, doutles ment *inſpiracion*.

Epigrammata M. V. MARTIALIS *varie verſa.*

Or,

Eppigrams ov MARSIAL variouſly turned.

I.

DISTICS or CUPPLETS.

XII. 33. *De ſutore et fullone*, ord. vulg. III. 59.

SUTOR cerdo dedit tibi, culta Bononia, munus.
Fullo dedit Mutinae; nunc ubi caupo dabit?

On dhe cobbler and fooller, exhibbitors.

A cobbler bade polite Bononia glow,
Widh dhe ritch larges ov a rareeſhow!
A fooller ſo made Mutina hiz vow:
Hware, glorious tavverner, exhibbitſt dhou?

Or?

On dhe cobbler and fooller: to' dhe vintner.

Dhee, Bononia, dhy mender; dhee, Mutina, Scrub
Gave a boon: hware ſhalt dhou guiv won, grape-
ſucking grub?

II.

II.

XII. 73. *Ad Flaccum.* o. v. I. 99.

LITIGAT, et podagra Diodorus, Flacce, laborat.
Sed nil patronis porrigit; haec chiragra eſt.

To' *Flaccus*.

A Diodorus, ſtil at law,
Can nedher walk nor ſtand;
But grezes not hiz pleaders paw:
Dhe gout iz in hiz hand.

Or?

Stil Diodore littigates, dho he cann't ſtand.
Hiz Counſel, unfe'd, thinks dhe gout in hiz hand.

III.

XII. 79. *De Ollo.* o. v. III. 48.

PAUPERIS extruxit cellam; ſed vendidit Ollus
Praedia: nunc cellam pauperis Ollus habet.

On *Ollus*.

Nobel Ollus bilt a home,
Hware dhe poor might duly dwel.
Lands he ſels; but need not rome:
For dhe poor he bilt a cel.

Or?

For dhe poor he bilt a cel;
But hiz farms he ſold.
Ollus ſtil haz hware to' dwel;
Stil dhe poor mans hold.

Or?

Nobel Ollus conſtructed dhe poor a retreat;
Dho hiz lands all he ſold, he pozeſſes a ſeat.

IV.

XII. 85. *Ad Severum.* o. v. VII. 48.

PARVA ſuburbani munuſcula mittimus horti:
Faucibus ova tuis; poma, Severe, gulae.

To' *Severus.*

Som petty tokens, from my umbel cot;
To' ſhow dhat dhare a frend iz unforgot;
Prezent, widh paly hue, and bluſhing aw,
Egs for Severus' throat, and appels for hiz maw.

Or?

Hwat boons, my frend, ſalute dhee from my farm!
Egs wil commence, and appels crown dhe charm.

V.

V.

XII. 97. *De Philone.* o. v. V. 47.

NUNQUAM ſe coenaſſe domi Philo jurat;
et hoc eſt:
Non coenat, quoties nemo vocavit eum.

On *Philo.*

Dhat he nevver ſups at home,
Onneſt Philo ſhrewdly ſwairs:
For, hwen no won bids him roam,
He to' ſup at all forbairs.

Or?

Dhat he nehr ſups at home, proud Philo ſwairs:
Hwen uninvited, he to' ſup forbairs.

VI.

XII. 99. *In Sextum.* o. v. IV. 68.

INVITAS centum quadrantibus, et bene coenas.
Ut coenem invitor, Sexte, an ut invideam?

To' *Sextus.*

To' a hundred poor fardhings dhou bidſt dhy poor frend,
'Hwile dhou ſuppeſt before him in ſplendor:
Iz it dhat on a ſupper himſelf may depend;
Or may gaze upon dhine, a depender?

Or?

Thou bidſt to' a ſportule, and ſuppeſt in ſplendor!
Doſt mean me to' ſup, or to' ſtare a depender?

VII.

XII. 106. *De Cinna.* o. v. XII. 64.

VINCENTEM roſeos, facieque comaque, miniſtros
Cinna cocum fecit: Cinna guloſus homo eſt.

On *Cinna.*

In rozy cheeks, and flowing hair,
Surpaſſing dhoze, dhat gobblets bair;
A yooth he bids prepare hiz feaſt:
A belly-god haz ſuch a prieſt.

Or?

In locs won paſſing all; in rozes, pure;
A cook he made. Fy, Cinna, eppicure!

VIII.

VIII.

XII. 114. *In invitatorem.* o. v. III. 49.

VEJENTANA mihi miſces, tu Maſſica potas:
Olfacere haec malo pocula, quàm bibere.

To' *an entertainer.*

To' me dhou mingleſt vile Veienſian wine,
And quafſt dhyſelf dhe blud ov Maſſic vine.
Dhy hoſpitabel cups, hwatehr dhou think dhem;
My hoaſt, much raddher wood I ſmel, dhan drink dhem.

Or ?

Iz mine dhe Veian, dhine dhe Maſſic cup?
I'd raddher ſnuf, dhan ſwil, dhe gobblet up.

TETRASTICS, OR QUATTRAINS.

I.

III. 1. *Ad Catonem.* o. v. I. 3.

NOSSES jocoſae dulce cùm ſacrum Florae,
Feſtoſque luſus, et licentiam vulgi;
Cur in theatrum, Cato ſevere, veniſti?
An ideo tantùm veneras, ut exires?

To' *Cato: Annapeſtic?*

Hwen dhe games ov dhe feaſt, and dhe joys ov dhe ſcum,
And dhe hoal joccund ſcene dhou ov Flora didſt know;
To' her fane, awfool Cato, ah! hwy didſt dhou com?
Didſt dhou com onely dhiddher, dhat dhence dhou might'ſt go?

Or

Or *Dactyllian?*

Dhe games ov dhe goddes, and joys ov dhe ſcum,
Dhou knew'ſt: for hoo knew not dhe ſhame or dhe ſhow?
Dred cenſor, dhen hwy to' dhe ſcene didſt dhou com?
Ah! cameſt dhou dhiddher, dhat dhence dhou might'ſt go?

II.

III. 36. *Ad Fidentinum.* o. v. I. 30.

FAMA refert noſtros te, Fidentine, libellos
Non aliter populo, quam recitare tuos.
Si mea vis dici, gratis tibi carmina mittam:
Si dici tua vis; haec eme, ne mea ſint.

To' *Fidentinus.*

Fame, Fidentinus, haz indignant ſhown,
Dhat dhou recit'ſt my verſes for dhy own.
Dhey naught ſhal coſt dhee, if dhey ſtil be mine;
But dhou muſt by dhem, to' create dhem dhine.

Or?

Fame haz, my Fiddentine, made loudly known,
Dhat yoo recite my verſes, az yoor own.
If mine dhey be, I'l ſend dhem yoo for naught:
To' make dhem yoors, by yoo dhey muſt be baught.

III.

III. 52. *Ad Albium Maximum.* XI. 106.

ALBI Maxime, ſi vacabit hora,
Hoc tantùm lege: namque et occupatus,
Et non es nimiùm laborioſus.
Tranſis hos quoque quattuor? Sapîſti!

To' *Albius Maximus.*

Maximus, if dhou hav time,
Caſt a glance upon my rime.
Dhou haſt always much to' doo;
Nor doſt ſtil a moth purſue.
Skip dhen dheze, let me advize:
Dhou haſt ſkipt dhem? and art wize!

Or?

Albius, if dhou hav dhe time,
Doo but read dhis littel rime.
True, dhou hateſt pains az hel:
Dhis dhou ſkippeſt——and doſt wel!

IV.

III. 78. *Ad Lectorem.* o. v. XI. 108.

QUAMVIS tam longo poſſis ſatur eſſe libello,
Lector; adhuc à me diſticha pauca petis.
Sic Lupus uſuram, puerique diaria poſcunt.
Lector, ſolve: taces, diſſimulaſque? Vale.

To' dhe reader: iambic?

Doo I not yet ſatiety excite?
And muſt I ſtil, fond reader, diſtics write?
Dhe lads dheir pittance, Lupus craves hiz rent.
Kind reader, looſe me: ſilence guivs conſent.

Or *dactyllian?*

Dho, reader, dhou wel might'ſt be ſic ov ſuch ſtuf,
Widh cupplets dhou nehr art content.
So Hunks nehr haz uſance, nor boys bred enuf.
Diſmis me: mum ſymbols conſent.

V.

VI. ii. 47. *In Fabium et Chreſtillam.* o. v. VIII. 43.

EFFERT uxores Fabius, Chreſtilla maritos;
Funereamque toris quaſſat uterque facem.
Victores committe, Venus; quos iſte manebit
Exitus, una duos ut Libitina ferat.

On *Fabius and Chreſtilla.*

Chreſtilla berries huzbands, Fabius wives:
Each ſets dhe fun'ral torch to' wedded lives.
Dhe free victorious pair may Venus wed;
And Libitina ſee dhem boath to' bed!

Or?

Boath *Fabby* and *Chreſtil* know wel how to' berry
A conſort, and widh ſabel torch to' make merry.
Yoke, Venus, dhe victors; and, mutually loath,
Let won *Libitina* lay hold ov dhem boath!

VI.

VI. iii. 19. *De Lycoride*, o. v. VII. 13.

DUM Tiburtinis albeſcere ſolibus audit
Antiqui dentis fuſca Lycoris ebur;
Venit in Herculeos colles. Quid Tiburis alti
Aura valet? parvo tempore nigra redit.

On Lycoris: ellegiac?

Dhat Tibers hil old iv'ry's hue reſtores,
Embrown'd Lycoris lerns widh vaſt content.
Herculean hights, tranſpoarted, ſhe exp!ores;
But ſoon returns all ſabel, az ſhe went.

Or *annapeſtic?*

Dhat an ellephants fang, duſk Lycoris had herd,
On dhe Tibburtine hils evv'ry ſallownes ſpurn'd.
To' Alcides' fam'd hights her ambiſcion transferr'd,
Evv'ry gale blew in vain: ſhe all ſabel return'd!

Oddhers diverſely rendered.

I.

I. i. 21. *Ad Caeſarem Domitianum, ord. vulg.* VIII. 50.

QUANTA gigantei memoratur menſa triumphi,
Quantaque nox ſuperis omnibus illa fuit,
Quâ bonus accubuit genitor cum plebe deorum,
Et licuit Faunis poſcere vina Jovem;
Tanta tuas celebrant, Caeſar, convivia laurus:
Exhilarant ipſos gaudia noſtra deos.
Veſcitur omnis eques tecum, populuſque, patreſque;
Et capit ambroſias cum duce Roma dapes.
Grandia pollicitus, quanto majora dediſti!
Promiſſa eſt nobis ſportula, recta data eſt.

To' Domiſcian Cezar.

To' Joves high triumph o'r dhe giant-breed,
Hwat hevvenly night, hwat feſtal did ſuccede!
Hwen dhe grait ſire wood widh dhe mob recline,
And Fauns dhemſelvs might claim ſupernal wine!
Dhy laurels crown'd widh ſuch convivvial lov,
Our erthly joys refreſh dhe gods abov.
Sires, knights, and commons, all partake widh dhee:
Room widh her chief enjoys ambroſial glee.
Much, Cezar, haſt dhou prommis't, more beſtow'd:
A ſportule flatter'd, and a ſupper flow'd!

Or

Or?

Rich az dhe board, dhat boaſted giants quell'd;
Glad az dhe night, ſupernal pow'rs beheld;
Hwen dhe bland ſire widh umbleſt gods reclin'd,
And Fauns familliar widh dhe Thund'rer din'd.
Such feſtal joys, *Auguſtus*, bles dhy bays:
And ſympathettic in celeſtials raiz.
Fahdhers, and knights, and commons, feaſt widh dhee;
Room, widh her chief, partakes ambroſial glee.
Grait prommiſe dhou, widh graiter proof, haſt crown'd;
And, for dhe ſportule, dhe regale goes round.

II.

I. i. 23. *In epulas Domitiani*, o. v. IX. 92.

AD coenam ſi me diverſa vocaret in aſtra
Hinc invitator Caeſaris, inde Jovis;
Aſtra licet propiùs, Pallatia longiùs eſſent;
Reſponſa ad ſuperos haec referenda darem:
Quaerite qui malit fieri conviva Tonantis;
Me meus in terris Jupiter, ecce! tenet.

On Domiſcians banket.

To' diverſe ſtars if I wer bid repair,
Grait Joves inviter here, and Cezars dhare;

At

At hand dho I beheld dhe feaſt ov Jove,
And in dhe utmoaſt ſtar my lords alcove;
Dhis meſſage meek I ſhood ſupernals ſend:
I hope dhe wordhy wil for me attend.
How bleſt, hoo to' dhe Thund'rer dare to' go!
My Jupiter detains me here below.

Or?

To' various blis, if various ſummons ſtrove;
For Cezars banket, or dhe feaſt ov Jove;
Dho dhe celeſtial pallace beam'd at hand,
Dhe erthly aw'd dhe moaſt ſequeſter'd ſtrand;
My duteous anſer ſhood attend dhe bleſt:
Find dhe ſupreme ov gods a wordhier gueſt
And pittying eyes upon dhe bard beſt
Detain'd by dhe ſupreme ov men below.

III.

II. 51. *De Baiis amoenis.* o. v. XI. 80.

LITTUS beatae Veneris aureum Bajas,
Bajas ſuperbae blanda dona Naturae!
Ut mille laudem, Flacce, verſibus Bajas;
Laudabo dignè non ſatis tamen Bajas.
Sed Martialem malo, Flacce, quam Bajas:
Optare utrumque pariter, improbi votum eſt.
Quòd ſi deorum munere hoc tibi detur,
Quid gaudiorum eſt Martialis et Bajae!

To' Flaccus, on Baiae *or dhe Bath.*

BATH! hware rezides dhe radiant queen ov joy!
BATH! ov benignant Nature blandeſt boon!
Ov ſannity and ſong perennial ſpring!
Be evver mine: but mine be *Marſial* more!
At boath to' pant wer a prezumptuous ſigh.
But, ſhood propiſcious gods dhe brace beſtow,
From *Marſial* and dhe *Bath* hwat joys wood teem!

Or?

Hail, goolden ſhore, hware blisfool Venus ſmiles,
Hware Nature proud widh blandeſt boons beguiles!
Exalted ſtrains, dhat wood dhe theme purſue,
Cood nevver reach dhe praiz to' Baia due.
Dho Baia fair, my *Flaccus*, I confes;
Dhy Marſial iz a frend I lov no les.
Dheze to' unite eludes dhe fondeſt hope:
To' part dhem dhen ſhood proov no arduous ſcope.
Yet, if dhe bounteous gods wood boath beſtow,
From *Marſial* and dhe *Bath*, hwat blis might flow!

IV.

III. 12. *In delicatum Lectorem.* o. v. X. 45.

SI quid bene mei dicant et dulce libelli,
Si quid honorificum pagina blanda ſonet;
Hoc tu pingue putas, et coſtam rodere mavis,

Ilia

Ilia Laurentis cùm tibi demus apri.
Vaticana bibas, ſi delectaris aceto!
Non facit ad ſtomachum noſtra lagena tuum.

To' a ſqueamiſh reader.

If my Thalia tune a lenient lay,
If ſhe dhe note ov juſt applauz eſſay;
Dhou, quicly cloy'd, a bone woodſt raddher gnaw,
Hwen I prezent a true Laurenſian maw.
Lovſt vinnegar? Dhe Vattican be dhine:
Dhy ſtummac cannot brook a flaſk ov mine.

Or? *To' a nice Reader.*

If ſoodhing aught, or ſweet my lambent lay,
Or compliment my kindeſt page convey;
Dhou luſcious deem'ſt; a bone woodſt raddher gnaw,
Hwen a Laurenſian boar prezents hiz maw.
Lovſt vinnegar? Dhe Vattican be dhine!
Tos dhy own tankard, hoo diſtaſteſt mine.

V. 16. *In Afrum.* o. v. IV. 79.

CONDITA cùm tibi ſit jam ſexageſima meſſis,
Et facies multo ſplendeat alba pilo,
Diſcurris totâ vagus urbe; nec ulla cathedra eſt,
Cui non manè feras irrequietus AVE.
Et ſine te nulli fas eſt prodire tribuno,
Nec caret officio conſul uterque tuo:

Et

Et ſacro decies repetis Pallatia clivo,
Sigerioſque meros, Partheniosque ſonas.
Haec faciant ſanè juvenes: deformius, Afer,
Omnino nihil eſt ardelione ſene.

To' Afer.

Fool threeſcore goolden harveſts ſwel dhy ſtore;
Dhy revv'rend hed iz almoaſt ſilver'd o'r.
Yet to' dhyſelf nor oddhers wilt allow
Repoze, from dhe eternal morning-bow.
Shal no grait man enjoy an erly our,
For dhat officiouſnes, hwich peſters pow'r?
Dhe verry pallace muſt Intruzion climb,
Merely to' peal dhe minniſterial chime!
A yoothfool id'ler iz at beſt a joke:
But id'ling age no pardon can provoke.

Or?

Dhou haſt harveſts ſeen threeſcore,
And dhy face iz ſilver'd o'r.
Stil dhou gadſt about dhe town;
Stil dhou beat'ſt each ſopha down.
Reſt to' non indulgeſt dhou,
Bearing round dhe morning-bow.
Widhout dhee no tribbune dare
Pop hiz hed into' dhe air.
Nedher conſul can pretend
He haz no offiſcious frend.

Up

Up dhe ſacred hil ſo high,
Proud dhou doſt dhe pallace ply.
Nobel now, dhy frends alone:
Partheny becoms dhe tone!
Leve ſuch poddher to' dhe yong:
Afer, nevver truſt my tung,
If a wretch enflame my rage,
Like a *Gad-about* in age.

VI.

V. 30. *In Romam.* o. v. X. 74.

JAM parce laſſo, Roma, gratulatori;
Laſſo clienti: quamdiu ſalutator,
Anteambulones et togatulos inter,
Centum merebor plumbeos die toto;
Cùm Scorpus unâ quindecim graves horâ
Ferventis auri victor auferat ſaccos?
Non ego, meorum praemium libellorum,
(Quid enim merentur?) Apulos velim campos.
Non Hybla, non me ſpicifer capit Nilus;
Nec quae paludes delicata Pontinas
Ex arce clivi ſpectat uva Setini.
Quid concupiſcam, quaeris ergo? Dormire.

To' Room.

O *Room*, dhy weary grattulator ſpare,
A client haggu'd. How long hiz umbel ſhare,

Amid

Amid foretrotters and dhe gownling tribe,
Shal a hoal day dhe hundred braſslings bribe;
Hwen victor Scorpus in won our haz cool'd
Fool fifteen pond'rous bags ov burning goold?
To' crown my labors (Hwy ſhood dhey be crown'd?)
I doo not aſk Apulia's lands renown'd.
Not Hybla captivates, widh all her ſtore;
Not all dhe odors on dhe Nillian ſhore:
Not dhe rich grape ov Setia's tow'ring hil,
Dhat ſheds her blud, dhe Pontian pools to' fil.
Hwat dhen doſt wiſh? For hwat ſuch poddher keep?
Speak dhine ambiſcion, moddeſt Bard!—To' SLEEP.

Or?

O *Room*, dhy weary grattulator ſpare.
How long, mid gownling harbingers, ſhal he
Confes a hundred bits ov dros hiz care;
And boaſt a dreary days ſuffiſcient fee?

Shal victor *Scorpus*, in a petty our,
Bair fifteen bags ov burning goold away?
Shal coarting Candor crown dhe drivers pow'r,
And ſcarce a ſmile dhe bardlings duty pay?

I wiſh no prodduce ov Apulia's plain.
Hwat can (alas!) my littel lays demand?
No Hybla's hil, no ſpicy Niles domain;
No fertilizing flud, or laffing land:

Not

Not e'n hwat, o'r dhe peerles Pontine pool,
From Setia's ſummit ſteals dh' enchanting peep;
Dh' imperial grape, ſo copious and ſo cool!
Hwat dhen doſt dhou ſo ſigh for? Sigh for!—
[SLEEP.

V. 40. *In Praetorem.* o. v. IV. 67.

PRAETOREM pauper centum ſeſtertia Gaurus
Orabat, canâ notus amicitiâ:
Dicebatque ſuis hoc tantum dêſſe trecentis,
Ut poſſet domino plaudere juſtus eques.
Praetor ait: Scis me Scorpo Thalloque daturum;
Atque utinam centum millia ſola darem!
Ah! pudet ingratae, pudet ah! malè divitis arcae;
Quod non vis equiti, vis dare, Praetor, equo.

To' a Pretor.

Gaurus, prezuming on long frendſhip paſt,
A hundred thouzand ov dhe Pretor aſkt;
Said he cood lay three hundred down at ſight,
And won cool hundred more wood dub dhe knight.
Doſt think, he anſer'd, I can dhis beſtow,
Hoo more to' Scorpus, and to' Thallus ow?
Ungratefool ſpendthrift! dhus dhy cheſt endorſe:
Hwat I deny dhe man, I guiv dhe horſe.

Or? *To' a man ov onnor.*

A mere hundred thouzand waz Gaurus' demand:
Dhe Pretor had long call'd him frend.
He ſaid dhe three hundred lay ded on hiz hand;
Won more gave dhe knight to' attend.

Dhe pretor exclaim'd: I dhe vaſt, dhat I ow,
To' Scorpus and Thallus muſt pay:
And oh! dhat hwat I on my onnor beſtow,
Dhe hundred requir'd cood defray!

Ah! curſe on dhy welth, unbenevvolent wight!
I bluſh for dhy word, and dhy deed.
Hwat dhou haſt dhe hart to' deny to' a *knight*,
Dhy hart can expend on a *ſteed*.

VIII.

VI. i. 2. *In Tongilium.* o. v. II. 40:

URI Tongilius malè dicitur hemitritaeo.
Novi hominis mores! eſurit, atque ſitit.
Subdola tenduntur craſſis modò retia turdis,
Hamus et in mullum mittitur atque lupum.
Caecuba ſaccentur, quaeque annus coxit Opimî:
Condantur parco fuſca Falerna vitro.
Omnes Tongilium medici juſſere lavari:
O ſtulti, febrem creditis eſſe? gula eſt.

On Tonguillius.

Tonguillius widh a ſemitercian burns.
Dhe upſtart! hunguers, and he thirſts by turns.
For dhe fat thruſh, dhe ſuttel ſpringe iz laid;
By hooks, dhe mullet and dhe pike'z betray'd.
Be dhe Cecubian and Opimmian fin'd,
Nor let dhe dark Falernian be declin'd.
Dhe bath! dhe bath iz now dhe doctors law:
Dhe ſages find a fever—in a maw.

Or?

Poor *Tonguilly* burns ſemitercian:
I know dhe dog, and hiz diverſion.
Hwatehr dhe doctors ſay or think,
Dhe pacient burns to' eat and drink.
Not dhat he pines for vulgar cates:
Not dhey hemitritean baits.
For fatteſt thruſh, dhe gin he lays:
Dhe mullet, or dhe pike he plays.
Be dhe Cecubian fine procur'd,
And hwat Opimmius' year matur'd.
Item, Falernian deep a glas,
If ſparing, may for medcine pas.
All dhe phyziſcians bid dhe bath:
How ſafe and ſound dhe beaten path!
Right-truſty Wrongheds, ye ar raw:
Tonguillius' fever iz hiz maw.

IX.

VI. i. 11, *In Amoenum.* v. o. XII. 50.

DAPHNONAS, platanonas, et aëreas cypariſſos;
Ac non unius balnea ſolus habes:
Et tibi centenis ſtat porticus alta columnis,
Calcatuſque tuo ſub pede lucet onyx.
Pulvereumque fugax hippodromon ungula plaudit,
Et pereuntis aquae fluctus ubique ſonat.
Atria longa patent; ſed nec coenantibus uſquam,
Nec ſomno locus eſt: quàm bene non habitas!

To' Palacian.

Dhy laurels, planes, and cypreſſes aſcend:
Badhs, not for won, to' won dheir balſam lend.
Dhy poartico a hundred collumns bair;
Dhy verry trampel bids dhe onnyx glare.
Dhe flying hoof commands dhy coarſe to' ring:
From various ſoarce dhy tunefool fountains ſpring.
Dho far and wide expand dhy ſumptuous halls,
No ſcenes convivvial glad dhe vacant walls.
Nor day nor night can ſleep or ſupper guiv:
How glorious dhou devizeſt—not to' liv!

Or?

Groves ov laurel, ov plane, and ov cypres aſcend:
Gorgeous badhs, not for won, but for number extend.
A fool hundred fair collumns yoor poartico bair;
Nay, dhe onnyx beams brighter, beneadh yoor repair
Dhe wingu'd hoof ſcatters duſt and delight o'r dh coarſe: [ſoarce
Wanton wauters wil warbel, and waſte, from eac
Dhen dhe halls rize ſo haughty, ſtretch ſo far an wide: [pride
Yet dhoze halls proov too ſcanty, to' hold all yoo
How can room be for ſtraingers, to' ſup or to' ſleep
Ah! how pompous and pitteous a pallace yoo keep

X.

VI. ii. 1. *In Caecilianum.* o. v. IX. 72.

DIXERAT, O MORES! O TEMPORA! Tullius olim,
Sacrilegum ſtrueret cùm Catilina nefas;
Cùm gener, atque ſocer, diris concurreret armis;
Moeſtaque civili caede maderet humus.
Cur nunc, O MORES! cur nunc, O TEMPORA dicis?
Quod tibi non placeat, Caeciliane, quid eſt?

Null

Nulla ducum feritas, nulla eſt infamia ferri :
Pace frui certâ, laetitiâque licet.
Non noſtri faciunt, tua quòd tibi tempora ſordent ;
Sed faciunt mores, Caeciliane, tui.

To' Cecillian : Annapeſtic ?

O ye times ! O ye manners ! exclaim'd dhe old ſage ;
Hwen indignant he ſcann'd a curſt Cattilines rage :
Hwen dhe ſon and dhe ſire ſuch bad battels maintain'd ;
And dhe ground widh gore civvil ſo gron'd to' be ſtain'd.
O ye manners ! ye times ! hwerfore doſt dhou now [cry ?
Iz dhare aught hurts dhy taſte, or dhine ear, or dhine eye ?
Flaſh dhe chiefs anny fury, dheir arms anny fire ;
Hwen dhe pece iz eſtabbliſht, dhe plezzure entire ?
Not dhe manners ov oddhers diſparrage dhe times :
But, *Cecillian*, dhy manners ; ſo pregnant widh crimes.

Or, *dimmeter* (foarfoot) *Iambic ?*

O times ! O manners ! cri'd dhe ſage,
At Cattilines accurſed rage ;
Hwen ſon and ſire ſuch war maintain'd,
And groan'd dhe ground, widh gore diſtain'd.
But manners ! times ! hwy doſt dhou cry ?
Hwat hurts dhy taſte, or ear, or eye ?
No leaders lour, no faucions gleam :
Perennial iz dhe pecefool beam.

'Tiz not our manners taint dhe times:
But dhine, Cecillian, big widh crimes.

Or, *Trocaic?*

Times and manners! cri'd dhe ſage,
At a *Catilina's* rage;
At a ſon and ſire in law,
Hoo cood on each oddher draw.
Wonder we, if Erth complain'd,
Widh ſuch gore ungodly ſtain'd?
Manners! Times! hwy doſt dhou cry?
Hwat hurts taſte, or ear, or eye?
Chiefs nor lour, nor faucions gleam:
Setled iz dhe pecefool beam.
Not our manners cloud dhe times:
Dhine, Cecillian, big widh crimes!

Or, *pentammeter Iambic heroic?*

O times! O manners! cri'd dh' indignant ſage,
At *Catilina's* ſaccrilegious rage,
Hwen ſon and ſire dh'unnatt'ral war maintain'd;
Hwen groan'd dhe ground, widh civvil gore diſtain'd.
O manners! now, O times! hwy doſt dhou cry?
Hwat can offend dhy taſte, or ear, or eye?
No chief gleams fury, and no ſoard annoy:
Eſtabbliſht pece proclaims perennial joy.

Dhe

Dhe manners, not ov oddhers, taint dhe times;
But dhine, Cecillian! ſo profuſe ov crimes!

XI.

VI. iii. 33. *In Phyllida.* o. v. XI. 50.

NULLA eſt hora tibi, quâ non me, Phylli, furentem
Deſpolies: tantâ calliditate rapis.
Nunc plorat ſpeculo fallax ancilla relicto;
Gemma vel à digito, vel cadit aure lapis.
Nunc furtiva lucri fieri bombycina poſſunt:
Profertur Coſmi nunc mihi ficcus onyx.
Amphora nunc petitur nigri carioſa Falerni,
Expiet ut ſomnos garrula ſaga tuos.
Nunc, ut emam grandemve lupum, mullumve bilibrem;
Indixit coenam dives amica tibi.
Sit pudor; et tandem veri reſpectus, et aequi.
Nil tibi, Phylli, nego: nil mihi, Phylli, nega.

To' Phyllis.

Each our, my Phyllis, yoo yoor cully ſpoil,
So keen yoor art, ſo taking iz yoor toil.
Yoor maid a mirror moarns, widh feined tear:
A gem yoor finguer drops, a ſtone yoor ear.

Clandeſtine ſilks may be a bargain baught;
A box, ov all perfume forlor'n, iz braught.
A carious caſk ov deep Falernian grant,
Dhat expiated dreams dhe hag may chant.
A ſturgeon huge, or two'-pound mullet pay:
A welthy female frend dines here to'-day.
Oh ſhame! on conſcience, Phillis, caſt an eye:
My all I yield: yoo notthing can deny.

Or?

Not an our, but my Phyllis diſmantels my folly;
So ingenious at fetches, at flecing ſo jolly! [tear;
Now a mirror, nehr broke, guivs her handmaid a
Now a gem flies her finguer, a jewel her ear.
Now a bargain ov ſilks, fool clandeſtine iz baught;
Now a dry box, dhat wonce held coſmettics, iz braught.
Ov dhe deepeſt Falernian iz crav'd an old caſk;
Dhat, to' conjure dhy dreams be dhe harridans taſk.
I muſt purchaſe a ſturgeon, or mullet two' pound:
Widh a rich female frend iz dhy meal to' be crown'd.
Since my all centers dhus in dhy moddeſt pozeſſion,
Dhy nice conſcience enſures me dhine evv'ry conceſſion.

Portrait du CHARLATANISME ; *fait par lui-même, dans un moment de franchiſe.*

J'AI formé la race innombrable,
Qui, par le merveilleux, ſéduit le genre humain.
J'ai le ton emphatique, avec un air capable ;
J'excelle aux tours d'eſprit, j'excelle aux tours de main.
Rien ne m'abat, rien ne m'arrête :
J'ai, pour créer de grands effets,
Plus d'art que de ſavoir ; plus de front, que de tête ;
Plus de preſtiges, que de faits.
L'amour du merveilleux, eſt un amour ſi bête !
Il voit ce que je dis, et non ce que je fais.
Tantôt je marche ſolitaire,
Et tantôt la foule me ſuit ;
Je m'enveloppe du myſtere,
Et je m'environne du bruit :
Le bruit en impoſe au vulgaire,
Et le ſilence à l'homme inſtruit.

On me voyait jadis ſur la place d'Athenes,
Du haut de la tribune, inſpirer les réteurs :
Près du tonneau de Diogenes,
Je raſſemblais les ſpectateurs.
J'ai fait valoir plus d'un grand homme.

Changeant ſelon le ſiecle, et ſelon le pays,
Je m'en vais débitant des réliques à Rome,
Et des nouveautés à Paris.
Autrefois Moliniſte,
Enſuite Janſéniſte,
Puis Encyclopédiſte,
Et puis Economiſte ;
A préſent Meſmériſte ;*
C'eſt moi qui traduiſis, par d'heureux changements,
L'eſprit évangélique,
L'étude politique,
La ſcience phyſique,
Au ſtile des romans.
Dans le ſiecle paſſé, je redoutais Moliere :
A ſon nom encor je frémis.
Dans le ſiecle préſent, je redoutais Voltaire :
Rouſſeau, ſans le vouloir, était de mes amis.

Dans le Sénat Anglais, je fais un très-grand rôle :
Mon zele, aux deux partis, ſe vend le même jour.
Puiſſant d'intrigue et de parole,
Je ſuis Cromwel, Chatham, Walpole ;
Je ſuis Catilina, Cicéron tour à tour.
A l'Amérique Anglaiſe, encore un peu ſauvage,
Je n'ai pû juſqu'ici faire accepter mes dons.
Mais j'en eſpere d'avantage,
Depuis que ſes guerriers inventent des cordons. †

Des

Des Papes quelquefois j'ai coloré les bulles ;
J'ai ſouvent embelli les récits des Héros :
De nos Contrôleurs-généraux,
Je tourne auſſi les préambules.
Je dicte à nos Prélats de pieux mandements,
Des diſcours aux Académies.
Sans être ému, j'ai de grands mouvements :
Pompeuſement j'orne des minuties.
Profeſſeur émérite à l'Univerſité,
J'ai plus d'un fauteuil en Sorbonne :
Mais ma premiere place eſt dans la Faculté,
Et ma ſeconde auprès du Trône.

En peu de mots, voici les traits,
Auxquels on peut me reconnaître.
J'aime à parler, j'aime à paraître ;
J'aime à prôner ce que je ſais,
J'aime à groſſir ce que je fais.
J'aime à juger, j'aime à promettre :
J'annonce les plus beaux ſecrets.
Je n'en ai qu'un : celui de mettre
Tous les ſots dans mes intérêts.

* *Meſmer*, charlatan du magnétiſme.

† L'ordre de *Cincinnat*, en Amérique.

Tranſlacion ov dhe foregoing.

Dhe universal Favorite.

'TWAZ I, hoo form'd dh' innumerabel race,
Dhat, by dhe marvellous beguiles mankind:
Bold iz my tone, impoartant iz my face;
Mine iz dhe ſlight ov hand, and ſlight ov mind.

Me notthing dants, me notthing can repres;
More art dhan ſkil, more words dhan wit I ſhow:
Performance aſcertains not my ſucces;
I prommiſe boldeſt, hware I notthing know.

So blind dhe lov ov marvels, yet ſo ſtrong!
So fondly raſcionals can rant purſue!
My wildeſt boaſt beſt guls dhe gahping throng;
Hoo ſees hwatehr I ſay, not hwat I doo.

I ſtalk alone, dhen ſtrut amid dhe croud;
Now wrapt in myſt'ry, compaſt now widh noiz.
Profound my ſilence, or my lecture loud:
Mob ſwallows dhis, and dhat dhe ſage enjoys.

In dhe Athenian ſquare I hwilom ſeen,
Cood from dhe lofty deſk fel retors fire;
Now near Diodgeneſſes tub, I ween,
How manny a mob I'v made, how manny a man admire!

Adapted

Adapted ſtil, widh time and place I chainge:
I, rellic-dealer, pilgrimize to' *Room*;
Now, deep in novvelty, to' *Parris* rainge,
Hware novvelty prezervs perennial bloom.

Revolving now dhe round ov evv'ry *iſt*,
I *Moliniſt*, and *Janſeniſt* became;
Fam'd *Encycloppediſt*, *Econnomiſt*,
And laſtly, *Meſmeriſt*,* magnettic name!

I turn'd, by happy metamorphoſis,
Dhe ſpirrit evangellical aſcance;
Dhe lore ov pollitics, and phyzzics' blis,
To' dhe ſtile moddern ov ſublime romance.

Moliere I dredded, in dhe former age;
A name, I feel too formidabel ſtil:
Voltaire haz, in dhe prezzent, flaſht hiz rage;
Rouſſeau aroze my frend, againſt hiz wil.

In Sennate ſold, to' boath ſides, in won day;
A Gaul, now Antigallican I turn;
A Cromwel, Walpool, next a Chatham play;
A Cattiline, or Ciſcero I burn.

Amerrica, yet ſavvage, ſcarce my ſcope,
Affects my ſhining tallents to' deſpize;
But now I cherriſh won fair dawn ov hope,
Since e'n her warriors ribbons † cood devize.

Som

Som bools ov Popes I hav array'd more bright,
New luſter hav I ſhed o'r Heroes tales;
Controllers calculacions muſt be right:
In proof, my fool preambel nevver fails.

To' Prellates, pious mandates I convey;
Diſcoarſes to' Acaddémies I lend;
Unmoov'd, hwat ſtrainge emocions I diſplay!
By pomp, I make minuteneſſes tranſcend.

I, a profeſſor old, hav run my race;
Theollogy haz markt me for her own:
Dhe Facculty ſtil proovs my primal place;
My next muſt be dhe compas ov dhe Throne.

But, in a minniature, my fetures take;
Hware my lovv'd likenes beſt may bles dhe vew:
I joy to' talk, a furious fus to' make;
To' ſound dhe all I know, and ſwel dhe all I doo.

I conjure deep, widh prommiſes I ſtun;
All dhe impoſſibel I dare divine.
Among my num'rous ſecrets, ſure iz won;
Dhat evv'ry fool becoms a frend ov mine.

* From *Meſmer*, dhe German parent ov Annimal Magnetiſm.

† Dhe order ov *Cincinnatus*, lately founded in Amerrica.

Le Temple de l'Harmonie :

Cantate.

Récitatif.

DANS un palais, que l'art magique
Bâtit exprès pour la muſique ;
Terpſicore, au milieu d'une ſuite d'amants,
Joignant leurs voix aux inſtruments,
Fait retentir un concert magnifique.

Air.

Reſonnant, et bien accordé,
Le violon, premier mobile,
Touché par une main habile,
De ſes pareils bien ſecondé,
Domine, enleve, nous enchante ;
Et, d'une ouverture élégante
Exécutant l'heureux projet,
Nous comble d'un plaiſir parfait.

Récitatif.

Pour ſoutenir cette merveille,
La baſſe tire de ſon creux
Des tons hardis, majeſtueux :

Le ſonore baſſon, à note ſans pareille,
Le cor-de-chaſſe harmonieux,
Le brillant claveſſin, l'orgue miraculeux,
Rempliſſent ſavamment l'oreille.

Air de Baſſe.

L'orgue lui-même comprend tout,
Baſſe et deſſus, de bout en bout;
Grand queur, ou ſimple ritournelle,
Prélude, ou fugue ſolennelle;
Et peut exprimer, à la fois,
Une multitude de voix.

Récitatif.

Favorite de Pan, traverſiere immortelle!
Flutes et flageolets, rivaux de Philomele!
Hautbois, clairons, muſettes animées par les vents,
On eſt ravi d'extaſe à vos divins accents!

Muſette.

Accompagnez les airs d'Alette,
Lorſqu'elle fait dire aux écos,
Que la plus jolie amourette,
Pour un plaiſir a mille maux!
Conſolez Tyrſis de ſa peine,
Rendez chaque berger heureux;
Attendriſſez chaque inhumaine,
Parmi les danſes et les jeux.

Récitatif.

Récitatif.

Mais qu'entends-je ? quel bruit interrompt la muſette !
Que d'accords nobles et guerriers !
Paix—écoutons—c'eſt la trompette ;
Qui nous annonce des lauriers.

Duo.

Pour célébrer une victoire,
Et des héros fameux faire voler la gloire ;
La muſe inſpire une céleſte ardeur,
Que ſaiſit juſqu'au fond du coeur.

Fanfare.

Trompette éclatante,
Humaniſez-vous ;
Soyez moins bruyante,
Et ſonnez tout doux :
Mais, dans nos finales,
Ranimez vos ſons ;
Et que les timbales,
Par des coups redoublés, terminent nos chanſons.

Grand Queur.

O Harmonie ! O Terpſicore !
Sublime objet de nos ſouhaits !
Pour triompher des préſents de Pandore,
Etalez vos puiſſants attraits.
Fille du ciel, que tout le monde implore !
Ne nous abandonnez jamais !

J. G.

Tranſlacion ov dhe foregoing.

Dhe Tempel ov Harmony:

A Cantata.

Recittative.

IN a fane, by madgic pow'r,
Rear'd in an enchanting our,
Terpſiccore, amid dhe melting train,
Bids voice and inſtrument combine,
To' blend dhe harmony divine,
And crown her tunefool reign.

Air.

Sweet Violin, dhat primal pants,
Awak't by a ſuperior hand,
And waking dhe ſucceſſive band,
Commands, ſublimes, enchants.
All hail, harmonious Overture!
Hoo pour'ſt dhe bland announcement pure;
And call'ſt each Conj'res to' employ
Her moddulacion ov dhe joy!

Recittative.

Dhe ſeccond marvel, in her place,
Arrouzes hoarſe, dhe hollow Baſe;
And ſends from her immenſe profounds,
Majeſtic, bold, alarming ſounds.

Hark!

Hark! her ſonorous ſiſter, gruf Baſſoon!
Hail, Hunting-Horn, ov gladſom tune!
Com, ſprightly Harpſicord, and play:
Miracc'lous Organ, com; and tune dhy various lay.

Baſe.

Arch Organ in herſelf contains
Sublime, profound, and medial ſtrains;
Grand Corus, or dhe ſimpel ſwel;
Gay prellude, or dhe ſollemn knel;
And may attune, in ampler choice,
Dhe concert ov each diverſe voice.

Recittative.

Immortal Flute, dhat Pan wood blow;
Dhat rivals Philomela's woe;
Hoboys and Clarions, Pipes ov wind;
Hwat raptures in yoor notes we find!

Bag-pipe.

Swel, oh! ſwel Aletta's air,
Hwence fond Ecco tels dhe plains,
Dhat each tender lov-affair
For won joy haz thouzand pains.
Yet oh! ſoodh a Thyrſis' grief,
Guiv each ſwain to' moov ſerene;
Bid dhe fair won ſmile relief,
Mid dhe gambols ov dhe green.

Recittative.

Recittative.

But hah ! hwat bolder note dhe pipe confounds !
Hwat nobel, grand and warlike lays !
Huſh ! let us hear—dhe Trumpet ſounds,
Announcing far dhe laurels praiz.

Duet.

Hail, Victory ! we hear dhee nigh :
We hear dhe heroes glory fly !
Hwat ardor doz dhe Muze inſpire,
Dhat ſets dhe ſimpleſt ſoll on fire !

Flurriſh.

Trumpet ſhril !
Bid horror ceſe ;
Now be ſtil,
Or ſound us pece.

But, in dhe cloze,
Hwat glory coms ?
To' drown our woes,
Dhe Kettel-drums !

Strike dhen, ſtrike dhem loud and ſtrong !
Peals redubbled crown dhe ſong.

Grand

Grand Corus.

Terpſiccore, harmonious Maid!
Hoo ſo ſublim'ſt our hart and hand;
Stil be dhy marvels all diſplay'd,
Upon dhe bleſt accordant land!
O'r fel Pandora's each annoy,
Our triumph ſuré ſhal we enjoy.
Celeſtial Queen! we dhee implore:
Oh! nevver, nevver leve us more!

J. E.

To'

To' dhe Author ov

PROPRIETY *aſcertained in her* PICTURE.

RIZE, Crittics all, ov evv'ry ſtacion,
Prime! load! dhe charge iz *innovacion:*
Yoor braud-grinn'd ſneers, yoor quils, yoor all,
Widh envy tipt, replete widh gall;
And all dhoze tints ov blacker dy,
Dhat gnaw dhe ſoll, or fret dhe eye.
All vollunteers, unite yoor ſkil,
Dhe Phenix ov dhe North to' kil.
Hooehr dhe Hydra's blud inherrit,
'Gainſt *Hercules* enhance yoor merrit;
Or cruſh a *Cadmus*, widh won blow,
Hoo wood to' Ingland Ingliſh ſhow:
Revv'rends and Redcoats, Legiſlators,
Vocifferate 'gainſt *Innovators.*

Huſh, pettulant, az thaughtles crew!
Let ſtil dhe moddeſt, thinking, Few,
Array'd in Candor, Truith dheir ſhield,
Contemplate, are dhey take dhe field.
Dhe ſeing ſoon ſhal lead dhe blind;
Diffuſive light ſhal glad mankind:
Party ſhal hide her odious hed,
For evver mingled widh dhe ded.

True Brittons wil mean conteſt ſhun:
Scots, *Iriſh*, *Ingliſh*, all ar won.
Britannia, barbarous no more,
Shal tune her voice from ſhore to' ſhore.
Hail, pious taſk! thrice arduous prize!
Now ſymbol ſound ſhal realize:
Falſehood no more for Truith ſhal pas,
Hwen dhus reflected from dhe glas.

ARTHUR JONSON.

END OV VOL. V.